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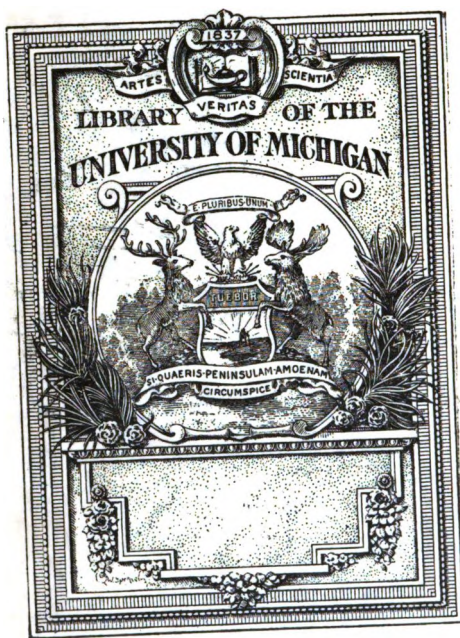
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THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,
AND
BOSTON REVIEW.

CONTAINING

SKETCHES AND REPORTS OF PHILOSOPHY, RELIGION, HISTORY,
ARTS AND MANNERS.

EDITED BY A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

Omnes undique foscuclos carcam atque delibem.

VOL. VII.

Boston;
PUBLISHED BY HASTINGS, ETHERIDGE AND BLISS,
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SOLD ALSO AT THEIR OFFICE IN CHARLESTOWN.
.....
1809.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JULY, 1809.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

[We are much gratified in being able to present to our readers the following eloquent pages ; which we are enabled to do by the kindness of a friend who lent us the original pamphlet in French, which he had just received from Paris. The observations of a foreigner on our publications have always a certain degree of interest, which is greatly increased in the present instance by the distinguished character of the writer, and because the work on which he remarks is an object of publick attention at the moment. The feelings of a partisan will be frequently remarked, and we think the boldness with which he occasionally writes will excite surprise. He is most known to the world by his very eloquent report to the convention, which was the first effort to stop the Vandalism of the revolution. We have seen, in some of our newspapers, an anonymous criticism on the same poem, extracted from the English Monthly Magazine ; but this is less interesting, since so many unworthy tricks have been practised on that Miscellany, by writing articles in this country on American works, sending them to be published there, and then quoting them here as the opinions of Englishmen.]

ED. ANTH.

Critical Observations on the Poem of Mr. Joel Barlow, the Columbiad, in 4to. Philadelphia, 1807 ; by M. Gregoire, formerly Bishop of Blois, Senator, Member of the National Institute, &c. &c. Paris, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received with gratitude, and read with interest, your magnificent work, *the Columbiad*. This monument of genius and typography will immortalize the author and give fame to the American press ; this alone would be sufficient to destroy the assertion of Pauw and other writers, that there is a want of talents in America, if your country did not already offer a list of great men, who will go down with *eclat* to posterity.

When a book is published, it enters the domains of criticism ; you yourself solicit it in the letter which accompanies your present ; you solicit it with the frankness which is natural to you. Thus I exercise a right as well as perform a duty, not in addressing literary observations to you, but in repelling an insult to christianity, an insult on which I should be silent, if Barlow was a common writer, or his poem an inferiour work, because the book and its author would soon sink together into the stream of oblivion.

Amicus usque ad aras, says an ancient. It is at the foot of the altar, that I blame certain lines in your book, and an engraving which has the following inscription, *Final destruction of prejudices*. Prejudices !.....Perhaps no one desires their destruction more than myself. But what do you call by this equivocal name ? and what do I perceive in the midst of the heaps in this picture, which serve for emblems ? The attributes of the catholic ministry, and, above all, the standard of christianity, the cross of Jesus Christ ! Are these what you call *prejudices* ! If even the excellent works, which have rendered evident the truth of the gospel ; if even the principles and the history of eighteen centuries did not give you formally the lie, it would be easy to shew that this picture is an attack against all christian societies, that it is an act of intolerance, of persecution, which offends God and man.

The unlimited freedom of religion in the United States confers on no sect a character of domination, nor any of those exclusive privileges, that are possessed in different countries of Europe by the churches of the Catholics, Greeks, Lutherans, Calvinists, &c. &c. Let us leave to the partisans of the English church the endless dispute on the prerogatives of the *established church*, on the utility of those *civil establishments* which, already shaken, will crumble, perhaps, on all sides, at no very distant epoch. Though I am by conviction, by sentiment, a catholic, and honoured with the episcopal character, after a deliberate examination, I think that if we owe to the state a guarantee of obedience when it requires it, that nevertheless these *civil establishments*, which may be in favour of error as well as of truth, are often unjust, impolitic, dangerous in more than one respect, though Providence may draw good from them, as it does from many other evils which it tolerates.

Let every thing relating to conscience, as well as every thing that belongs to social organization, be freely discussed ; truth demands examination, which despotism only can fear : this alone finds it necessary to invoke ignorance, to surround itself with darkness, to repel the light which breaks out from the researches that are directed by good faith and sagacity.

But what will be the result, if, instead of reasoning with calmness and respect on religion, the most important object for man in the course of his fugitive existence, calumny should point its sarcasms, and spread its black colours over historical facts which it misrepresents ; if, instead of speaking to the understanding to enlighten it, we address ourselves to the passions to seduce ? This has been the conduct which our infidel Frenchmen have followed, pluming themselves with the title of philosophers. It is important to recollect, and to recollect often, that of those who have combated christianity, the greater part have vomited the most infamous things against decency and morality ; Lamettrie, Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, Diderot, Mirabeau, of the constituent assembly, P....., &c. Others have said before me, that incredulity almost always has its source in the heart, and that the antagonists of a religion,

whose morality is so pure, are advocates who defend their own cause.

Almost all of them have attacked christianity by reproaching it with the abuses it has experienced, as if the abuses were the thing itself ; as if, after having directed the wind on the straw, we must still blow away the grain ; as if wine and iron ought to be proscribed, because there are debauchees and assassins.

In the stormy course of our revolution, the infidels held, during some years, the sceptre of power ; you were a witness of the use they made of it. In an instant, these champions of toleration and humanity were seen to display all the ferocity of Diocletian ; to shut up, profane, and destroy our temples ; to pursue the religious man even into the asylum of his thoughts ; to incarcerate and transport bishops and priests. A great number of catholick pastors were dragged to the scaffold ; during eighteen months I feared and expected the same fate ; it is well known with what outrages I was loaded, in the midst of the national convention, for having braved the infuriated howlings of impiety ; the greatest favour that was accorded us, was only to mark us out as *superstitious*, as *fanaticks* ; these were the epithets in fashion. For several years we were constantly under the axe of executioners, calling themselves *philosophers*. Do you hasten to tell me they usurped this title ; we are agreed. God preserve me from attributing to philosophy the crimes of brigands, who dressed themselves in her liveries. In the face even of the altar, I have justified her from crimes she abhors ;* but will our infidels ever exercise good faith ? Will they ever cease to reproach christianity with the abuses which she laments ?

What further did they do ? They travestied august liberty as a bacchante ; they exclaimed that no one could be at once a christian and a republican, at once a republican and a *moderate* ; though thousands of examples among us, as well as among you, attested the contrary ; though a holy and natural alliance establishes itself between those characters. Some pious, but unenlightened men, were frightened by these clamours ; believing themselves placed between liberty and religion, could they balance in their choice ? It may be seen how our reformers, wishing to associate the republic with every thing that could destroy it, themselves precipitated the vessel of liberty into the abyss, at the moment it was reaching the port.

What would they have substituted for christianity ? A *goddess*, and a *temple of reason*, man for God himself. They afterwards made *temples to the Supreme Being* ; temples in which theophilanthropy erected her booths, till the period when the worship of the deists found its chapels deserted in France, as that of David Williams was in London.

At this period foreign nations waved among us the banners of discord ; they were powerfully aided by all the enemies of the rev-

* Discourse on the opening of the national council of 1801. p. 2.

olution, of whom a part having fled their country when it was in danger, to stir up against it the potentates of Europe, corresponded with those who remained in their homes, to kindle discord and anarchy. By a refinement of perversity, they conceived the plan of destroying the most salutary reforms, by outstretching the object, and forcing every measure ; of rendering odious or ridiculous the soundest notions by exaggerating them ; in fine, of revolting the people by alarming their consciences.

Who could believe it, if accumulated facts did not attest it, that two classes of men the most opposite were seen at this period acting in concert to commit the same crimes, and to destroy religion ? Pretended philosophers from hatred against it ; pretended christians from hatred to every priest, who had submitted to the law requiring an oath ? They would rather have seen our altars overturned, our sanctuaries profaned, and covered with filth and sacrilege, than to behold their brethren in the same sacerdotal habits, but, faithful to their God and their country, offer the same sacrifice, and preach the same gospel. These distressing recollections will be engraved by history, they will resound in future ages ; and when reason shall surmount extinguished passions, impartial posterity will decide on which side were truth, charity, and justice.

Does not your engraving appear to retrace, not as regards the manner, but the results, what our persecutors have executed ? The illusory theories of impiety are falsified by the most decisive experience ; which attests that morality is wavering and without support, if it does not receive it from the hands of religion ; that religion is without consistence, if it is not *positive*, that is to say, founded on facts and on revelation. I conversed on this subject with your countryman, Thomas Paine. Write, said I to him, on political rights, but not on religious matters ; your *Age of Reason* has discovered your incapacity ; you will never be able to oppose any thing solid to the excellent refutation of your systems by a crowd of writers, above all by the learned bishop of Landaff.

Some of our *persecutors*, who styled themselves philosophers, are already thrown into the sewers of history ; the rest will be, in their turn. The greater part of those who have survived vent themselves in maledictions over the tomb of Robespierre, that it may be forgotten they were his accomplices, his guards, and his banditti. They would be so again, if he and his power were resuscitated. Formerly, under grotesque names and cynical dress, they dishonoured the cause of liberty ; vile Proteuses, they have changed their language, still more than their dress. Formerly they blasphemed against christianity ; bigots now, and at no time pious, limited to certain forms, certain trifling customs, neglecting in religion every thing that restrains them, perverting its august truths as their interest may dictate, and from the motives which St. Augustine has developed in so striking a manner in his *City of God*,* they call themselves christians through policy,

* B. 4. c. 32.

because, according to the expression of a modern orator, *religion is necessary for the people* ; and as the secret of their heart always betrays itself more by their conduct than their discourse, the sacred instrument they would pervert is broken in their hands ; for among that race always frivolous and without character, that is called Frenchmen, there is not one, even to the servant girl, who, in robbing her master, does not repeat that *religion is necessary for the people*, on condition that she may be dispensed from having it herself.

Religion, necessary to every individual, is still more so to those magistrates who are the regulators of states. Fatal experience of the misfortunes occasioned by an abandonment of christianity has not yet opened our eyes. We have recourse to a palliative to cure the wounds which have been made by irreligion, and its offspring immorality ; they have loosened the bonds of society to such a degree, that they menace it with a decomposition, which will be common to many neighbouring nations. If ever decrepid Europe makes a step towards moral order, it will be less from love of that, than from lassitude of crime ; but it will be under the escort of christianity, and in consequence of inevitable catastrophes. In spite of the clouds that cover the future, this epoch may be perceived, though we are unable to predict it in a precise manner, though unable to calculate its term, or its disasters.

If the bounds of this letter permitted me, I would oppose to the evils engendered by infidelity the benefits profusely spread by the christian religion ; its introduction was the most vast of all revolutions, and the most beautiful, because the most useful to the human race. The cross and the gospel, in preparing us for the happiness of eternity, have civilized the world ; virtue and knowledge have every where marched in their train ; every region has been abandoned by virtue and knowledge, which has lost christianity ; those regions have returned to barbarism ; witness the church of Africa, illustrious for so many learned men, and which was once one of the most brilliant portions of christendom. Witness Algiers, where you resided two years ; such would be the lot which the United States would feel, if ever they should cease to be christians.

And is not this equivalent to what you propose in some lines, and by an engraving, which a disciple of the gospel repels with horror ? The attributes of pure christianity are classed among the emblems of prejudices. Where are your proofs ? It is in the nature of things, that what is invariably useful should be essentially true ; instead of proofs, you give up to derision objects revered by many hundred millions of men, who will not believe you on your word ; they will see that your antichristian sentence wants justness ; that it is a consequence without premises ; that, without reasoning at all, you decide that all the disciples of the gospel reason falsely.

Virtuous minds would sigh to behold calumny, impiety, and lubricity display themselves with effrontery, protected by the liberty of the press ; but as we do not know where to place the limits,

if we attempt to establish by law repressive measures, this evil would be counterbalanced by others, if our mouths were locked, and our pens crushed by tyranny. The press is free in your country ; thus you are not reprehensible by the law, but condemnable at the tribunal of opinion, the supreme judge of all crimes that offend propriety and justice. Yours offends both.

It offends justice, because it is a gratuitous outrage, that resembles that of the *Jesumy* at Japan. What would you say, if the attributes of liberty, which are so dear to you, were trampled under foot before your eyes ?

It offends propriety, because, in holding out as *prejudices* the emblems of the christian religion, it is saying to all those who profess it, that they are fools ; this compliment addresses itself to the disciples of the gospel in every part of the globe ; it addresses itself to the estimable descendants of those catholics, who, flying from British persecution, established in Maryland a state belonging to your confederation ; it addresses itself to the venerable Carroll, bishop of Baltimore ; you trample on the attributes of his pastoral character. In France, it is true, the nonconformists outrage in this way episcopacy in the person of those pastors, who, faithful to the voice of their consciences, have committed the *unpardonable crime* of submitting to the laws of their country ; this is a sad example to cite, not a model to imitate. Your presbyterian countrymen will perhaps ask, if you have abjured the principles, that you professed when you were the chaplain of a regiment in the war of independence.

If to believe in the gospel be a prejudice, permit us to partake of it with the feeble minds of Addison, Abbadie, Arbuthnot, Bacon, Berkeley, Barrow, Beattie, Bentley, Boerhave, Bonnet, Boyle, Blackstone, Clarke, Cullen, Doddridge, Ditton, Forbes, Fothergill, Ferguson, Grotius, Gray, Hervey, Hanway, Hartley, Harrington, Hyde, Haller, Jones, Johnson, Locke, Lardner, Leibnitz, Littleton, De Luc, Milton, Newton, Puffendorf, Paley, Prior, Pringle, Priestley, Price, Ray, Rabener, Roustan, Robertson, Sherlock, Spenser, Steele, Thompson, Wolfe, Washington, Usher, Woodward, Young, etc. and with those madmen, worthy of pity, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, la Bruyère, Copernicus, Corneille, d'Aguesseau, Descartes, Despréaux, Fénélon, Galileo, Gassendi, Houbigant, Mallebranche, Massillon, Nicole, Pope, Pascal, Racine, Winslow, Winkelman, &c. all sincere catholics ; but to speak seriously, it is pleasant to lose ourselves in such a brilliant company.

I must add, that, in wishing to undeceive us in regard to what you call *prejudices*, you err in the choice of means ; for conviction can only be the effect of reasoning ; man cannot detach his affection from the object most dear to him, unless the motives that support it are destroyed. But if injuries that revolt are substituted for arguments that convince, we are sure to strengthen the adhesion to principles which are rooted in the mind and the heart. If to convert a Mussulman, instead of proving to him that Mahomet was an impostor, I should commence by placing before his eyes a

picture, in which the Coran and the Crescent were trampled under foot, his heart, embittered, would cloud his understanding, and prevent all access to my attempts. Apply these reflections to the true religion, and see if you have not failed entirely in a deplorable design.

Persecution, my dear Barlow, does not consist only in exiling, incarcerating, and assassinating men ; Julian invented more cunning, and not less cruel vexations. They have been refined among us at the end of the eighteenth century, in harassing and lacerating the catholicks without cessation, by repeated invectives, by a multitude of those little means, whose application was continual torture : impious verses, songs, epigrams, caricatures, every thing was made use of. You are very different from such men ; but why resemble them in any thing ? Your engraving is an offence against the freedom of religion ; a sort of persecution which your heart disavows ; reflection will bring on regret. Believe me, my friend, that these injured catholicks will not make use of reprisals ; true piety opens her bosom to erring brethren, without opening it to error ; to enlighten them, she places the torch of truth in the hand of charity. Having but a moment to exist in this world, we should love our fellow men, be benevolent towards all, whatever may be their religion, their colour, or their country. Jesus Christ has given us both precept and example in their turn ; he displayed alternately firmness and goodness towards the pharisees ; his parable of the Samaritan is a perpetual judgment against persecutors.

If you should say further, that France offers examples worthy of condemnation, and that previous to censuring an American, my zeal should be exercised to convert my countrymen ; far from weakening the objection, I would fortify it. I would say, that, in a country where so many truths have returned to their wells, we see printed and circulated freely the obscene poetry of a member of the national institute, and the rhapsodies of romance writers, who serve up afresh impieties so many times refuted. I would say too, that, without respect to the first body of the state, which ought to give an example of decency, immorality is authorized, by peopling the garden of the palace with licentious statues, to such a degree that virtuous mothers dare not conduct their children thither.

You see that I am far from avoiding objections ; but by my disapprobation of an offence, in which I have no share, and against which my colleague, Lanjuinais, protested vainly in full senate, though with the general assent of the senators, I have reserved to myself the right of telling you, that to recriminate is not to answer ; and that what might be alleged as an example to follow, cannot be but as an abuse to reform. Gorani observes that the licentiousness of painting and sculpture had exercised a disastrous influence over Italy ; that the master pieces of the arts had drawn away sound minds from useful and necessary studies, had depraved their man-

ners, enervated their courage, and fomented the most hateful vices.* When publick shame is extinct, do not expect to preserve the private virtues ; and when religion is publicly insulted, it is a wound to morality, a national calamity.

Many times I have repented having employed so many efforts to defend the arts and those who cultivate them against Vandalism ; not that those arts, which are called *fine*, and which are not always *good*, are bad in their very nature ; but, almost always, they are flatterers and corrupters, which, by an inconceivable fatality, precede, bring on, escort, and follow depravation. Even in his time the illustrious Gerson[†] complained of it, to whom France owes a monument, and whom she has almost forgotten ; he was grieved to see scandalous pictures, and a libidinous work, the *Romance of the Rose*, exposed to the eyes of youth. At the moment I am writing, we are menaced with a new edition of it.

What will be the fruit of my remonstrance ? You are not one of those men who are afraid to acknowledge that you are wrong. A man is always honoured in doing an act of reparation. I appeal to your loyalty, to your delicacy ; this is to put you at strife with yourself.

My soul is oppressed in finding cause of blame in a man in whom I see so much to praise. Your character is not degraded by meanness, like that of the greater part of your brethren the poets ; you have not prostituted your talents to adulation ; do not tarnish them by incredulity, nor by a sort of persecution. Placed at the summit of the American Parnassus, a creditor of glory, you have sung in beautiful verses that liberty you defended with your arms ; you came to render her homage at the bar of the national convention, where, as president, I answered in a manner that accorded with the principles you proclaimed. Our hearts were in unison.

The true foundation of political liberty is in the gospel, for it perpetually reminds men, that, having all proceeded from the same stock, they compose only one family ; that there exists among them, not a *species of relationship*, as has been said in a well known work, but a real consanguinity, whose bond is indestructible. The gospel unceasingly inculcates on men a spirit of charity and fraternal sentiments. The christian religion would be perverted and disguised, if it were subordinate to the caprices of rulers and the passions ; but well understood and rightly practised, it is the most certain guarantee of the purity of publick and private manners. Under its wings, my friend, your state of society was raised, and consolidated, and the domestick virtues hereditarily transmitted ; it is to that, without doubt, that you owe, among other advantages, that of having a wife gifted with so many rare qualities and inestimable virtues. Ingratitude alone could mistake the benefits of this august and divine religion ; it would be like despising the bosom of our mother.

* See the preface to the *Memoires secrets et critiques des cours des gouvernans, des moeurs des principaux etats de l'Italie*, by Gorani. Paris, 1793.

† Vide his works, edit. Dupin. v. ii. p. 291, &c.

I have discharged, my dear Barlow, a very painful task in censuring, without human respect, what in your poem, offends christianity. The work being publick, I give the same publicity to my remonstrance ; thus satisfying what is prescribed to me by my principles, my situation, my conscience, and my invariable friendship.

H. GREGOIRE,

former Bishop of Blois, Senator, &c.

Paris, 15th. March, 1809.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ON GREEK LITERATURE.

[Concluded from Vol. VI. page 399.]

THE very labour of learning Greek will make additions to the best Latin knowledge. The useful relations between the two languages are unlimited. These remarks may be properly closed with an idea once poetized by a Parisian scholar, of the ease and safety of* riding at two anchors.

A little Greek and a little Latin are common enough, and are usually united. But a critical knowledge is scarce even among professed scholars.† There were many in the academy who knew not Plato. The display of quotation is an art of considerable facility and of some weight with the superficial. It has an air of antiquity ; but the appearance is not lasting ; it is confined to the length of the passage. On the other hand an education really liberal is not seen by glimpses in that manner, but shines in every line. Without a critical knowledge literary attainments must be moderate. And those who are delighted with a pittance of Grecian

* *Duabus ancoris fultus.* Frequently applied, says Claudius Minos, regius professor in Acad. Parisiensi, to an intimacy with Latin and Greek....quâ de re et elegans editum a nostris quibusdam tetrastichon ;

Fundabat satis Aonias una ancora puppes,
Dum tamen Ausoniis Musa nataret aquis.
Nunc, cum Palladiæ sulcant maria omnia naves,
Visa quod una parùm est, ancora facta duplex.

When on the waters of the west
The little muses launch'd their bark,
A simple pebble quite supprest
The dangers of the deep and dark.

But pressing where the billows swell,
And floating under every star,
These cautious mermaids moor their shell
With double lines and sheets of spar.

† *Multi thyrsigeri, pauci Bacchi.* Herodes Atticus told a pretender, video barbam et pallium ; philosophum nondum video.

literature will be apt to express their raptures in the bad Greek of the Persian Satrap* *ως ηδωμαι, και τρεπομαι, και χαίρομαι.*

Although grammar is degraded to the lowest class of letters, yet it is their foundation. Greek grammar appears more intricate than Latin, from the volubility of its metres, idioms, anomalies, synonymes, elliptical terms, and the variety of its dialects. But if it is, as the Spartan told her son, when he complained his sword was too short, *it is only advancing*. Labour is the condition of excellence; and our late president absolutely forbade us to think of being carried into the temple of science in the arms of our tutors. † It is not violation now, as it was in the time of Alcibiades, to break into the temple of the goddess of Athens in the night. It may take time too. Pythagoras enjoined silence upon his disciples five years. It was a good injunction both ways. ‡ They who drink, drink in silence; but the reproach of Anthony, § that he was an Egyptian dog and drank and ran, is intolerable.

Perhaps it is impossible always to preserve an intimate recollection of positive rules, when they are minute and complex. It may even be difficult to retain them for any length of time. But by diligent habits of reading and transcribing Greek with accuracy, a philosophical sense of the principles will survive the loss of the scientific terms. The best learning of the best scholars must come to this at last, unless they are professors. Indeed, after any one has investigated the qualities and properties of a language himself, it seems no longer necessary for him to adhere to an arbitrary grammatical system. He may improve his own impressions and take the benefit of his own deductions by making and using an unwritten grammar of his own. Really the best grammars and the best lexicons must appear incomplete, since every new one purports to be improved, and the principle is admitted by those critics who question the improvements.

Recommendations of Grecian literature seem liable to the sensible interruption the Greek gave a pedant, who was eulogizing Hercules without mitigation or remorse. "Who," said he, "ever found fault with him?" In every age it has had votaries of every kind, from the Saxon kings and the Medici to Dr. Parr and Charles Fox. || Politian was the first among the moderns that professed this language. ¶ Leonce is said to have been the first who taught it in the west of Europe. Under the reign of Elizabeth the pursuit was disgraced by the ostentatious follies of amateurs, consisting of all sorts of men and women, as metaphysicks were a few years

* Datis, whence the Greeks called bad Greek datisms.

† *Εκ των αλτρηων σε φημι γεγοναι των της θης θης. ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΗ.*

‡ In epicedio Eteonei pueri *αλλ' ωσπερ οι διψωντες σιωπη πιουσιν, ουτως εκνευη ημεν δειχισθαι τα λεγομενα.* JUNIUS.

§ Post fugam Marinensem, querentibus quid ageret Antonius, quidam familiaris ejus respondit, *quod canis in Egypto bibit et fugit.* MACROBIUS.

|| Tenhove's memoirs of the house of the Medici.

¶ Or Leo Pilatus. I know not whether to give the precedence to Politian or Leontius.

since, and as chymistry has been lately. But the study has long been rescued from shops and parlours, and withdrawn into the closet. Indeed there has been no time since the revival of letters, in which a few have not been found set apart to the ministry of the Greek ; by which means certain traditions and the unwritten modes of initiation have been conducted to the present times in a living line, like the mysteries of ancient philosophy and religion. When Brutus perished, the last of the Romans perished ; but in the death of professor Porson it is to be hoped we have not lost the last of the Greeks.

At present the study seems on the decline in Italy. But it is still high in England. And in truth north of the Tweed, with the exception of the late professor Dalzel and his friends, they have been in the habit of considering English scholars a little spoiled by their classicks. In return the English reproach the Scotch with their fruitless metaphysicks. The Dutch were accounted the best Greeks for a season during the last century. The French have produced great scholars and fine criticks ; but they appear at present to get their erudition from translations, and their Greek from anthologies. The study is not so fashionable in France as we should imagine from their academies, exhibitions, and the influences over such tempers as they possess, which we should be apt to ascribe to such noble galleries of antiquities as they have accumulated. Germany is now most distinguished, where the study is new and the colleges are numerous. The American clergy call themselves and are esteemed the only American scholars ; but they have obtained no perceptible eminence in this branch.

It may not be amiss to introduce in this place some of the leading motives to this study, besides those which have already occurred at the turns of the present inquiry.

All learning is unintelligible without reference to first principles ; without that recurrence every attainment is superficial. Not general and abstract principles, for it is they that are to be resolved, but original and simple ones. The initial principles of mathematical science are the first combinations of numbers and their earliest uses. The incipient principles of philosophy are the moral and natural facts, which were first investigated ; the applications of them from time to time ; and the laws, which were derived from the hints they appeared to give of some regular system, to which they belonged. In fine letters these original principles are the works of the elder historians, orators, and poets, and even of philosophers, when they have composed romances instead of theories. Every one of these first principles is the genuine property of the Greek language, which is the mother tongue of literature, as the Hebrew is of religion. The forms of the first researches into science, and of the first efforts of philosophy, the figures of the earliest specimens of eloquence wear "weeds of Athens." The first words of history and some of the oldest songs of poetry are Greek. Language itself is of the utmost importance ; and let the most of the etymologies of the English language be where they may, the construction of the language is formed on the basis of the Latin and Greek. But the Latin was modelled on the Greek.

To consider the subject in a moral sense.....A great many evils arise from the heat of passion and from errors of judgment, as well as from the idleness of fancy, which might be corrected by studying the Greeks. Scholars and the poets always have doated on this idea. In the same manner as the natural desultoriness of an inexperienced writer would be regulated by meditating on the models of Grecian composition, the sentiment would be chastened by contemplating the lives of the Greeks, and the principles chastised by the precepts of their philosophers.

Further, and with the greatest deference, Greek literature is in a good measure incorporated with the body of divinity, and ministers to its spirit. It might be called a part of biblical learning. The reason is this, philosophy is auxiliary to religion. Ethicks are employed to construe and ascertain religious injunctions and prohibitions ; and as on this account the science is a concordance to the scriptures and an appendix to the New Testament, so in a political sense it is a supplement to the Bible, varying with different forms of jurisprudence. Now the Greek theories are the first of the kind in moral philosophy, and so all subsequent ones bear a necessary reference to them. The sacred commentators having been deeply read in Greek, their reasonings and reflections must be sensibly seasoned by the attick salt, as they were always fond of calling it ; thus the Greeks are a sort of heathen commentators upon the christian commentators, and in this instance, at least, it may be said Greek is embodied with theology. A taste for the qualities of Grecian literature was no more than natural ; for the simplicity of the Greeks is as refined, as the simplicity of the sacred writings is pure. Add to these circumstances that Josephus is Greek, that the Fathers wrote in Greek, that Greek is related to Hebrew, that the New Testament is originally in this language, and that *the whole Bible exists in Greek*. On this last head, as the Hebrew is an uncommon study, because it is confined to one set of topicks, whereas the themes of the Greek tongue are numerous, this latter is always preferred on this as well as other accounts, when an alternative is necessary, by reason of the scantiness of the time allotted to academical studies. And it is a fact that those who neglect Hebrew in their college exercises scarcely ever think of attending to it after. Therefore the greater part of such as desire an earlier acquaintance with the Bible, than the English version affords, recur to the Septuagint. The Septuagint is understood better than the Hebrew Testament. The Septuagint was translated from the original at a time when the task was free from many difficulties that attended the version by authority. Now the Septuagint carries its own lights with it, which the original does not. Without the collateral version of the Septuagint, the bishops found words, occurring only once, inconvertible. Still, where the proportion of our studies will admit of it, it is highly desirable to blend both languages ; for, after all, the Septuagint is confessedly defective, and it must be a sublime delight to listen to the echoes of the very sounds which Moses heard from the mouth of God.

There is a circumstance about the reputation of many moderns of transcendent genius, which is all folly and blindness to the illiterate. I allude to the practice of crowning an author, distinguished in the path of an ancient, with a wreath of laurel from the grove of antiquity, in which that path terminated. A classic mind receives an idea of Gray like lightning, from knowing he is the modern Pindar. What must have been the feelings of La Harpe in 1789, when, in the midst of the French academy, the orator called him the French Sophocles ! But it is perfectly indifferent to a common Spaniard, whether Villegas of Nagera is the Spanish Anacreon, or not. A mere Englishman gets no new impression of the genius of Cumberland, although he is their own Aristophanes ; and what does it signify to most Americans, that Mrs. Morton is the American Sappho ? It is indeed all Greek to them.

This is a reading age ; and all read to understand. But there are many attic allusions, besides quotations, in most of our own classicks, which are not only unintelligible to unlearned readers, but even shed a gloom over the passage they were meant to illustrate. Many thoughts are extremely beautiful, which, when they are divested of a certain air of antiquity, instantly evaporate. Some of the best English songs are instances of this ; which shews how completely the whole mass of our literature is leavened. Among the thousand inventions, by which idleness is comforted and abetted, how many there are to render reading easy ! It is really quite an art, and the rules are perfectly simple. There are classical dictionaries, and albums, and encyclopaedias, of all sizes. Science is taught in abridgments, and authors are reduced to their beauties. There is not a poem published without a mint of explanatory notes. To these facilities there is no end. They are stale and unprofitable. They, who are in the habit of using them, find them indispensable. Certainly this is too superficial ; the best way of rendering reading easy is to get a liberal education, and then there will be no necessity of resorting to compilations.

But these last motives may be extended.....almost to the limits of English literature. Take the poets only. Akenside derived his sentiments from Greece. Gilbert West, who was the master of Warton, and Mason, and Gray, formed himself upon the Greeks. The poems of Thomson shine with the light of Greece, particularly *Liberty*, and the *Winter Season*. Pope and Cowper are rival translators of Homer. Yet perhaps Milton has the deepest tinge of any of them. Whether the power of these ancients over him, or his over them, were greatest, it is hard to tell. You may consult his spirit in vain. But, without extravagance, he wrote even his religious poems in a strain as if he had been a Grecian poet. Yet half that admire Milton are ignorant of half the cause they have. In reading many of his finest passages they are as blind as he was when he composed them. The kind of sympathy which they must have who desire to commune perfectly with him, suggests itself at once. An appropriate illustration of it may be borrowed from the effect of the eloquence of Fox. Would it have ever been so powerful, had he never read Demosthenes at college ?

How profoundly must they have felt it, who had read Demosthenes at college, as well as he !

The drama constitutes an essential part of the amusement of the people, as well as of the literature of the nation. The theatre decides the public manners, and influences the morals. Thalia is enchanting, and the tears of Melpomene are far more pathetick than the precepts of Paley. At the theatre all are delighted, and almost all are criticks. The bare reading of a good play is seldom unaffecting. Giving a reasonable importance to the drama, the regulation of it is really a vivid concern. Indeed this appears to be a general sentiment. And as criticism never acts with more effect, than in this department, so it seems to be exercised with more frequency in this than in any other instance. Where are the true principles of this kind of criticism to be found ? Shakespeare is never admitted as authority for any but himself. The principles of the French drama are excellent. Whence did they derive their excellence ? The rules of the regular drama are taken from the Grecian, and with great propriety, for there they rose from the merest poverty to the greatest splendour. It may be pedantry to track tragedy back to the *old goat*, but there is a degree of propriety in retracing the footsteps of comedy through *the streets*. Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles are living commentaries upon every modern tragedy. Lee has revived Oedipus, and Electra is an everlasting model. It is an interesting as well as a beneficial employment to compare a dramatist like Sheridan with the Menander of Terence. How can it be otherwise, when Julius Caesar took pleasure in comparing Terence with Menander, although he found him only half Menander !

The classick habit of quoting Greek for republican sentiments, and those who spoke it for illustrations of republican virtues, renders Greek an engaging and an important part of American education. It is natural for the men of any government to turn to its ancient history, if they mean to make the government their study or their object. This is sometimes done from an impulse of vanity. Princes affect the Caesars. But Harmodius and Aristogiton, Aristides and Themistocles, those who slew the tyrant, and they that resisted despots, are the gods of the republick.

Sometimes the works of such, as wrote under commonwealths, are searched for republican principles. Yet many may smile to recollect that Plato said a people would be happy *« μὲν οἱ βασιλεὺς φιλοσοφῶσιν, « βασιλευσῶσιν οἱ φιλοσοφοί.*

The commercial, military, and civil events of Greece attract a principal part of their attention, who love their country and are sensible of the dangers of republicks. The court of Susa was not so fatal to the liberties of Greece, as the spirit of party. And it was from musing on the ruins of Athens ; it was from dwelling on the departed splendour of Greece, and from conversing with the echoes of her plains, and with the shades of her dead, that Ames began to gather that inspiration, which filled his mind with wisdom and his soul with fear, and which ranks him with the civil prophets, with Laocoon and Jonah.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ORIGINAL LETTERS,

FROM AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN EUROPE, TO HIS FRIENDS IN
THIS COUNTRY.

LETTER THIRTY FIRST.

ROME, DECEMBER 4, 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE have now been in Rome twenty one days, and have been more regularly and constantly occupied than in any other city of Europe, and yet the termination of our researches appears to be still far distant. I was considering the subject of arches in a former letter, when the abuses of the Christian religion so far excited my zeal, as to lead me to a digression of eleven pages. I hope you will forgive ~~it~~. Besides the three celebrated arches of Titus, Septimus Severus, and Constantine, there are the remains of a small one erected to Septimus Severus by the merchants and mechanicks of Rome, and a large one, called the Arch of *Janus Quadrifrons*, so named from its having four fronts or faces. There were a considerable number of these buildings erected in Rome, which antiquaries agree were intended merely as shelters for the passengers from the rain and sun. Judging from this splendid remnant, we should form a high idea of the magnificence of the Romans, who converted even temporary shelters into solid, durable, and even elegant edifices. There are but two imperial mausolea still extant, but they were the most splendid; that of Augustus which stood on the eastern bank of the Tiber was one of the proudest ornaments of Rome. After that emperor had succeeded, by the death of Antony and Lepidus, to the sole government of the empire, his next care was to preserve to himself a sort of immortality. It has not been an unusual thing among princes who had no external or internal enemies to subdue, to set themselves about the erection and establishment of trophies and institutions, by which and in which they might survive the merciless rigours of the tomb. Not content with living in marble under the hands of the ablest sculptors; dissatisfied even with the flattering portraits drawn by the immortal pens of Virgil and Horace, Augustus resolved to erect the proudest mausoleum which the world had ever seen, and, as some writers insinuate, foreseeing what happened after his death, his own apotheosis, he intended that his mausoleum should also serve as his *temple*. Alas! How vain are the hopes and expectations of men founded upon any supposed permanency in human affairs. Torn by the rude hands of Vandalick invaders, and the ruder assaults of Papal barbarity, the mausoleum of Augustus exhibits now but a melancholy resemblance of its former grandeur, a sad emblem of human life: converted into a *bull baiting* theatre, it is now one of the humblest objects of publick admiration

at Rome. In the verses of Virgil and Horace, however, Augustus yet lives in gayest verdure. Time, instead of diminishing the beauties or the value of their praises, has enhanced them. This ought to convince the great, that it is much wiser to feed and patronize *living* merit, than to raise mausolea for the dead. The best cinerary urn of an emperor is a sublime effusion of a grateful muse. This mausoleum was a circular building, one hundred and thirty two feet diameter (longer than the longest college at Cambridge) and two hundred and thirty six feet high (higher than the steeple of the Old South.) It was wholly clothed or ornamented with white marble columns and pilasters of a grandeur and beauty surprising. It was ornamented also with statues, of which that of Augustus was placed on the top of the edifice. Two superb obelisks of Egyptian granite were also erected before the entrance. These two obelisks yet remain at Rome, and enough of the building is still preserved to shew its general construction, and to enable you to form a correct idea of its grandeur.

Its present state of dilapidation, and that to which the mausoleum of Adrian is reduced, is owing in a great degree to the zeal of the popes, who have pulled them to pieces to erect churches. Those of us who do not think that exquisite sculpture, inimitable architecture, and ravishing examples of the talents of the pencil contribute to make us more devout, or more attentive to the preacher, regret the loss that the fine arts have sustained in losing these admirable models of architecture. That you may not think I am unreasonable in this censure, let me observe, that I know by experience, that the impression made by these very gorgeous and splendid churches is a very different thing from devotion, and that marble massive columns and floors render the churches extremely cold in winter, and dangerously damp in the summer. I owe a severe illness to the *coldness and dampness* of St. Pauls.

The emperor Adrian erected another mausoleum, with a view, it is supposed, of eclipsing that of Augustus; it is on the opposite side of the Tiber, and so situated that you could see and compare them together. It was more advantageously placed than the other, because he erected a *fine bridge* directly in front of it, so that the mausoleum forms a fine object in termination of the vista formed by the bridge. Having been stronger than that of Augustus, it has always served as a fort, and it is one of the noblest citadels in appearance in the world. This has served to preserve it in a more entire state than its rival. Its base is square, and is two hundred and fifty three feet long (considerably longer than Boston state house I believe.) Above the base it is circular, and its circumference there is five hundred and seventy six feet. It was *all incrustated* with marble; it had forty eight superb columns, which are now to be seen in *all* their beauty (and they are extremely fine) at the church of St. Paul; between the columns were as many niches, all filled with statues. The second story was ornamented precisely in the same manner, and a superb dome finished the edifice. After the fall of the Roman empire it served for the defence of the city. It is now called the Cha-

teau St. Angelo, from the statue of St. Michael, which they have erected on the top, in the place of that of Adrian.

The only grand mausolea, except the above, of which there are any considerable remains, are the tombs of Caius Cestius and of Cecilia Metella. The pyramid of Caius Cestius, who was only a private citizen, is built in imitation of the famous pyramids of Egypt, and, as it is the best preserved, so it is in my mind one of the greatest beauties of Rome. It was raised in three hundred and thirty days to fulfil a direction in his will, and his ashes were placed in it. It is clothed wholly with white marble of a foot thickness. It is quadrangular or four sided; is one hundred and thirteen feet high, and eighty nine feet wide at each base. It is a simple object which, you will recollect yourself, does not admit of ornament. Indeed it repels it. Its simplicity and grandeur are its charms. The tomb of Metella was erected to the wife of Crassus. It is of a *spherical* form, and is one of the most splendid, magnificent, and best preserved monuments of Rome. It is eighty nine feet and an half in diameter, of course two hundred and seventy feet round. The most *surprising* circumstances about it are the monstrous size of the stones with which it was built, and the inconceivable thickness of the walls, which I should think are about thirty feet.

It is evident that this lady's friends were resolved to render the *monument* as immortal as human works can be. So far they have succeeded. It is now strong enough to endure many thousand years. It is also very beautiful, and does honour to their taste, but alas, alas!! how vain are human exertions, the sarcophagus (the cinerary receptacle of the *ancients*) which contained this lady's ashes, and for which *alone* this mighty fabrick was erected, is gone to grace the collection of an *antiquary*!!! I had seen it at the Palais Farnese before I saw the tomb. You will repeat with me the old but ever interesting adage, "Vain is human grandeur!!"

NAPLES, DECEMBER 27th. 1804.

The reception which we have experienced at Naples has been more agreeable than that we have met with in any other city of Europe. Two American families, and a large English society, render the residence in this city extremely agreeable to those of us who do not speak well any foreign language. At the house of Mr. F. a great banker of this place, who married a most beautiful and accomplished American lady, Miss H. you meet the first society in Europe. I say in *Europe*, because it is the fashion in every country of Europe to travel to Naples to pass the winter under milder skies. In a party last evening we met two Russian princesses and their children, a German prince and princess, a Polish nobleman, several Dutch gentlemen of fortune, the ambassadresses of Portugal, of Great Britain, and of Spain, an English nobleman, English navy and army officers and private gentlemen, a Corsican lady of rank, several princes, nobility and gentry of this kingdom. It

must be acknowledged, that if the party was not pleasant, it could not be attributed to want of *variety*. It might be thought, perhaps, that there would be the confusion of Babel, but it is not so. But two languages were spoken generally, the *French and English*.

All Europeans speak French fluently, which is the grand secret of the influence France has acquired and maintained throughout Europe. I am surprised that more has not been attributed to *this cause*; but in cases of this sort, men are fond of searching for remote and deep causes, and often overlook the more simple and operative ones.

If Great Britain could succeed to make the English the court language of Europe, and bring the French into discredit, it would do more towards the annihilation of French power, than her arms or money can effect.

The truth is, that people are fond and proud of speaking a foreign language; it gratifies their pride of literature. Even the Italians, though they hate the French, speak their language among each other in fashionable circles. A Frenchman is at home every where; he finds his language, his dress, his cookery, his dancing, the literature of his country praised and admired in every country. What an inducement to intrigue! What means are furnished for the success of it!

In proof of the soundness of this opinion, I can quote Great Britain, which is the only country in Europe where the French language is seldom spoken, and where we find accordingly that the means of gaining an ascendancy are more limited. If the English had as universally known the French language as the Germans and Italians do, I believe Great Britain would have been revolutionized in 1795.

I see by our late papers, that although you have had some partial successes in federalism, yet the general cause of jacobinism is progressing with *sure and unvaried steps*; that neither good sense, sound arguments, or experience, are sufficient to teach our unhappy fellow citizens the folly of the doctrine, which our patriotick bawlers are preaching, and which are so flattering, yet *surely* destructive to the happiness of the people.

I assure you, nothing appears so absurd to a man who travels in Europe as this conduct. At the very moment when all the world are awaking out of their recent lethargy, when all the ridiculous cant of equality, and perfectability, and soundness of human reason, are exploded; when the very name of *jacobin* is detested in France, England, Italy, Germany, Holland, and Switzerland; when the name of an innovator, or democrat, is considered as synonymous with knave, robber, depredator of private property, destroyer of publick peace, reviler of religion; when every such disturber is hunted like a wild beast; we see and hear these exploded follies and vices still held in honour in our country; we notice the champions and admirers of Robespierre and Marat in full credit, and even in power.

What I say of the present temper of Europe, is not declamation or hearsay ; it is founded on positive remark. What I have noticed of the temper of our own jacobins is equally so. The A's, and other bawling patriots of our country, were the *unqualified* eulogists of Robespierre, and I recollect the introduction of one of Robespierre's speeches in the Chronicle with something equal to "Holy Robespierre ! Pray for us." If these very Americans, friends of France, but better friends of mad confusion, were to visit *any* of the continental countries of Europe, and their political principles were known, I am sure they would speedily receive their *exeat regno*, or their mittimus to a more limited place of liberty. But I derive some consolation from the present condition of Europe. I cannot believe that our people will be willing to hazard, by destructive measures, a state of things which the history of all Europe teaches them must terminate in the worst of despotism, and in the utter confusion of the promoters of it.



ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND LITERARY ESTABLISHMENTS IN ALL NATIONS.

AMONG the Magi and the Bramins, who were the first that united the profession of religion with that of the sciences, temples and woods were the places in which they assembled their disciples, and where they infused a due mixture of mystery into their religious and philosophical dogmas. The library of Alexandria, which was called by the Egyptians "The Magazine of Remedies for the Soul," was not so ancient as that of Sicyon. Berytus and Benares boasted of their schools ; the latter is esteemed by Voltaire the most ancient university in the world. Among all these nations, the ruins of observatories, meridians, and other establishments for instruction, are still discoverable. Moschus the Phoenician gave to the world the first example of the leader of a sect. It is believed that the Jews set apart to the cultivation of letters one particular place, which they called "the City of Letters." *Urbs Literarum*. Solomon erected at Jerusalem his college called *Domus Sapientiae*, "The house of Wisdom," which contained a publick library, and, according to some writers, a cabinet of natural history. Susa had a royal library ; Crete a Lyceum, the rival of that at Athens. Cicero mentions an ancient academy among the Rhodians. The law called by the Romans, *Lex Rhodia*, *De Jactu Retium*, was borrowed by them from the maritime code of those islanders. Eumenes, king of Pergamus, was a protector of letters ; and the library of his royal city has been compared by some historians to that of Alexandria. It has been pretended that the first academies were of Egyptian establishment ; that the Egyptians had private colleges where the priests employed themselves in studying the mysterious operations of nature, and the art of magick ; that the mysteries of Eleusis were derived from one of these collegiate establishments. Meyer, who wrote a history of these secret assemblies, speaks of the college of

Samothrace, the members of which believed that they enjoyed the peculiar assistance of the gods throughout all the trials of life ; of the college of Persian Magi, who knew how to perform very extraordinary things, and from whom Apollonius Tyanaeus derived his knowledge of sorcery ; of the college of Bramins who commanded the elements, and called down rain and tempests, winds and thunder, at their will ; of the Celtick college of Druids, who also penetrated into the secrets of Nature, and who, as some say, were able to predict future events ; of the Roman college of augurs, whose mystick ceremonies imposed the belief of prophetick powers.

The school of Pythagoras is the earliest specimen we have of a college among the Greeks. The Pythagoreans lived in common. The Olympick games at Pisa, and the festival of the Panathenaea, ought to be considered as establishments for instruction. The Portico, the Academy, the Lyceum, are only the distinguishing appellations of the most celebrated schools of Greece, where Plato, Zeno, Aristotle, Aristippus, were the schoolmasters. The latter was the Voltaire of Greece ; many females of celebrity attended his school. To Pisistratus we owe the foundation of publick libraries ; for it was he who first opened his own to the publick. The library of Apellicon preserved the books of Aristotle.

In the time of Alexander, the first botanical gardens, and the first cabinet of natural history, appeared in Greece. One of the Ptolemies, his successor at Alexandria, caused the reappearance of Egypt on the literary stage ; he founded there a museum, and the library of the Bruchion, which contained at first one hundred thousand volumes, and was increased to the number of seven hundred thousand, of which three hundred thousand were deposited in Rachotis, a suburb of Alexandria.

Sicily was but a part of Greece, and had her own publick schools, whose professors received salaries from the government, at the time when Charondas was the legislator of Catania. Ctesias, of Leontium, now Leontini, taught rhetoric to his countrymen. There were schools at Messina and at Himera, now Termini, which produced the famous Epicharmus, inventor of the modern comedy.

Musick was publickly taught in Sicily, and throughout the kingdom of Naples. The modern Encyclopedists have their prototypes among the Greeks of Sicily ; for such were Docearchus, of Messina, and Gorgias, of Leontium, of whom the former wrote a treatise on geography, one part of which yet remains to us, and the latter, Orations, which have come down to us in ruins.

The Prytanea were places of instruction supported by government, of which there were twelve or fifteen in Greece and the colonies. The word *museum* is found among the Greek writers, as signifying a collection of things relative to the fine arts, and a place where literature was taught ;* there was an establishment of this kind at Athens, at Stagira, the birthplace of Aristotle, and at Troezen. Strabo mentions one at Alexandria also, where mathema-

* Athen. et Cas. in Athen.

ticians, philosophers, rhetoricians, and poets were maintained and honoured. He applies to it, indiscriminately, the terms museum and college.

From Greece we immediately pass over to Rome, which had its schools at the beginning of the fourth century, after the building of the city. Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, relates that Appius Claudius, the Decemvir, saw the daughter of Lucius Virginius, for the first time while she was reading in a school. If any credit is to be given to this passage, we must conclude that Rome, so decried for barbarity and ignorance, contained schools, not only for their men, but for their women also. They confined them, however, to the rudiments of instruction; for the spirit of their government, and severity of their manners, did not admit of a more extensive system of education.

Rhetoricians and sophists dared to open new schools, in which they pretended to establish new methods of instructions; but the Romans did not suffer it, looking upon it as a dangerous innovation. A state, yet in its infancy, surrounded with powerful enemies, was obliged to be circumspect and distrustful; and the decree of Domitius Aenobarbus and L. Licinius Crassus, the censors, shut up the schools.

The Romans, at the same time they adopted the Greek philosophy, introduced all the different systems of the Greek philosophers; but their sectaries had no rendezvous for the purpose of publick disputation. Some pretend that Stigidius Figulus held a school of Pythagorean philosophy, and that Antiochus, of Ascalon, taught in publick the dogmas of Plato. We have no certain information as to the existence of these schools; all we know is that it was the fashion among the Romans to adhere nominally to certain sects; that M. Brutus called himself a Platonist; that Cato, of Utica, was a Zeronist; Crassus, a Peripatetick; and Pomponius Atticus, an Epicurian.

Under the government of Augustus schools multiplied, and grammar was more generally professed than it had ever been in Greece, where all the schools confined themselves to the teaching of philosophy in general, or of the art of declamation and gymnastick exercises. Cremona, Padua, Milan, Mantua, had their seminaries of learning. The temples, the basilica, the theatres, resounded with the lessons of rhetoricians, grammarians and philosophers of the day; they recited compositions, declaimed, and held disputations. The scholars were very eager to dispute, in order to receive the acclamations and plaudits of the people; and this acquired them the name of *Scoliastræ*.

Under the reign of Vespasian, professors were paid out of the publick treasury; Quintilian was of the number. Trajan founded academies where poets and orators read their own productions. Adrian built the *Athenæum*; and added to the chairs of orators and grammarians, those of philosophers, who mingled the theories of Platonism with some practical notion of physick. Junius Moderatus was a professor of medicine, or of natural philosophy. The

emperours themselves took pleasure in presiding at these assemblies of the learned. Domitian had already added a publick library to the publick schools.

There were twenty two libraries at Rome, either publick or private. Lucullus, Atticus, and Cicero, possessed very valuable collections. Julius Caesar instituted the first publick library, and Varro was appointed librarian; then followed that founded by Augustus on the Palatine hill, called the library of Apollo; that in the temple of peace, called the Ulpian library; that of the capitol, and that of Tivoli. These libraries were arrayed in stalls, and set off with great magnificence.

M. Aurelius augmented the number of professors.....he dedicated a statue to Frontinus, the professor of grammar. Gordian elevated several grammarians to the first dignities of the state. This emperour acquired by descent the famous library of Q. Serenus Sammonicus, which contained sixty two thousand volumes. Aurelian ordered every year copies to be made of the works of Tacitus, from whom he used to boast that he was descended; he encouraged the study of jurisprudence, which now became the fashionable pursuit, and was publickly professed and taught.

The Gauls, Spain, Egypt, Greece, Macedon, and other large provinces of the Roman empire, had their own theatres, amphitheatres, temples, and schools of learning.

But this great empire was soon torn to pieces by factions, her throne was set up to auction, her praetorians and legionaries sold the state. The schools were abandoned, the publick treasury was only open to reward the soldier who had set his commander on the throne of the world, but shut against the claims of learned men and publick teachers, who were looked upon as useless incumbrances on society. The fall of letters hastened the fall of the empire, and the ruin of the empire completed the ruin of letters.

Constantine the Great had established publick schools at Byzantium; he had erected libraries and monuments of the Fine Arts. The last had received a new life; but the western empire declined daily. Under Augustulus, hordes of barbarians advanced to Rome, which was possessed by the Heruli, the Goths, the Ostrogoths. The last mentioned nation had, however, a wise leader in Theodoric, who felt the necessity of some establishments for instruction. Cassiodorus, his prime minister, founded, at Rome, the first school for the explanation of the sacred writings, about the commencement of the sixth century. Rome had possessed many learned pontiffs since Celestin, who called a council to condemn the Nestorian heresy. Another council, under Valentinian, assembled fifty six bishops at Rome. That convoked by Saint Leo against the Manichaeans is not the least famous, any more than those remarkable ones which were held under Gelasius, Symmachus, &c. Justinian, after having gathered the laurels due to the military achievements of his generals, Narses and Belisarius, aspired to the fame of a legislator and a protector of learning. A disciple of the great Theophilus, he conceived the project of a new code of laws, which he engaged the ablest lawyers of his time to execute.

The Lombards shewed no great devotion to the cause of literature. We hardly know whether they had any publick schools ; yet they cultivated jurisprudence and the law of feudal tenures. The collection of Lombard Institutes, proves that there was no deficiency among them of political knowledge. Alboin, cruel as he was, appears to have governed with wisdom ; the invention of several warlike instruments, and improvements in military tacticks, is attributed to him. But the prince who signalized himself most among them, by his laws, and by the science which he discovered himself to possess, was Luitprand, the seventeenth of their race.

The best informed Romans of this epoch employed themselves in the search of ancient MSS. but we can discover no traces of a school, except for the study of grammar and of the Scriptures. To the grammarians of this age we are indebted for two or three MSS. of Virgil, Terence, and Martianus Capella. The first bears the title of a Roman consul, who was the corrector of it ; it is that MSS. which is known to the learned by the appellation of the Florentine Virgil.

Two nations only have yet filled the page of history ; the Greeks and Romans. The rest of Europe was inhabited by ignorant people, known to us hardly by name. The Gauls, the Germans, the Britons, were called barbarians ; their druids and bards were at the same time priests, poets, and astronomers ; they taught in woods like the Pythagoreans, but without their community of life, or mystery of science, which were adopted by those philosophers as the fundamental laws of their school.

Marseilles, in 164th. year of Rome, was inhabited by a Grecian colony. This city became famous in a very short time. The youth of the Gauls and of Italy crowded to her schools, which possessed a high reputation under the Romans, and maintained it after the fall of the empire. The same was the case with Lyons, Bordeaux, Autun, Narbonne, Toulouse, down to the fifth century, which was the epoch during which Eusebius professed philosophy at Lyons ; Victor, the arts of oratory and poetry in Burgundy ; Securius Melior, that of eloquence in Auvergne.

The irruption of the northern nations proved the destruction of letters. The history of these times presents us only a series of unheard of cruelties, and unexampled acts of perfidy. Clotaire II. gave the French the enjoyment of a few peaceable moments ; he had some taste for learning. His son, Dagobert, in spite of his debaucheries, paid more attention to it than any of his predecessors ; but his efforts were useless, and superstition got the mastery of his genius.

Germany, which had been the cradle of these ignorant invaders of the Roman empire, was not in a state of greater advancement ; her bards and druids were less instructed than those of Gaul. Even the Saxons, who passed for the most polite of her tribes, had no establishments for publick instruction.

Spain, whilst part of the Roman empire, had profited by the illumination of the capital of the universe. We cannot tell whether there were or not any schools in Spain during the time of the Visi-

goths ; but it is certain that in the fifth and sixth ages there were institutions of that nature, institutions which owed their origin there to the spirit of christianity.

Among the Arab conquerors of Spain learning was sedulously cultivated. They established an historical academy at Xativa, and other academies formed for the accommodation of learned and ingenious men who met together to communicate knowledge, and devise the means of cultivating the sciences with most effect. In their numerous colleges, schools, and universities, grammar, law, theology, in short, all the sciences, and even the fine arts had their professors. The most celebrated among them were those of Murcia, Granada, and Malaga. Small towns, and even villages, had their colleges, many of which were founded by Hakem, the protector of sciences, and father of the academy at Cordova.

We now arrive at the age of Charlemagne, who has been styled a new star, equally brilliant for military and political talents, and a taste for literature. All the princes and sovereigns of the time were penetrated with respect for so extraordinary an hero. The bishops, who, by their spiritual power, had acquired some ascendancy over the civil government, when met at the council of Frankfort, were astonished to see among them a king adorned with all the lustre of majesty come to judge them as their supreme arbiter ; and they willingly submitted to this great man. The idea which he conceived of opening publick schools in his own palace, is truly great. I have said, that to him is owing the establishment of an academy ; to him also is owing the reformation of the art of writing, to which he gave a more agreeable form, and which marks an epoch in diplomatick history. The emperor, and his sister Ada, an abbess in Germany, caused many copies of the Gospel to be written in letters of gold.

It has been pretended by some historians that classical books were unknown in France at the time of Charlemagne. The celebrated letter of the emperor to Paul Warnefrid, if it were genuine, might be a proof to the contrary ; for Charles says, or is made to say, in this letter, that in Greek he could rival Homer, and in Latin Virgil, &c. But what ought to surprise us the more in this letter is, that we observe there that this very Warnefrid taught the Greek and Hebrew languages. Another kind of literature peculiar to Charlemagne is that of enigmas ; it was, in fact, the court jargon of the day.

The following curious specimen of verses is attributed to Charlemagne, and is said to have been prefixed by him to a copy of the Gospels, which he sent to Pope Adrian.

Hadriano summo papae pariterque beato,
Rex Carolus salve mando valeque Pater.
Praesul apostolicae munus hoc aume cathedrae ;
Viles sunt visu, stemma sed intus habent.

SILVA, N^o. 53.

Jam silvæ steriles.

LUCAN IX. 966.

THEOCRITUS.....SOLOMON.

LANGHORNE, in his comment on Collins's Oriental Eclogues, has adopted from another critick an opinion, "that Theocritus borrowed some of his finest images and descriptions from Solomon." He observes, that "as the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament was performed at the request, and under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered at if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed some part of his pastoral imagery from the poetical passages of those books." "His Epithalamium," he continues, "on the marriage of Helen gave him an open field for imitation; therefore, if he has any obligations to the royal bard, we may expect to find them there. The opening of the poem is in the spirit of the Hebrew song, and the figures in his description of Helen plainly declare their origin."

ENGLISH CUSTOM OF DRINKING HEALTHS.

The English, though possessed of a great deal of pride, are generally, as regards themselves individually, characterized by a certain degree of reserve, modesty and decorum. Yet they have one custom which is an open violation of all these. I allude to the practice at their publick dinners of drinking the healths of persons present, which is prefaced by the most exaggerated praises; after these are concluded, the company empty their glasses with "*three times three*." The individual who has been *befraised*, then rises, and either puffs the person who has just puffed him, or, what is not quite so bad, bestows his flattery on the whole company.

I was a witness of the grossness of this custom at a lord mayor's feast in Guildhall, where I happened to sit near the new and old mayor, and the cabinet ministers, many of whom, as well as other characters of the first distinction, were present, as is usual on this occasion. After the king and royal family had been drank, they commenced giving the healths of the late, and actual mayor, the new members of parliament, &c. each of whom had of course to make a speech. Mr. S. who was the retiring mayor, and who had been chosen one of the four city members of parliament, distinguished himself. He was seated on the right hand of the new mayor, and when the other toasts were finished, he rose, and proposing the health of his successor, made the most fulsome panegyrick upon him. As soon as it was over, the mayor, determined not to be outdone, rose and said, "Gentlemen, I beg leave to propose to you the health of Mr. S. a gentleman whose conduct I am sure

has not only given satisfaction to this city, but to the whole world !” When the health of the new members was drank, each of whom had to return thanks separately, the late mayor arose in his turn, and said, with a self complacency that could hardly be surpassed ; “ My lords and gentlemen, I return you my thanks for the honour you have now done me, and I beg leave to say that the conduct of Mr. S. the representative, shall never disgrace that of Mr. S. the lord mayor !” It was easy to perceive that some of the distinguished courtiers were inwardly amused at the *bonhomie* of these citizens.

A NEW NOTE ON SHAKESPEARE.

“ GADSHILL,” in Henry IV. part I. says Steevens in his edition of Shakespeare, “ receives his title from a place on the Kentish road, where many robberies have been committed.”

In an action against the hundred of Gravesend, for a robbery on Gadshill, upon the statute of 13 Ed. 1. it seemed hard to the inhabitants, that they should answer for robberies committed on Gadshill, because they are there so frequent, that if the inhabitants should answer for all of them, they would be utterly undone. And Harris, Serjeant, was of counsel for the hundred, and pleaded, “ that time out of mind, &c. *felons had used to rob on Gadshill*, and so prescribed to be discharged.”

A joke is a rare thing in a book of reports, but this may be found in 2. Leonard, page 12. It will be understood by any common lawyer, but that the *lay gens* may also perceive it, it will be sufficient to observe that *prescription*, in the law, is when a man can shew no other title to what he claims, than that he, and those under whom he claims, have immemorially used to enjoy it.

GRECIAN PICTURES AND STATUES.

Winkelman, in his Reflections on the Painting and Sculpture of the Greeks, a work elegantly translated more than forty years ago by Fuseli, observes, “ that the fairest youths danced undressed on the theatre ; and Sophocles, the great Sophocles, when young, was the first who dared to entertain his fellow citizens in this manner. Phryne went to bathe at the Eleusinian games exposed to the eyes of all Greece, and rising from the water became the model of Venus Anadyomene. During certain solemnities the young Spartan maidens danced naked before the young men ; and strange as this may seem, it will appear more probable when we consider that the christians of the primitive church, both men and women, were dipped together in the same font. Then,” he continues, “ every solemnity, every festival afforded the artist opportunity to familiarize himself with all the beauties of nature.” To these and similar causes the abbé, with something more than a slender probability to support his supposition, ascribes the amenity attributed by Pliny to every picture and statue which in his time bore the name or carried the stamp of Apelles and Phidias.

EDWARD WINSLOW,

Governour of Plymouth Colony, was among the most efficient and illustrious settlers of New England. In 1646, as agent for the colonies, he left this country, to which he never returned. His talents and fidelity in the despatch of publick business, recommended him to Cromwell, who appointed him the first of three commissioners to direct the operations of Penn and Venables in their famous West India expedition. He died on board the fleet, May 8, 1655. His portrait, showing a black, penetrating eye, large whiskers, and an expressive countenance, is in possession of his descendant, Dr. Josiah Winslow, who inherits the old family estate, called Careswell farm, in Marshfield, which is, we believe, the only patrimony successively occupied and regularly transmitted in the posterity of the pilgrims. Governour Hutchinson thus concludes a record of his death. "He was a gentleman of the best family of any of the Plymouth planters, his father Edward Winslow, Esq. being a person of some figure at Droughtwich, in Worcestershire. An elegy occasioned by his death has much of the spirit of Thomas Laffin's epitaph, which I remember to have read in Stepney church-yard.

The eighth of May, west from Spaniola's shore
 God took from us our grand commissioner,
 Winslow by name, a man in chiefest trust,
 Whose life was sweet, and conversation just,
 Whose parts and wisdom most men's did excel,
 An honour to his place as all can tell."

GRECIAN SONG.

This song was composed in honour of the restorers of liberty to Athens, after the usurpation of Pisistratus. The original is in Athenæus.

I will wear my sword covered with myrtle leaves as Harmodius and Aristogiton did, when they slew the tyrant, and restored the government of law.

Dear Harmodius, you are not yet dead. It is said that you are now in those blessed isles, the abode of Achilles, the swift footed and the valiant son of Tydeus.

I will wear my sword covered with myrtle leaves as Harmodius and Aristogiton did, when they slew the tyrant Hipparchus at the Panathenæan festival.

Everlasting be your glory, dear Harmodius, dear Aristogiton, for you slew the tyrant and restored to Athens a government of law.

ADDISON AND JOHNSON COMPARED.

The merits of Addison and Johnson, as periodical writers, have been often discussed. The former, being the first author in that style, is generally placed on higher ground, insomuch that a scholar and a critick of the present age informs us, with even dogmatical decision, "that it is an infallible mark of false taste to prefer the Ramblers of Johnson to the Spectators of Addison." The merits of those two great men, however, are so dissimilar, that, though adapted to promote the same ends, the exertions wear a distinct form, and so varied is genius in its operations, so versatile in its nature,

that the most exuberant chaplet may be wreathed for the one without in the least diminishing the laurels of the other. Addison was the founder of one school ; Johnson of another. Addison allures, entertains, improves us ; Johnson commands, astonishes, and elevates. The one addresses us as rational creatures, to whom refinement is advantageous ; the other as accountable beings, to whom amendment is indispensable. The essays of the one might have proceeded from a Pagan moralist ; but the exhortations of the other bespeak the christian divine. I would place Addison on the shelf with Plato, but the bust of Johnson should fill a niche with Socrates. The one endeavours to *efface error*, the other to *destroy sin*. If I may be allowed the distinction, Addison addresses the *heart*, Johnson the *soul*, of man. Their difference of style is suited to the peculiar difference of their effort. The one has the harmony of the spheres ; the other the fervour of the elements. We read a paper of Addison, admire, and read on ; we peruse a sentence of Johnson, and stop to wonder. The former has Medicean symmetry ; the latter Colossal immensity. Addison evinces Corinthian elegance ; Johnson Dorick proportions. In the one we view the lineaments of Parnassian Apollo ; in the other the features of Olympian Jove.

DUELLING.

The passion for duelling was carried so high in the reign of Louis XIII. that when acquaintances met, the usual inquiry was not as it is at present, what news do you hear ? but, who fought yesterday ? Perhaps it was about this time that our petty gentlemen and men of honour were called *blades*. The French used the word *lame* and *bonne épée* in the same sense.

ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

They have become in many cases only a miserable deception, a detestable farce. In the great cities and counties, the opposing candidates are obliged to appear for some hours every day on a stage, like mountebanks at a fair ; with this difference, that they are not treated with the same respect. For in the former case they are bowing and soliciting, to be enabled to carry on their juggling on a different theatre ; while the crowd, composed of the vilest and filthiest of the populace, are occupied in vociferating against them the foulest insults and abuse. Hearing my landlord attacked one day, by a canvassing party, to give his vote to Mr. Sheridan, which he stubbornly refused to do, I asked him, " how he could reconcile it, as he was a violent Foxite, and Mr. Sheridan was of the same side ? " " No matter, we must have an opposition member." " But how ? Your own party is in.....oppose yourself ? " " Yes, we must always have an opposition member for Westminster." This paradoxical absurdity is in the true spirit of factious liberty.

Yet corrupt and degenerate as they have become, they serve in some degree to support the spirit of liberty, and to shew the inestimable value of the elective principle.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

COMMENTATORS.

"Must I for Shakespeare no compassion feel,
Almost eat up by commenting zeal?"

SAYS the author of "the Pursuits of Literature;" an observation which it is to be hoped every man is prepared to despise on first acquaintance. Any one who is not willing to make his head the footstool for aspiring insolence to mount, must feel the gorge of contempt rising at such efforts to abase reputations so faithfully earned, and to which so many hours of a short and precarious existence have been devoted. Poorly indeed is a reader compensated for the time which he has dedicated to the pages of genius, if, by one sweeping sentence of condemnation like the present, he is doomed to believe that all such moments are worse than thrown away. No: so long as my mind retains a capacity to see and admire superiour splendour of intellect, so long will it dwell with rapture on the spectacle.....so long will it acknowledge its obligations to those who have lent to my understanding the assistance of theirs to point out another ray in the orb beaming from a quarter before dark and unsightly.....so long will it indulge a sensation far different from that which it entertains for those who employ their talent, or their want of it, in the construction of a poem equally unintelligible with marginal notes, or without them.

The ground work of the invective above quoted against commentators, is that they so far misconceive their duty and the appropriate functions of their office as to attempt to explain their author. It seems that these men have offended the author of the Pursuits of Literature, because they have endeavoured to explore the meaning of local passages, temporary allusions and incidental matters, which have not acquired the permanency of Shakespeare's fame, and in the vicissitudes of human life are now forgotten.

With trembling reverence to so august a personage, I am inclined to believe, contrary to his opinion, that to clear up such passages is the peculiar duty of the commentator. A brilliancy that dazzles on the surface, the commentator insults our understanding, if he meddles with; but surely such as require comment it is not high treason against the majesty of letters to illustrate. What if Shakespeare, in the slovenly dialect of our author, "broke jokes on the margin of his page," is the commentator to be blamed for making them intelligible? No. The offence, if any, has been committed by Shakespeare himself, who has written what requires so much labour, explication and research for posterity to understand.

The author of the Pursuits of Literature would fain reverse this rule, and have the annotator employ his pen in elucidating the meaning of those obvious passages that do better without his comments, than with them. Such kind of dashing criticisms have given the tone

to the fops and Bond street literary loungers of the day ; they adopt the opinions of these men as they have none of their own, and, as it is much easier to censure, than to examine, cite an author like the present as a voucher for their calumny. The very censure on the critick's toil and industry is a direct acknowledgment that Shakespeare is unworthy of being read, or incapable of being understood if he is read. In strict propriety there ought not even an error in punctuation, much less an intricate passage to escape the notice of the commentator.

Notwithstanding the author of the Pursuits of Literature feels, or affects to feel so much contempt for Horne Tooke, a man of such excessive humanity, that, if his own declaration may be credited, he sheds tears every time he reads a page of Johnson's dictionary ; yet these loving souls both agree in one point, and that is in abusing the commentators on Shakespeare. Mr. Tooke declares that, if an edition of Shakespeare was printed without one marginal explanation, he should consider it an important acquisition to the world of letters. Yet this very gentleman, who talks so cavalierly, explains sundry passages himself, and to the entire satisfaction of his readers. This is certainly an explicit confession on his part, that Shakespeare does require comment ; and combining his profession with his practice, it leads to this conclusion, that the passages which have excited so much scrutiny are not worth even an attempt at explanation. In reality neither of these authors believed what they asserted, both of them sacrificed truth and decency to the indulgence of a sarcasm ; and the consequence is, what it ever will be in such cases, the sarcasm is retorted on themselves.

It is conceived that conduct of this kind ought not to be past over with casual reprobation. It is not merely a literary foible, but a moral sin, and has withal a deep stain of turpitude. Many literary men, who are cursed with imbecility of nerves, tremble at the thought of a conflict where they meet only a sneer as the reward of their utmost effort ; and they finally settle down into the belief that they are as pusillanimous and mean, as superiour effrontery alone represents them to be.

That Johnson was not utterly contemptible as a writer, nay that his comments on Shakespeare may justly challenge publick respect, the author of the Pursuits of Literature will think we produce an authority next to revelation to vouch, when we cite his own words. " Dr. Johnson's comments on Shakespeare are not sullied and contaminated with minute explications of indecent passages :

" He bears no token of these sable streams,
But mounts far off among the swans of Thames."

" In whatever Dr. Johnson undertook" (and certainly that " whatever" includes his comments on Shakespeare) " it was his determined purpose to rectify the heart, to purify the passions, to give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth."

While so much benevolence is testified in a note, let us see if the poetry bears it out ! The author of the Pursuits of Literature

describes Shakespeare as an animal flying with all possible speed from his hunters, by which epithet he denominates his commentators.

"Hark Johnson smacks the lash; loud sounds the din;
Mounted in rear see Steevens *whipper in*."

To leave the author no loop-hole to escape, he concludes with these lines

"Hot was the chase! I left it out of breath,
I wish'd not *to be in at Shakespeare's death*."

Here the explanatory note and the poem are directly opposite; Johnson is mentioned with reverence in the former, and in the latter described as one of Shakespeare's assassins.

Dr. Johnson, as well as other commentators on Shakespeare, has occasionally misconceived the author's meaning. It is unnecessary to state to the reader what Hotspur's character was, or how much it is in the nature of every man to draw similes and metaphors from his own peculiar profession, or art. Hotspur's wife reproached him with being a stranger to her bed and inquires the cause, to which the haughty warrior replies

"I care not for thee Kate; this is no world
To play with mammetts and to tilt with lips.
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too."

Johnson subjoins in a commentary on these two passages; first, that "mammetts" means "puppets;" 2dly, that "cracked crowns" signifies at once cracked money, and a broken head;" that "current will apply to both;" that "as it refers to money its sense is well known;" that "as it applies to a broken head, *it insinuates that a soldier's wounds entitle him to universal reception.*" Both of these constructions, it is believed, are palpably wrong. By what legerdemain the word mammet is made to mean puppet, we know not. Johnson does indeed define it thus in his dictionary, and cites Shakespeare as an authority; and it is not an improbable suggestion that he first committed the blunder as a commentator and afterwards sanctioned it as a lexicographer.

"To play with puppets and to tilt with lips," mars the plain and obvious beauty of the passage. Mamma is the Latin word for bosom; and the endearing appellation is still in familiar use amongst us as a substitute for mother. When therefore Hotspur full of anticipated battle, tells his wife:

"This is no world
To play with bosoms (mammetts) and to tilt with lips,"

he speaks in the character of a knight, and describes connubial pleasures with singular delicacy and taste. This must be the true construction, for his lady, as before observed, inquires:

"For what offence have I a fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my *Henry's bed*?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick lipp'd musing and curs'd melancholy?"

* Bayley defines mammetts "puppets," but Spenser uses it for bosom.

As to the other commentary, on the passage

"We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too,"

Johnson had such mortal antipathy to a pun, that, in his jealousy to avoid, he finds one, where Shakespeare never designed any. A "crack'd crown" may undoubtedly mean both a "broken head" and a "broken piece of money;" but it is equally as plain that Shakespeare by the currency of a "broken head" did not mean that "a soldier's wounds entitled him to universal reception." The very passage, by which this unfortunate similitude was traced out, opposes the construction of the commentator. A broken piece of money would not receive an universal reception; but on the contrary would have excited scrutiny and suspicion whenever its unhappy physiognomy was discovered. Hotspur merely observes that it is a soldier's duty not to dally away his time in softer pleasures; but in the exercise of his profession to make "bloody noses and cracked crowns," "current," or as widely disseminated as possible, and this is the whole mystery of the passage.

Richard terrified by a dream exclaims

"Have mercy Jesu.....Soft.....I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me."

Dr. Warburton on this passage remarks "this is extremely fine. The speaker had entirely got the better of his conscience and banished it from all his waking thoughts; but it takes advantage of his sleep and frightens him in his dreams. *With great elegance therefore, he is made to call it coward conscience, which dares not encounter him when awake and his faculties entire; but takes advantage of reason being off its guard and the powers of the soul dissolved in sleep.*" This criticism, with reverence be it spoken, is more worthy the pen of honest Theobald, than Dr. Warburton. Had the learned prelate recalled to his memory the last words of Richard in the preceding scene, where he felt such depression of soul while reflecting on his guilt, that he calls for artificial stimulants to restore it to its wonted tone:

"Give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have,"

he would have been well convinced, that "the speaker had not entirely got the better of his conscience, and banished it from all his waking hours.".....It was plainly the intention of the poet to give to the mind of Richard while awake a foreboding of his dream. It is farcical therefore to apply, as the bishop does, the term coward to his conscience as a word of reproach, and to represent it as something which had not the courage "to encounter him when awake and with his faculties entire." It represents the ambition of Richard and his conscience at a platonick kind of fisty cuff with each other, in which ambition triumphs in the diurnal, and conscience in the nocturnal rounds. In this nonentity of pugilism "reason is" part of the

time "off its guard," of which circumstance Mendoza conscience "takes the advantage." Notwithstanding the bishop, contrary to the functions of his office, decides that conscience "dared not encounter" its opponent by day, we will venture any reasonable bet on the question, and Richard himself shall determine the point. He does decide it; and what is more whimsical still, in the very speech from which the learned commentator extracted that singular beauty. Reader, the tyrant is now awake.

"My CONSCIENCE hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, all crying guilty! guilty!
I shall despair."

Neglect the bishop's beauty; turn his own words right upon him, that "the speaker had not banished conscience from all his waking thoughts," nor "got the better of it," and "that it dared to encounter him while he was awake, and his faculties entire;" that "it did not take the advantage of reason being off its guard, and the powers of the soul dissolved in sleep," and we have Shakespeare's precise meaning, and the whole speech of Richard stands consistently together. The plain interpretation is, conscience is not a coward, but it is a terrible thing to create cowardice, and such and such only was Shakespeare's meaning.

Nor less extraordinary is a construction put by Mr. Walker on a passage, too perspicuous in itself to require the aid of a commentator. It is as follows: "If antiquity can give sanction to the pronunciation of a word, this (*raisin*) may be traced as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Falstaff, in the first part of Henry IV. being urged to give *reasons* for his conduct, tells him, that if *raisins* were as plenty as blackberries, he would not give him one upon compulsion. This pun evidently shews these words were pronounced exactly alike in Shakespeare's time, and that Mr. Sheridan's pronunciation of the word, as if written *raysin*, is not only contrary to general usage, but, what one would think a greater offence, destructive of the wit of Shakespeare." Falstaff, being detected by the merry wags his comrades in a most atrocious falsehood, is desired by them to give a reason for his conduct, and this is his reply, "What upon compulsion! No, were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not *tell you* on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion." The reluctance manifested by all mankind to answer on compulsion, and by Englishmen in particular, where confessions so obtained are disregarded by courts of justice, furnishes the knight with a very plausible pretext to decline an attempt at exculpation. Furthermore and lastly, this is believed to be the first attempt of a commentator to change the meaning of a word from its spelling, when the pronunciation was equivocal, for no other purpose than to manufacture a pun. Admitting what however does not appear but from the simple

ipse dixit of Mr. Walker, that *raisin* and *reason* had the same pronunciation, still if Shakespeare spelt the word *reason*, it is decisive authority that his commentator's construction was wrong. The author puns enough in all conscience to gratify the most voracious appetite for quibbles, and it seems cruel to charge him with another literary sin of that kind which he never committed, when it makes flat nonsense of the passage to boot.

Before we conclude, we will notice an analogy between two passages of Virgil and Shakespeare. Virgil in a well known passage thus describes the appearance of *Ætna* :

"Sed horrificis juxta tonat *Ætna* ruinis.
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla :
Attollitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit :
Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exaestuat imo."

Poor Blackmore in an evil hour rendered this unfortunate passage thus ;

"*Ætna* and all the burning mountains find
Their kindred stores with inbred storms of wind
Blown up to rage ; and, roaring out, complain,
As torn with inward gripes and tort'ring pain.
Lab'ring they cast their dreadful vomit round,
And with their melted bowels spread the ground."

Pope, who was lynx-eyed to discover a fault in any one whom his jealousy alone raised to the rank of a poetical rival, found in this passage whatever materials the most malignant satire could covet for unrestrained indulgence. The translation is plainly too contemptible for sober criticism, and would have past inoffensively into oblivion with the other productions of Blackmore's pen ; but his malignant genius threw Pope in his way to obstruct the passage. Johnson, it is true, has tried to commend him, but seems to give up the point in despair in the midst of his panegyrics, and probably would never have undertaken so arduous a task, had he not been compelled to it by his predominant anxiety to encounter the criticism of an opponent so illustrious as Pope. Finding Blackmore's poetry unworthy of panegyrick, he resorts to his *life*, and, because he was pious, seems anxious to attach his piety to the puny efforts of Blackmore's muse, as if the former would consecrate the latter. Pope no doubt would agree with Johnson on the score of Blackmore's piety ; but he understood the franchises of Parnassus too well to admit that piety alone entitled a man to the honours of a sitting. Pope, with that alacrity so characteristick of genius, while searching his brains for a sarcasm, alighted on the passage we have quoted, and combining Blackmore's profession with his poetry, made Mount *Ætna* one of his patients in a fit of the cholick. From that hour to the present, Blackmore by the pestilent assistance of Pope has suffered an immortality such as all wish to avoid, the immortality of contempt. Shakespeare, by good fortune hav-

ing what Blackmore had not, genius to canonize the sins of his pen, reckless of criticism, thus describes the convulsions of nature ;

"Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of *cholick pinch'd and vext,*
By the imprisoning of unruling wind
Within her womb, which for enlargement striving
Shakes the old beldame Earth." "At your birth
Our Grandame Earth having this distemperature
In passion shook."

Here nature, that venerable old lady, is represented as troubled with all the symptoms of a cholick ; nay, what is worse, the nature of her complaint is specifically mentioned. This passage, however, has not only been past without censure by criticks, but has been cited with commendation. Such a sanction can genius give to all its works. The solution is easy, the latter passage was the error of Shakespeare, and the former of Blackmore.

R.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

REMARKER, N^o. 44.

Give me the preacher, whose capacious soul,
Fixed on his subject, comprehends the whole ;
Clear as the light, the important truth conveys,
Then—sets the kindling passions in a blaze.

ANON.

THERE is no subject, on which men more widely differ than on that of preaching. On every other department of intellectual exertion they seem generally agreed ; and who are the best poets, historians, and philosophers of civilized nations, is a point indisputably settled. But what is the best mode of preaching, and who the best preachers, still remains undecided by the clergy no less than by the laity, and every man is left to judge, according to his own prejudices, partialities, and passions.

If the same theological creed were universally embraced, there would be less difficulty in deciding the question. But whilst the christian world continues to adopt different systems, to espouse dissimilar doctrines, each individual will judge of the excellence of a sermon, and of the merit of a preacher, in exact proportion as they approximate to his own theological opinions. Thus I have known a disciple of a particular school of theology give a decided preference to the worst pulpit orator in a metropolis, whilst he would sneer at the eloquent productions, delivered by men of acknowledged genius, and of first rate talents. The wild ravings of field orators and camp-meeting rhetoricians pass with many for divine inspirations, who would be lulled asleep by the ponderous sense of a Barrow, or the polished delicacy of a Blair.

I know of no printed sermons, which are perfect models of pulpit eloquence. The French are too ostentatious in their manner, and wretchedly deficient in matter. Single passages of great excellence may be produced, but not an entire sermon; neither are the violent exclamations, with which they abound, well adapted to the sobriety of New England feelings. *We* seem to require, that good sense should form the constituent part of a sermon, for the absence of which no rhetorical flourishes can make adequate compensation.

Sermons should be impressive and instructive; impressive to gain attention, instructive to reward it. They should contain matter enough to satisfy the judicious, and yet be sufficiently interesting to engage and edify the multitude.

Mr. Cowper recommends the great apostle of the Gentiles, as the best model on which a preacher can form himself. But St. Paul, from the nature of his subjects, often appears too metaphysical and obscure; and his writings, in which are many things hard to be understood, have given birth to the far larger portion of the controversies, which still continue to divide and agitate the disciples of the humble Nazarene. Men of similar learning and integrity will draw different inferences from the same passage, and many chapters from his various epistles have been interpreted, in very distinct senses, with plausibility nearly equal. I should recommend a preacher, therefore, to go to the fountain head, and imitate the Saviour himself, who "spake as never man spake." In his sermon on the mount, in his beatitudes, in his parables, in all his discourses, we find patterns of consummate eloquence, pathetick, simple, and sublime. We hear, from the divine founder of our religion, no abstruse treatises on faith, justification, perseverance, necessity, and free will. But he directs his addresses to "the business and bosoms of men," denouncing those vices that will hazard their eternal salvation, and earnestly enforcing those virtues, the practice of which, through his merits, will ensure their present and future happiness. Our triple duties towards God, our fellow creatures, and ourselves, are the glorious themes, on which he exerts his divine eloquence, the just discharge of which is attended by practical utility. "He came into the world to save sinners," not by preaching to them that unintelligible jargon, and quaint language, with which the huge folios and solid quartos of Boeotian commentators are replete, but by teaching us how to do good and avoid evil. Here then is the pattern to imitate, here is the example for the christian orator to follow; and he, who preaches from the word of the Saviour, is more likely to preach the gospel, and breathe the genuine spirit of christianity, than those, who prefer to choose a text from the obscurer parts of Paul, or the Revelation of John. *Non omnia possumus omnes.* A consummate preacher is a *rara avis in terris*. One may excel in composition, and be deficient in just and forcible elocution. Another may possess an excellent delivery, yet his discourse may be *vox et preterea nihil*. He is the best preacher, who unites the most excellencies with the fewest defects; who is pious without cant, pathetick without whining,

animated without ranting, who can expand his subject without declamation, and elevate it without bombast.

As to the propriety of action in the pulpit, the best criticks are divided. "Our preachers, says the Spectator, stand stock still in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best sermons in the world. It is certain that proper gestures, and vehement exertions of the voice, cannot be too much studied by a publick orator. They are a kind of comment upon what utters, and enforce every thing he says, with weak hearers, better than the strongest argument he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them ; at the same time, that they show the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommend to others."

Spectator, No. 407.

Audi alteram partem. Let us hear the other side of the question. "In the pulpit, says Johnson, speaking of Dr. Watts, though his low stature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantages of appearance, yet the gravity and propriety of his utterance, made his discourses very efficacious. I once mentioned the reputation which Mr. Foster had gained by his proper delivery to my friend Dr. Hawkesworth, who told me, that in the art of pronunciation he was far inferiour to Dr. Watts. Such was his flow of thoughts, and such his promptitude of language, that in the latter part of his life he did not precompose his cursory sermons ; but having adjusted the heads, and sketched out some particulars, trusted for success to his extemporary powers. He did not endeavour to assist his eloquence by any gesticulations ; for, as no corporeal actions have any correspondence with theological truth, he did not see how they could enforce it." Johnson's Life of Watts.

If a pulpit orator makes use of much gesticulation, he ought to commit his sermon to memory ; for nothing can be more unnatural than for his hands to be flying about in all directions, whilst his eyes are fixed upon his notes. But then acting is not preaching, and what is sufficiently becoming on the stage would degrade the sober dignity of the pulpit. Quintilian directs, that even the manner of the *heathen* orator must be widely different from the theatrical. "*Plurimum aberit a scenico,*" says that illustrious grammarian, "let it be very distant from the manner of the stage."

If the speaker is interested in what he delivers, he will naturally be drawn into some action ; if his composition, thus aided, contains good sense, and sound doctrine, in pure language, he will infallibly secure the attention of his audience. A sultry afternoon and a hearty dinner will indeed resist the sublimest strains of eloquence, and the habitual slumberer will doze beneath the discharge of the evangelical artillery, however ably pointed. But this ought not to mortify the preacher, since the powers of Paul himself could not keep Eutychus awake, whose consequent disaster is recorded by the sacred writers as a warning against the seductions of the drowsy god in time of divine service. But the modern construction of pews is a sufficient guarantee against the recurrence of similar accidents, and the sleeper may now safely indulge his favourite propensities, without endangering either life or limb.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ANTHOLOGY.

GENTLEMEN....In an old edition of Virgil, I find a poem on the same subject as the verses from Spenser which were published in your last Anthology with a Latin version. Although this shaft never came from the quiver of Virgil, I have furnished it with an English plume and submit it to your examination.

DE LIVORE.

AUCTORE LATENTE.

LIVOR, tabificum malis venum,
Intactis vorat ossibus medullas,
Et totum bibit artubus cruorem.
Quod, quisque furit invidetque sorti,
Ut debet, sibi poena semper ipse est :
Testatur gemitu graves dolores,
Suspirat, fremit, incutitque dentes ;
Sudat frigidus intuens quod odit,
Effundit mala lingua virus atrum ;
Pallor terribilis genas colorat,
Infelix macies renudat ossa.
Non lux, non cibus est suavis illi,
Nec potus juvat, aut sapor Lyoei ;
Nec si pocula Jupiter propinet,
Aut haec porrigat et ministret Hebe,
Aut tradat Ganymedes ipse nectar.
Non somnum capit, aut quiescit unquam.
Torquet viscera carnifex cruentus ;
Vesanos tacite movet furorcs.
Intentans animo faces Erynnis
Lethalis ; Tityque vultur intus,
Qui semper lacerat, comestque mentem.
Vivit pectore sub dolente vulnus,
Quod Chironia nec manus levarit,
Nec Phoebus, sobolesve clara Phoebi.

TRANSLATION.....ON ENVY.

Envy, a dry consuming bane,
That rankles in the bad alone,
Exhausts the blood from every vein,
The marrow sucks from every bone.
The man, who lets his envy vent,
Himself is his own chastisement ;
His sighs and groans will seal the truth,
His loud bewailings, and his chattering tooth.
Mark ! how he sweats, and when he speaks,
What poison flows on all he hates ;
Terrifick envy pales his cheeks,
And every limb emaciates.
To him bright day, nor wine, nor meat,
Though Jove should drink his health, are sweet ;
Though Hebe serve and hand the bowl,
Or Ganymedes, would it cheer his soul.
He cannot slumber, cannot rest....
It is the torturer confin'd ;
It is the Fury in his breast ;
The ravenous vulture in his mind ;
It is the wound he would conceal,
The living wound his vitals feel ;
Not Chiron's art could aid his case,
Nor yet Apollo, or Apollo's race.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

JULY, 1809.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quae commutanda, quae eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari mererentur. PLIN.

ART. I.

An Historical View of Heresies, and Vindication of the primitive Faith. By Asa M^r Farland, A. M. minister of the gospel in Concord, New Hampshire. Concord ; George Hough, and Thomas and Whipple, Newburyport. 1806. 12mo. pp. 273.

[Concluded from vol. vi. page 338.]

THE injunction in Titus iii. 11th. is aimed at interested, ambitious, corrupt, "self condemned" authors or followers of a sect. The heretick to be rejected is a *faction* man, and his crime is an unprincipled and sinful party-making. He is "subverted, sinneth, and condemned of himself." He is turned out of the right way by a perverse disposition. When the apostle says he is self condemned, it is because whoever departed from the apostles, and made a party against them, did by that very act renounce christianity, and deny themselves to be christians, renouncing those men from whom alone the duty of a christian could be learned ; or because the vices of those who opposed themselves to the acknowledged ministers of the church carried their own condemnation ; or because the bad passions by which they were actuated must have been attended with a consciousness of improper views and a secret misgiving of heart. The precept in Titus, considered in its general application, is probably a precept of similar import to that in Romans ; "Mark them, which cause divisions, and avoid them." The heretick, when that term is used with reference to a person professing christianity, is the man, who, either from pride, from motives of ambition, or interest, is led to violate those important precepts of our Lord. Matt. xxiii. 8—10. "But as for you, assume not the title of Rabbi ; for ye have only one teacher, the Messiah ; neither assume the title of leaders, for ye have only one

leader, the Messiah." Heresy is an immorality, implying malignity and perverseness of disposition, and having no necessary reference to opinion, true or false. It is an offence, which may be committed alike by the orthodox and heterodox, the protestant and papist, the Calvinist and Arminian, the trinitarian and antitrinitarian.

The *ecclesiastical* heresy is another thing. In early times of the church, the term was applied to any *new* opinion. In process of time it meant opinions deemed erroneous or pernicious ; or corruption of the christian doctrine. As the majority, of course, considered themselves right, and all dissentients wrong, so they gave themselves a good name, pronouncing their tenets orthodox, and their adversaries a bad name, calling their doctrines heresies, and those who entertained or defended them, hereticks. Hence the word, as a word of opprobrium, was assigned to all who departed from the received or dominant faith, or declared articles of belief, especially on the subject of the trinity. It necessarily follows from this definition, that a man may be a heretick to one church and not to another ; and a heretick to the church and not a heretick to God. We are all greeted with this name by the Roman catholicks, and accept it from them as an honour. Ecclesiastical history shows that men of the most blameless and exemplary lives, who have above all things loved truth and righteousness, and who have most diligently studied and faithfully explained the scriptures, have often been accounted hereticks, because they chose to obey God rather than man ; to think for themselves according to the light they received, and speak what they thought. When the word, heresy, was used to signify an essential defect of belief, the want of a rule of heresy was long felt and acknowledged, and a distinction was admitted between error and heresy. St. Augustine says, "What it is that makes a man a heretick cannot be strictly defined, or at least without difficulty." "Every error," says he, "is not heresy, though all heresy, which consists in vice, must be error." His famous saying is often mentioned, *errare possum, hæreticus esse nolo*.

Admit then that the ecclesiastical and scriptural heresy are different, and that those who err in theological sentiments are, on that account merely, improperly called hereticks, yet it may be said "there is a *necessary* faith for a christian, without which no one is to be acknowledged in that character. This faith, say the orthodox, is Calvinism, or something like it, or near it. Let every man, at least every man who has had opportunity to consider and judge, adopt our standard, and believe in our formularies, or let him be excommunicated. We deny his christianity, if he denies that our peculiarities are essentials." That is, we must make their logic a part of our faith, and their phrases must appear to us the mirror of truth. The difficulty of settling the question of fundamentals, and agreeing to admit persons into the church on the same terms as the apostles admitted them, arises chiefly we fear from the difficulty of renouncing power, and being equitable, humble, and modest. When we speak of those who differ from us, as Paul spoke of his opponents, we ought to inquire if we have the same right. We ought to recollect that we are not inspired teachers, are not mirac-

ulously enabled to understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and want the "signs of an apostle," and especially the gift of "discerning spirits." There are a few principles respecting communion and fundamentals, which have not been generally regarded by national churches and by separate congregations. An individual church is not a *private club or association*, at liberty to make by-laws for itself at pleasure, but a publick religious society, subject to the lawgiver of the church, the founder of the society, and having such rights, and such only, as he hath given. Hence this church invades the rights of other churches and of the members of its own, if it makes assent to any confessions or creeds, which the gospel hath not expressly authorized, the condition of its esteem, and brotherly love. For example, when Christ has said, *they who are weak in the faith receive, but not to doubtful disputations*, no christian church is so far a *voluntary society*, at liberty to establish rules for itself, as to be warranted or justified in saying: "No one shall be admitted to our communion, who is not strong enough in the faith peremptorily to pronounce on this or the other difficult and disputable matter in christianity." Christian esteem, christian fellowship, is to be rendered not merely, where *we please*, but where it is *due*. Further, things fundamental to some are not fundamental to all, as more knowledge may be expected in a man than in a child, in a wise man than in a weak one. Those truths, which are fundamental to all, are plainly declared, or the necessary consequences of those plainly declared; they are few, and often repeated in the scriptures. Those truths which are to be made the criterion of another's capacity for salvation, must be such as a good mind cannot help discerning; and such as are not only important but indispensable to a christian temper. We conclude this part of our review with a citation from the famous Mr. Baxter....."Two things have set the church on fire, and been the plagues of it for above one thousand years. 1. Enlarging our creed and making *more fundamentals* than God ever made. 2. Composing (and so imposing) our creeds and confessions in *our own words and phrases*. When men have learnt more *manners and humility* than to accuse God's *language* as too general and obscure (as if they could *mend* it) and have more dread of God and compassion on themselves, than to make those to be *fundamentals* or certainties, which God never made so; and when they reduce their confessions, first, to their due extent, and secondly, to scripture phrase, that dissenters may not scruple subscribing, then, I think, and never till then shall the church have peace about doctrinals. It seems to me no heinous Socinian notion, which Chillingworth is blamed for, viz. Let all men believe the scripture, and that only, and endeavour to believe it in the true sense, and promise this, and require no more of others; and they shall find this not only a better, but the only means to suppress heresy and restore unity."

The *general character* of heresy, according to our author, consists in maintaining a warfare with the great and distinguishing principle of the christian scheme and of the orthodox system, that our "salvation is of God".....that it is "wholly the work of God and

not in any part of ourselves." He describes the hereticks and anti-calvinists, and especially unitarians as opposing grace and the doctrines of grace, redemption, atonement, divine influence; and disclaiming dependence on God. It would be more fair, if not more politick to charge these persons with denying these points as they are explained and stated in Calvinistick or Hopkinsian formularies and systems of divinity. They, as well as their accusers, ascribe salvation to God. The author, the plan, the terms, the means and the efficacy of the means of salvation are, in the creed of the hereticks as well as, the orthodox of God. The principal question between them seems to be, whether any thing is to be done and can be done by the subject in order to salvation. So of *grace*, the difference respects not the reality, but the nature and operation of grace. Considered as meaning what it generally means in the scriptures, viz. gratuitous goodness, it is not denied by either party. Grace becomes a subject of debate, when considered in its technical sense in compends of Calvinistick theology. Man is born to an absolute moral inability, impotent to all moral action, passive to the influence of all good motives, unable not only to find a remedy for his depravity, but to desire, to value, or to use a remedy, when provided, and destined to everlasting misery. By a covenant of redemption, one of the persons in the Godhead, an infinite being or person, is united to the human nature, and dies by the hands of men; in consideration of which interposition, the first person sends the third to infuse, by an immediate act, the faith and holiness necessary to salvation, into a small number, unconditionally elected, without regard to previous character, and of mere sovereign pleasure placed beyond the possibility of forfeiting their title, whilst the great mass of the human family are under absolute reprobation.

When doctrines of this kind are called doctrines of grace, "the plain, unlearned, but sincere christian" may think language is abused, being accustomed to include clemency, not cruelty, in his idea of grace. Redemption, atonement, and similar expressions are not the exclusive property of those who call themselves orthodox. The latter word, being used but once in the New Testament, and then signifying reconciliation, as it might and should have been rendered, is not so much employed by the unitarians and anticalvinists as by their *evangelical* brethren, who make it stand in their artificial theology, for equivalent satisfaction, or the doctrine that human responsibility is transferred to a mysterious personage, in order to save the honour of the divine government, when it pardons the elect. There is no dispute about the reality of *divine influence*, and the dependence of man on God. The difference relates to the manner of this influence and dependence. The question, as we conceive, is, whether or not we are dependent on God in his own way, according to laws which he hath established; whether there is any connection between means and end, cause and effect; between instruction and knowledge, motive and volition, discipline and improvement; or whether all is done in us and for us by an immediate, special, supernatural communication, arbitrarily imparted, which we are bound to have, and yet cannot obtain, for we have no moral power. One

may not see all the consequences, which appear to another to be involved in a scriptural doctrine ; but he is not of course to be represented as denying the doctrine. The enthusiast canonizes his reveries, the mad fanatic his bodily agitations and freaks, and both call them regeneration. Make no difficulty about this, intimating that you have another idea of regeneration, unless you are willing to be thought to deny the doctrine. Indeed, should you be so rash as to dispute the pretensions of the self styled subject of extraordinary grace, you will be fortunate to escape the charge of committing the sin against the Holy Ghost. Though the author of the present work is not so candid as we should expect in his exposition of his adversaries' sentiments, though, upon the idea of describing hereticks, he makes a man of straw for the sake of knocking him down, yet in other places it appears that he means, as we have before observed, to denounce all doubters and oppugners of the five points, all unbelievers in the compositions of the Westminster divines, and of the framers of the articles of the church of England, as he understands them, including the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity.

As the last doctrine is "*articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiae*," his third chapter is designed to display its proofs, so far as relates to Jesus Christ. The separate divinity of the Holy Spirit, as difficult, if not as necessary, to be proved, our author seems to leave untouched. It is averred that the scriptures teach the supreme deity of Jesus Christ, that is, that he is perfect, "self existent," infinite God, distinct from the Father, but "equal" to him ; because they *ought* to do it ; and because it is directly asserted, or naturally and logically inferred from passages in the sacred writings. The doctrine *ought* to be there, because the justice of God is what in man we call rigour....he cannot forgive the penitent without an indemnity for his violated law. Sin, being committed against an infinite being, or being an infinite evil, requires an infinite atonement. The sentence must be inflicted somewhere ; if not on the offender, on his substitute. Let none cavil at such arguments as metaphysical quibbling and flights of abstraction. Let none say this is entering into the counsels of the Almighty, usurping his throne, and saying how he shall govern his creatures. Let none say this, lest he fall under the imputation of aiming to save himself, too proud to acquiesce in the plan of being saved by another.

It cannot however but occur to many persons, perhaps even to the "plain and unlearned," to ask how the honour of the law can be saved by the punishment of the innocent for the guilty, when the whole purpose of the law is to annex suffering to guilt, and guilt only. If there is infinite demerit in sin, because committed against an infinite Being, is there infinite worth in obedience rendered to the same Being ? If every sin is an infinite evil, requiring an infinite satisfaction, should there not be as many infinite satisfactions as there are sins ? The atonement must be rendered by God-man, yet the divinity is impassible ; the human nature only suffers...., where is the atonement ?

But to the law and to the testimony let us repair. Our author aims to bring proofs from scripture, that Jesus Christ is the supreme God, and a self-existent Being. We suppose the attribute of self-existence is ascribed to the second person, or son in opposition to the anti-Nicene and even Nicene fathers and creed, which maintain the *generation* of the Son, and call him "God of God, Light of Light." Not as theologians, but as critics, we make a few remarks on these arguments. We fear they must be considered as quite insufficient to establish the doctrine; in some instances mistaking sound for sense, figurative language for literal, and relying on false readings and false translations. "Christ received *religious* worship." It does not appear, how far the worship paid him during his ministry was different from a high degree of civil respect. "All the congregation of the princes bowed their heads and *worshipped* the Lord and the *King*." Worship is used in the scriptures for that respect, deference, and homage, which correspond to the dignity and privileges of the person to whom it is rendered. But, says the trinitarian, it is settled by the command, "and let all the angels of God worship him." It would not be so contrary to the laws of language as to the canons of the church, to translate the passage, "and let all the messengers of God pay homage to him;" acknowledge him as their superior. But suppose it well rendered in our present version, it may be properly inquired, did the angels need to be commanded to worship the supreme God? "Christ is the most high God, because it belongs to him alone to forgive sins, and Christ claimed and exercised this prerogative." Matt. ix. 2. But this prerogative may be communicated, and is declared by Christ to have been received. "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." His calling himself the Son of God, and a Son of God, is no claim of equality with the Father, nor of divinity. "I and my Father are one," is quoted again for the ten thousandth time, though it is known Calvin rejected the passage as proof of a Trinity, and though our Saviour prayed to his Father for his disciples, "as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they also may be *one* in us." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," therefore Christ and the Father are the same. "He that receiveth you receiveth me," therefore Christ and his apostles are the same.

One set of arguments is taken from passages which contain false or doubtful readings, in which the real words of scripture have been altered through design or mistake by copyists or transcribers, before the art of printing was invented. Acts xx. 28. "Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood;" "feed the church of the Lord, which he hath purchased with his own blood." 1 Tim. iii. 16. "And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh," &c. It should be "*He who, or which* was manifested," &c. 1 John iii. 16. "Hereby perceive we the love

of God, because he laid down his life for us." "Hereby perceive we love, because he laid down his life for us." Rev. i. 11. "saying *I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last ; and what thou seest write in a book ;*" omit the words in Italicks, say the best authorities, orthodox and heterodox. Mistranslations.....John v. 18. Instead of making himself *equal* with God, making himself *like* God. Rom. ix. 5. "Of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all God blessed for ever." "Of whom, by natural descent, Christ came. *God, who is over all, be blessed for ever.*" Philippians ii, 5. &c. "who, being in the form of God, thought *it not robbery to be equal* with God ;" "who, being in the form of God, did not eagerly grasp at the resemblance of God, or held not the being like unto God a spoil or a prize."

The second section of the View of Heresies maintains, that the design of the gospel and epistles of St. John appears to have been to confute the errors of those, who denied the divinity and atonement of Christ. In proof of this position, it cites Jerom, who flourished A. D. 378, whose opinion, if he had not been biassed by his preconceived hypothesis, and had not said that he was whipped by angels for studying Cicero, and said many extravagant as well as sober things, would not carry much more authority than that of any modern doctor. A better witness, whom our author quotes, is Irenaeus, who flourished A. D. 170, who, when a boy, had seen Polycarp, who had conversed with John. But, we believe, all which Irenaeus says, is, that "St. John wrote against those who denied that Christ existed before Mary." From an inspection of the writings of John, as well as from other assertions of the ancients, we should conclude he had a primary or sole reference, if to any hereticks, to the gnosticks, or phantoms, who represented Christ as a man in appearance only, and turned the whole of Christ's work into a mystical, fairy transaction. "These things are written," says he, "that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus is come in the flesh is of God." In regard to the proem of St. John's gospel, the antitrinitarians are at least as successful in explaining it as their opponents. It is no easy thing to reconcile it with any system of interpretation. It is not credible, however, that, if the doctrine of the supreme Deity of Jesus Christ is a corner stone of christianity, it should need the support of so difficult and obscure a passage of the evangelical writings as the introduction to St. John's gospel. To those who wish to have a proper moderation and candour, if not to get a firm persuasion upon the meaning of this part of scripture, we recommend the perusal not only of the trinitarian comments, but of Samuel Clarke's Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity, Cappe's Dissertations, vol. I. Ben. Mordecai's Letters, and Lindsey's Apology and Sequel. If they are not afraid to prove all things, they may look at the New Testament in an improved Version upon the basis of archbishop Newcome's new translation. Boston ; reprinted for W. Wells, 1809.

Next we come to a chapter on the *faith of the primitive christians*. Here we are presented with a few citations, principally

the language of scripture, from the apostolical fathers, Barnabas, Polycarp, Clemens Romanus, and Ignatius. It is singular, if the doctrine of Christ's being perfect and self-existent God was always considered fundamental, that these fathers should afford it so lame a testimony as our author produces. It would have been proper, however little to his purpose their writings are, if he had apprized the unlearned christian of the conviction avowed by respectable judges of all parties, that scarcely any of their writings have come down to us as they wrote them, and that, except a single epistle of Clemens Romanus, the works ascribed to them are by great numbers of the best divines accounted spurious. Our author cites from Clement the expression, *sufferings of God*, a mode of speaking never common among the orthodox, and in this case undoubtedly an erroneous reading, as other MSS. have *the precepts of God*; and which is believed to agree better with the context. Another authority is quoted in the *View*; "it becomes us so to think of Jesus Christ as of a God." The writer should have hinted that this passage is taken from Clement's second epistle, which is peremptorily rejected as not genuine by almost every critic. The genuine epistles of Ignatius, from which a few citations are given, cannot be supposed to have escaped the molestation of unhallowed hands, both of Arians and trinitarians. They are not, in their present state, authority for any important articles of revelation. The corruptions are in those very parts which relate to the subjects of controversy.

Justin Martyr, A. D. 163, Irenaeus, A. D. 202, Tertullian 220, Origen 254, Melito 170, Athenagoras 177, besides some heathen writers, Celsus, Hierocles, Lucian, are also produced as witnesses for the divinity of Christ. Before the plain christian takes these fathers for his spiritual guides, he should understand that they had their system; that in their time the oriental philosophy and the Platonick doctrine of ideas and emanations became incorporated with the simple truths of christianity. "When christianity became a bulky system, one may trace in it the genius of the loquacious and ever wrangling Greeks, of the enthusiastick Africans, whose imagination was sublimed by the heat of the sun, of the superstitious Egyptians, whose fertile soil and warm climate produced monks and hermits, swarming like animals sprung from the impregnated mud of the Nile, and of the ambitious political Romans, who were resolved to rule over the world in one shape or other. To this we may add the Jewish zeal for trifles, arising from a contracted illiberal mind, the learned subtlety of the gentile philosophers, and the pomp and ceremony of paganism." The fathers may not be made our proxies to judge of the scriptures, because they are difficult to be understood, their composition is encumbered with figures, and obscured by allegory; because they do not always speak as they believe, and often contradict themselves. When one of them affirms any thing upon controverted points, we must consider, says Dailè, whether he gives it as his own opinion, or the opinion of the church, of the church universal or particular, of the members or the pastors. Whatever truths they believed

and taught, they held them along with absurd and false opinions, which should make us prefer more sober interpreters, better logicians, and more accurate weighers of evidence, to expound the scriptures. May we not question the sentiments of Justin Martyr, who, amidst all the good things he said and did, was sanguine and credulous ; who taught that the saints should rise and spend a thousand years in Jerusalem ; who says that it was not the Father who rained fire and brimstone upon Sodom, because that he could not have been at that time in heaven ; who attributed the inspiration of the Almighty to the Sibyl ? or of Irenaeus, who says, there can be no more than four gospels, because there are four principal regions of the world, the east, the west, the north, and the south ; or, because the building of the church is founded on the gospel, and there must be four pillars to support a building ; that our Saviour Christ was above forty years of age, when he suffered death for us ; giving as a reason, that he passed through all ages, as being come into the world to save people of all ages ? or of Tertullian, who affirms that there is no substance which is not corporeal, and that God is a body ; who proves that the soul is corporeal from the visions of an *illuminated sister*, who told him that she had seen a soul ; who affirms roundly, "constat," says he, "*Ethnicis quoque testibus*," that a fine city was seen for forty days suspended in the air over Jerusalem, which convinced him that the millenium was at hand ? These and others were excellent men, but very insufficient guides. We respect the opinion that "their writings are highly useful on several accounts, but that it is better to defer too little than too much to their decisions, and to the authority of antiquity ; for she is like Briareus, and has a hundred hands, and these hands often lash and beat one another."

The work under review declares, that Justin says, a belief of the trinity was required of the most rude and illiterate, in order to their receiving baptism and admission into the church, and refers to Jamieson, vol. ii. p. 308. Upon looking to the reference, we were surprised to find that this broad assertion is grounded upon Justin's saying only, that converts "are washed in the water in the name of God the Father and Lord of all, and of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Spirit ;" not a word about trinity in the place. According to this manner of citation, a defender of transubstantiation might affirm, that Justin Martyr allowed it to be the faith of the church in his time, if he found, in the writings of the father, the text, "this is my body."

The highest opinion of Christ that was entertained, from Justin till many years after the Arian controversy, would be far from satisfying the demands of subsequent and present orthodoxy. The Gnosticks seem to have considered the Christ as a superangelick being, an emanation of the Deity united to the man Christ Jesus, who was only a phantom. According to others, who are accounted among the faithful, the Logos, an attribute of God, was personally united to the man Christ Jesus. They called Christ God, because his divinity was the divinity of the Father ; but the idea of a divine person or being, distinct from the Father, and yet *equal* to

him, was unknown. The supremacy of the Father was certainly maintained. "The Father," saith Justin, "is the author to him, (Christ) both of his existence, and of his being powerful, and of his being Lord and God." There was no controversy about the Holy Spirit, till after the council of Nice, although some difference of opinion existed. The Spirit was represented by some as a power, communicated by God, and by others as a person, but inferior to God, and also to Christ. They said the Spirit was one of the beings that Christ made. It was not a subject of much dispute, till Macedonius, a semi-Arian, happening to deny the personality of the Spirit, it was asserted by Athanasius. At length, in the council of Constantinople, 381, under the auspices of the emperor Theodosius, Macedonius was condemned. But as "filioque" is in the creed of the Latin church, and they insist that the Spirit proceeds both from the Father and the Son, against the Greek church, which makes his procession from the Father only, one or the other of these churches must be guilty of heresy on this point. Which it is, let some of our protestant councils of Trent decree. Our author insists, that the primitive christians excommunicated the unitarians. From the nature of the case, and from express testimony we must believe that unitarians were always in the church. The argument that the great body were of this description, is more easily called weak than proved so. The first instance of excommunication on account of this opinion, says our author, is Theodotus, A. D. 192, who fell under the displeasure of Victor, bishop of Rome. This same Victor excommunicated all the eastern churches for celebrating Easter on the fourteenth day of the month, instead of the Sunday next after the fourteenth. What a lover and defender of the true faith ! The Ebionites were deemed hereticks, but probably because they were bigotted Jews, who avoided communion with the gentile christians, not merely because they believed in the humanity of Christ. When debates began among the clergy, and the doctrine of Christ's divinity had come to be maintained with passion and loftiness, then those ministers or teachers, who made a difficulty about using the terms of the prevailing party were subject to censures, to anathemisms and persecutions. But whatever was done to those who were thought to have too low ideas of Christ's nature, when christians began to judge and hate each other on account of subtleties, and whatever might be the rule of heresy in primitive ages, modern orthodoxy can derive little support from this quarter. The four first general councils had not told them how to express themselves on this mystery. They said much that they should not say, simple souls ! and if they condemned unitarians, were little better than one set of hereticks condemning another.

Next we are presented with the history of the Arian doctrine, and admonished to give it no quarter, because it had none when it first appeared. No man, who means to believe according to evidence, or proposes to build his conclusions on a reason rather than a prejudice, will feel obliged to reject Arianism, because it was rejected in the days of Arius ; for had it been ever so true, the

causes that were then in action against it would have been sufficient to put it down. In the next place, should it appear to be ever so false, and to have been justly reprobated, this fact will not operate in favour of modern trinitarian orthodoxy. Hear Jurieu, a champion of Athanasianism, when he says, "the fundamental articles of christianity were not understood by the Fathers of the three first centuries ; that the true system began to be modelled into some shape by the Nicene bishops ; and was afterwards improved by the following synods and councils." This is the confession of an adversary. The offence of the Arians was introducing a *created* Logos ; the orthodox maintained a *derived or generated* Logos. "By the *same substance* the council meant not the same numerical or individual, but the same general substance. When they said the Father was God, they meant that he was God of himself, *originally and underived* ; and when they said the Son was God, they meant that he was God by *generation or derivation*." They had no idea of Christ being properly equal to the Father. This was an improvement of a subsequent period. Neither the logic nor learning, neither the principles nor temper, which were displayed in the proceedings against Arianism, and in a great degree, though not so great, in the defence and support of it, have any claim to our respect. "Alexander commanded Arius, his presbyter, to come over to his sentiments, and quit his own ; as if a man could change his opinion, as easily as he can change his coat. Upon his proving refractory, he called a council of war, consisting of near a hundred bishops, and deposed, excommunicated, and anathematized Arius, and with him several ecclesiasticks, two of whom were bishops. Alexander then wrote a circular letter to all bishops, in which he represents Arius and his partisans as hereticks, blasphemers, enemies of God, full of impudence and impiety, forerunners of Antichrist, imitators of Judas, and men whom it was not lawful to salute or to bid God speed." Yet the historian Sozomen acknowledges that they were learned men, and to all appearance good men. There is not the least reason to doubt the probity and sincerity of those who opposed Alexander and the Nicene fathers. "To settle the controversial bounds," says a very sensible writer on ecclesiastical history, "between the Arians, the semi-Arians, and the Athanasians or consubstantialists of those days, and to determine how far they agreed, and how far they differed, and how far they were or were not consistent with themselves, is, if not an impossibility, yet certainly a very difficult task. They were not to be blamed for their inquiries about this subject ; their disputes with Jews and pagans must have unavoidably led them into it ; but they should not have reviled and persecuted one another, or required an assent under pain of excommunication, banishment, infamy and beggary, to expressions not used by sacred writers. Is this the reverence and respect, which ought to be paid to the Holy Scriptures ?" To show the immense value of public wisdom on these subtle disputes ; and how much certainty, and peace, and harmony are obtained by ecclesiastical assemblies to determine matters of opinion, we shall only mention that in the fourth century were held

thirteen councils against Arius, fifteen for him, and seventeen for the semi-Arians ; in all forty five. This doctrine was crushed finally, not by argument, but by power.

The three following chapters treat of the Pelagian doctrine, doctrines of the reformation, and revival of the ancient heresies after the reformation.

The author teaches that the Calvinistick doctrines of grace, original sin, predestination, were generally received in the church from the first, and particularly in the fifth century, when Pelagius and Augustine began to dispute ; whilst the doctrines of Pelagius were no older than himself. What shall the plain christian do, when his learned guides point him to divided paths ? We could quote abundance of authorities, and make a multitude of citations to show that this statement is not correct ; that the Latins before Augustine taught, and that the Greeks taught and teach now, that God has given man power to act well or ill ; that the utmost effect of Adam's sin is mortality, and a proneness to evil affections ; that there are no irrespective decrees, and that our salvation is connected with our choice and endeavours. Upon these subjects it is indeed easy to get into a labyrinth. The novelty of teaching, however, in this case was more on the part of Augustine than of Pelagius, and Celestius ; though in the progress of the controversy the latter were led to advance more than was generally believed before, and probably more than was true. Augustine, according to Le Clerc, fell into his predestinarian notions, first, by retaining some of his Manichaeism, secondly, by meditating on the epistles of St. Paul, which he understood not, having only a slender knowledge of the Greek tongue and of the ancient fathers, and thirdly, by a special grace and illumination, which he fancied to have been conferred on himself.

When he got into this quarrel he was obliged to change opinions which he had advanced in his writings against the Manichaeans ; Augustine maintained that grace, that is, we suppose, extraordinary, supernatural assistance, arbitrarily bestowed, is necessary to all virtue, and that therefore the heathens could have no virtue, nothing but *splendid sins* : that Adam's sin is entailed on his posterity, and that they sinned in him. Baptism, he said, was necessary to remove the stain ; and consequently all who were not baptized, are destined to perdition. But this doctrine seemed to the good-natured doctor too harsh, and he qualified it by admitting, that infants had the least miserable place in hell, so that it was better for them to be than not to be. Unconditional election and predestination naturally had a place in such a system. We cannot ascertain exactly the sentiments of Pelagius, as they come through his adversaries. They charge him with teaching independence of God, which is probably not true, but the effect of that infirmity, so common to disputants, which ascribes their own consequences to their opponents. A great deal of this dispute has beep and is about words. Grace, it is said, did not signify the same thing with Pelagius, as with the bishop of Hippo ; and the latter gave the name of liberty to that

which is not usually so called. "The contenders in some part of the dispute might be compared to a Frenchman and Arabian, each of them knowing only his mother tongue, who should bawl in their turns as loud as they were able, and sometimes both at once, without understanding one another, and then boast that they had confuted their adversary." The cause of the Calvinistick i. e. Augustinian theology was supported by the spiritual methods of conversion usual in those and later ages. Imperial edicts, backed by edicts of the prefects, afforded a very valuable reinforcement to the arguments of the bishop. One of the latter follows: "If he, who is fallen into the infamous sentiments of this obscure heresy, be a laick or an ecclesiastick, and any one drag him before the judge, no exceptions to the person and character of the accuser shall be admitted, and the accused shall be stripped of all his possessions and sent into perpetual banishment." Pelagianism stands confuted to a demonstration! Most righteous law! Doubtless the orthodoxy of the makers would have taught them more equity and decorum, if it had not been so mixed up with their hateful passions, as to operate like the same thing.

With respect to what are called the doctrines of the *reformation*, they are improperly so called, unless the phrase means simply that they were opinions of the reformers, or that they were not reformed. The author intimates that their contest with the Romanists turned upon these points; and that they separated principally on the ground of a difference about these doctrines. With respect to that doctrine, which the writer aims chiefly to establish and to show to be fundamental, this representation is erroneous. The doctrine of the trinity was never brought into question between the parties. Mosheim says, that at the first dawn of the reformation in Germany and Italy, there appeared some who denied the divinity of Christ. "But the efforts of these men," saith he, "were opposed with united zeal and vigilance by the Romish, reformed, and Lutheran churches." Both parties agreed to burn them. Luther, who had been a monk of the order of St. Augustine, and was attached probably to the orthodox doctrine of grace, carried it farther than the generality of Catholic divines. He also found it very convenient to use against the popish doctrine of merit and indulgences. It was however not the doctrines of grace, but the power of the pope, transubstantiation, prayer to saints, and subjects of that kind, which made the great points of contention. The Romish church has and had a large sect of believers in the doctrines of grace.

The author proceeds to give an account of what he calls *revival of the ancient heresies* after the reformation. He touches the character of the respective systems of the Unitarians, Arians and Socinians; of the Pelagians, semi-Pelagians, Arminians, Quakers, Wesleyan Methodists and Freewillers. We suppose the writer meant to give a true and even candid account of their sentiments; but we apprehend the holders of the several opinions, loosely expressed under these names, would not state them exactly as he has

done. There is a great defect of precision in his report of their views and doctrines. His claim of superiour piety, humility, benevolence, and all virtues for the Calvinists is not justified by theory or fact.

We have offered a few hints on this book, not so much because it is a work of great pretensions, but because it affords a specimen of that exclusive, separating, and contentious system, which is a foe to truth, to charity, and edification ; which turns men's attention from the practice to the dispute of christianity ; and which, under the appearance of contending for the faith once delivered, really, though we believe not intentionally, in numbers who espouse it, makes the religion of men a mode of their passions, a struggle for superiority, a contest of pride, ambition, and self love. The labour bestowed in writing such a book as this, however pure the motives of the writer, (which we do not question) is labour misapplied; and the effect, if any, can be no other than to erect a standard of strife, and sound a trumpet of discord. Christians must allow each other to be faithful to their common Lord and teacher ; and make the Bible the standard of belief. "I, for my part," says Chillingworth, *Safe Way*, ch. 6, sec. 56, "after a long, and (as I verily believe and hope) impartial search of the true way to eternal happiness, do profess plainly that I cannot find any rest for the sole of my foot, but upon this rock only. I see plainly and with mine own eyes, that there are popes against popes, councils against councils, some fathers against others, the same fathers against themselves, a consent of fathers of one age against a consent of fathers of another age. Traditione interpretations of scripture are pretended ; but there are few or none to be found. No tradition, but only of scripture, can derive itself from the fountain ; but may be plainly proved, either to have been brought in in such an age of Christ, or that in such an age it was not in. In a word, there is no sufficient certainty but of the scripture only for any considering man to build upon. This therefore, and this only, I have reason to believe. This I will profess, according to this I will live, and for this, if there be occasion, I will not only willingly, but even gladly lose my life, though I should be sorry that christians should take it from me. Propose me any thing, out of this book, and require whether I believe or no, and seem it never so incomprehensible to human reason, I will subscribe it with hand and heart, as knowing no demonstration can be stronger than this....God hath said so, therefore it is true. In other things I will take no man's liberty of judgment from him, neither shall any man take mine from me. I will think no man the worse man, nor the worse christian, I will love no man the less, for differing in opinion from me. And what measure I mete to others, I expect from them again. I am fully assured that God does not, and therefore that men ought not, to require any more of any man than this, to believe the scripture to be God's word, to endeavour to find the true sense of it, and to live according to it."

ART. 2.

C. Crispi Sallustii belli Catilinarii, & Jugurthini Historiae. Notis brevissimis, criticis, historicis, geographicis, &c. illustravit P. Wilson, L.L. D. litt. Graec. et Lat. &c. in collegio Columbiano Neo-Eboracensi Professor. Novi Eboraci. Typis T. & J. Swords. Impensis F. Nichols, 1808. pp. 196.

This is the second time within a few years, that Sallust has appeared from an American press, in an edition on which some homeborn talent has been exercised, and some native labour bestowed. The professed design of the editor is excellent ; to illustrate only the real difficulties and peculiarities of the language, and give such historical information as is necessary for schools. We do not mean to undervalue this editor's labours, when we say, they might have been suggested by the editions of Muellius, the old Dutch schoolmaster ; for though he may have given the hint, yet this is all he has given ; his puerilities and jejuneness are avoided, and better criticks have been consulted in the formation of this edition. In very concise *notes* the peculiar style of Sallust is illustrated, grammatical difficulties resolved, geographical and historical aid given, orthographical archaisms noted, and the different readings of other editions occasionally mentioned and estimated. The notes are in English, and we think properly ; for boys will seldom be persuaded to take the pains necessary for understanding the meaning of the best commentary if written in Latin..... The *text* which this editor has followed is that of Cortius, as it is given in Hunter's little edition. A careful collation, however, will show, that Hunter has not in every instance observed a scrupulous accuracy. The edition of Cortius, which seems to be referred to by many late editors as best deserving the name of a *standard*, is perhaps more valuable for its notes than for its text. They contain a treasure of Latinity. He has illustrated the phrases of his author, says the laborious Harles, from every Latin writer of every age, from Pacuvius, down to Gunther and Jo. Garzo. Yet he is accused of excessive bias in favour of extreme conciseness, in pursuit of which he has too often deserted the authority of manuscripts. The Deuxponts editors have given a severe critique of this work of Cortius, from whom they have often ventured to differ ; and it is said, that still more different is the famous Spanish edition of Don Gabriel, a royal editor, *an edition* of which we suspect our country cannot boast a copy. In the extremely accurate edition of Henry Homer, the various readings of these editors, and of Haverkamp, are given.

To the honour of giving a truly critical edition of an ancient classic, we can hardly aspire in this western world. Our means are so few, our literary labour so little subdivided and parcelled out, our pursuits are so loose and general, and the distance between men of similar studies is so great in this extensive country, that we can hardly think of doing a greater service to ancient literature, than to add to the convenience of our school books. The disproportionate attention which seems to have been hitherto given to

Sallust, is however not amiss ; as from the concise elegance of his style and the interest of his histories, his work is well adapted to the instruction of the young.

We would suggest to Dr. Wilson, that there is a little incongruity in giving a Latin title, and a Latin advertisement to his work, while the Notes and the General Remarks at the close are in English. As far as we have examined the notes, they appear to be judiciously made ; when selected from Cortius, they cannot be useless. We have found some which are trifling and might have been spared ; and some passages are left untouched, where men as well as boys would not turn away from an illustration. It is not easy to give a specimen of this work ; but we hesitate not to say, that for the use of schools it is the most useful and correct edition, which we have yet seen of this popular and excellent author.

An edition of Cicero's select orations on this plan, if executed with similar conciseness and accuracy, would be very acceptable to the publick.

ART. 3.

Georgick papers for 1809, consisting of letters and extracts communicated to the Massachusetts society for promoting agriculture. Published by the trustees. Boston, printed by Russell & Cutler, pp. 91.

There are few publications that we take up with more interest than the one before us. Without any ranting about agriculture, we know its importance ; and that it has been till of late years most egregiously neglected in this state. A spirit of improvement has made considerable progress, and this is in part owing to the efforts of this society, whose exertions are of the most disinterested kind, as many of the individuals who compose it think any situation in the country, that has not a view of the town at a *convenient distance*, of no value, and who would be as much at a loss in a farm yard, as a countryman under the dome of the Exchange Coffee House.

Fond as we are of classick allusions, they may be misplaced. The title of this pamphlet appears to us to savour a little of affectation. We have the same objection to it that we have to some of the papers contained in the work ; it alarms those whom they wish to instruct. Those who are not "intimately acquainted with the ornaments of style, or even with the rules of grammar," will have their curiosity checked or destroyed by a title and strange words which they cannot understand.

We have also an objection to one of the forms of their premiums. For particular objects "a hundred dollars, or the society's gold medal" are offered. Money has certain uses very generally understood, and in some instances would be necessarily preferred to an honorary reward ; it ought in all cases to be taken even in "foreign bills," rather than the "*medal*." Medals were intended to be, though the smallest, the most lasting of all kinds of monuments. And this intention has been realized. In modern times they are executed with extraordinary care and skill, to perpetuate some memorable action, or some illustrious service, and can hardly be struck but at the expense of sovereigns. Their impression is strongly raised,

and may almost bid defiance to time. The medal of this society is a thin piece of gold in an oval form, with a paltry engraving on its surface. It is contemptible as a work of art, perishable as a memorial, and useless in its form. Societies in Europe, long since aware of its impropriety for purposes of this kind, substituted a piece of plate, which possessed every advantage, as it might be made a salver, or an ornamental vase for the opulent, or a tankard, a porringer, or a set of spoons, for those in more humble circumstances, thus serving a useful purpose, and, by being always in sight, constantly gratifying a laudable pride and exciting emulation. We hope the honorary rewards given by the society will be modified in this way.

The following are the contents of the work. "*Preface. Premiums. Address of the Kennebeck Agricultural Society. Prejudice against the berberry shrub. Of curculio, a genus of insects. History of the Merino sheep. Use of salt for cattle, and the preservation of hay. Utility of painting garden fences black. Advice to dairy women. Boiling grain for horses. Useful and ingenious calculations. Propagation and culture of the common parsnip. Sap of plants. Functions of the leaves during the day. Functions of leaves during the night. Peculiar juices of plants. Decay of plants. Decomposition of vegetable substances. Col. Humphreys's letter to Dr. Dexter. Col. Humphreys's letter to Mr. Tyng. Management of the dairy. Course of work by gardeners. Art of destroying moles.*" We think it will immediately strike the reader, that this selection has been made rather by gentlemen accustomed to perusing European transactions, than intimately acquainted with the crying wants of their own country.

Arthur Young relates of some agricultural societies in Italy, that they offered premiums for button moulds, but we cannot afford this kind of luxury. We should not think about gravel walks till we have secured our fences; nor cultivate flowers, till we have raised fruits.

The address to the Kennebeck Society is ingenious. It recommends a degree of care and nicety, common in Europe, but which even necessity would hardly drive our country people to adopt. Its suggestions however are useful, as some of them may attract the attention of the more intelligent. Prejudice against the berberry shrub, is the next paper, and is an interesting topic, as this part of the state abounds with it; and it ought to be most completely ascertained whether it be owing to this shrub, that we cannot raise wheat; perhaps it is as idle as the notion of the Pennsylvania quaker, that we never could raise it, since we hung the quakers. Whatever may be the cause, it is a most peculiar misfortune, that so large a portion of Massachusetts should be unable to raise the first of all vegetable productions, and thus be deprived not only of the grain itself, but of the manufacture of it. A map of the wheat country would assist the investigation, to ascertain how near the seacoast it has been known to grow; and if it advances in some places nearer than others, what are the causes of the variation. We have an indistinct impression, that we have seen it growing in all towns, where the berberry bush has not penetrated, as this shrub has not advanced far from the seacoast. The next paper is on "curculio, a genus

of insects." We were told by a common farmer, that the insect lodged its eggs in the blossom; and that by burning sulphur, leather, &c. under the trees when in blossom, they would bear fruit. The experiment is easy and worth trying. "History of merino sheep" is interesting, as it proves satisfactorily they are not affected by climate. The five papers about the "sap of plants," &c. are pure luxuries. The letters of Col. Humphreys are satisfactory and encouraging. The "management of the dairy" should be republished in every number, till New England retrieves itself from the disgrace of making more bad butter, than is made in all the world beside. The "art of destroying moles" is very important in France, but, we suspect, is more amusing than useful in this country.

We were much pleased to find, that three of the premiums are devoted to the object of manures. A system of permanent manuring is extremely desirable. We have few lands that are absolutely barren, like the extensive heaths in different parts of Europe, but we have few spots, that will bear a crop of any kind without annual manuring. Marle has not yet been discovered, but very rich, fat clays may be found in every town and almost every farm. They are an object hitherto neglected, though invaluable to the farmer. Our soils are generally so light, that the manure sinks through them, like water in a sieve. If our farmers could be persuaded to give a thorough coat of clay to their light soils, they would retain the manure from the farm yard, and a farm might in this way be brought into solid, good heart; at present most farmers toil from year to year, and produce scarcely any lasting amelioration. Lime also, as a manure, is seldom tried, though its effects are of a powerful and lasting nature. Its use would tend to lessen the price of stable manure, which is higher in Boston than in most other cities of the world. Farmers on the seashore derive considerable assistance from rockweed, which was formerly never thought of, but is now collected with great care. In the preparation and application of manures, we are yet in our infancy.

One of the most important objects, to which the attention of this society can be directed, is the draining of land; there is no one improvement from which so much benefit would be derived. This important branch of agricultural management is almost wholly neglected. A very large portion of our most valuable land in every part of the state is useless to the owners for want of drains; in many instances, from surface water only, which the most trifling labour would remedy. These lands are generally the best on a farm, having received the wash from higher grounds, and will be less liable to be affected by drought. There is hardly a farmer in the state who has not some acres, now devoted to the most worthless of all products, "*meadow hay*," that might not, by a comparatively slight expense, be made to produce any kind of grain, even Indian corn, but which would bear a permanent and luxuriant crop of clover and herdsgrass. There are even within ten miles of the capital some *thousands of acres*, including salt marsh, which do not now, on an average, yield twenty cents, clear profit, an acre, that might be rendered the most valuable land contained in the same district.

Our salt marshes, if fairly estimated, are in their present state a nuisance, in many cases a positive detriment, because they encourage farmers to neglect their fresh water meadows, and annually mow the coarse, miserable grasses they produce, as by the aid of salt hay, their cows and young stock are made to eat them, and thus preserve existence through the winter. In some instances they go ten or twelve miles to obtain this hay, which if they were without, they would be obliged to bestow the same labour on their wet, cold lands at home, and in a very few years, for a quantity of meadow and salt hay, would obtain an equal quantity of the best English hay. In all the maritime counties the salt marshes are an important, perhaps the most important portion of our lands. Attempts to dyke them out against the salt water have in many places been made, and in most without success, which must certainly be owing to the grossest ignorance, or mismanagement. An example of success may be seen on the westerly side of the Medford turnpike, near Medford, which [we speak of them as they were last year] are the most beautiful fields of grass in the state.

A succession of crops is one of the most essential parts of managing a farm in Europe. In this state it is hardly known or practised. Some experiments to ascertain what would be the best succession, where Indian corn is one of the products, would be of great service to every part of the state. But this, as well as our other observations, may have been anticipated; as we have only the publication of the present year before us.

On the whole, we may congratulate this most respectable society and the publick at large, that very considerable improvements have been made within a few years; and every man who has examined the appearance of the country must have perceived how greatly it is ameliorated. Still much, very much remains to be done; and we have no doubt that the efforts of this institution will stimulate intelligent individuals in different parts of the state to the most useful and honourable exertions.

ART. 4.

The Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature. To which are added Two brief Dissertations; 1. On Personal Identity; 2. On the Nature of Virtue. Together with a Charge, delivered to the clergy of the Diocese of Durham, at the primary visitation, in the year, 1751. By Joseph Butler, L. L. D. late Lord Bishop of Durham.

Bjus (analogiae) haec vis est, ut id quod dubium est ad aliquod simile de quo non quaeritur, referat, ut incerta certis probet. Quint. Inst. Orat. lib. 1. cap. 6.

Second American edition. To which is prefixed the Life of the author, by Dr. Kipps, with a preface giving some account of his character and writings, by Samuel Halifax, D. D. late Lord Bishop of Gloucester. Boston; published by D. West, No. 56 Cornhill, 1809.

It is now somewhat more than seventy years, since a copy of the first edition of the Analogy was presented by its author, then her majesty's clerk of the closet, to Queen Caroline.

In England, the character of this treatise is so well settled, that the number of the edition is no longer mentioned in the title page ; and it is certainly no small proof of a sincere attachment on this side of the water to christianity, as she appears through the medium of the New Testament in the resplendent purity of her author, that this admirable work has within ten years gone through two large editions from the same press. Indeed Bishop Butler's Analogy is so well known, it is so much and so often read and admired by every lover of sound logick and sober piety, that we found no surprise mingled with the pleasure we felt on hearing of Mr. West's proposals for a second Boston edition.

This edition, though far enough from squalid, is by no means so elegant as the Analogy deserves. And though the press may, and indeed so far as our examination went, appears to have been carefully corrected, yet we fear that many will complain of the tawny paper, and some, perhaps, whose eyes are beginning to fail, may be even querulous enough to ask, whether a larger and clearer type than Mr. West has chosen would not have looked a little better. Such however as this edition is, we welcome its publication as an omen auspicious to the cause of truth.

If, instead of sending from their presses the extravagant memoirs and experiences of bigots and fanatics, our printers would become competitors in attempting, by means of new editions of such books as the Analogy, to restore religion to her native and primitive rationality, cheerfulness, and benevolence, the sullen scowl, and the petrified frown of superstition would vanish, and in their places we should see not only the marks of humility and penitence, but the smile of hope and the tear of joy opening on the cheek and glistening in the eye of every real christian.

It must be attributed to that deplorable ignorance of the essential nature of religion, which has so long darkened, and which still continues, with a moral eclipse of most portentous gloom, to darken and dismay the understanding, that the dogmas of Calvin, sublimed as they are and elaborated, by that great spiritual chymist, Dr. Hopkins, in his metaphysical alembick, to essences so pure and simple as, when sealed in his phials of wrath, to appear unpolled by the smallest sediment or caput mortuum of common sense.....to this cause we think it must be attributed, that these principles ever found, and now find numerous favourers in New England. And indeed it is really astonishing, that sentiments which seem so contrary to the precepts and doctrines of our blessed Saviour, as delivered by himself in the gospels, and explained and enforced in their epistles and lives by his holy apostles and martyrs, should ever become the belief of any man who considers God in his paternal character. But since this system is embraced by many, and has its pensioners and advocates among us, its effects can be counteracted only by the diffusion of that kind of knowledge and reasoning which so eminently distinguishes the Analogy of Butler. Such then, and so solemn is the obligation, resulting from existing circumstances, and attaching with a sacred inviolable responsibility on those gentlemen who hold the office of printers.

The two dissertations on Personal Identity and the Nature of Virtue are among the finest specimens of metaphysical and moral reasoning.

The Charge, &c. as it subjected Bishop Butler fifteen years after his death to the suspicion of popish predilections, is worthy of something more than a hasty perusal.

Dr. Kippis's Life of Butler, though rather meagre, is perhaps as satisfactory as we ought to expect.

Bp. Halifax's preface contains a full account and a fair estimate of Bishop Butler's writings and character.

ART. 5.

An Oration, delivered before the Washington Benevolent Society in the city of New York, at Zion Church, on the 22d. day of February 1809, by Samuel M. Hopkins, Esq. Published by the Society. New York ; J. Seymour, pp. 20. 1809.

The object of this society is to appropriate one day in the year, the day that gave him birth, to the celebration of the virtues and services of Washington. What object can be more worthy an association of Americans? The objects of the society are thus described. "We, who are here, occupy that middle space in time which connects the contemporaries of Washington with their successors. We begin, as to him, the age of history. Hence, my brethren of the Washington Benevolent Society, we have sought to establish an institution, in which a perpetual succession of men should preserve the memory of our hero, and hold up his example for imitation and instruction to each passing age. Be it ours to give an admiring posterity a just conception of what he was, to show them we are not wholly ungrateful, and to consecrate to fame and to glory a day which hereafter will be distinguished in the annals of the benefactors of mankind.

"Another duty also claims our attention. We have seen, that some who passed their youth in the field with Washington, pass their age in misery. Sometimes we see the wreck of an American soldier ; he whose heart beat high with the love of liberty and the hope of fame ; he who, proud of the array of splendid war, marched in the front and panted for the conflict ; he who braved the battle and the storm, the summer's heat and the winter's frost, all ardour and emulation in the publick cause ; see him now broken with misfortune, bowed down with grief, despoiled of the sword and the plume of war, and forgetful of the pride of victory, see him feeble and desponding, perhaps asking a pittance from a country which he so honourably defended and, like Washington, ready to breathe his last sighs in prayers for her safety. Can we who enjoy the fruit of his toils be indifferent to his sufferings? To you, my brethren of the Washington Benevolent Society, the appeal was not made in vain ; you provided for the war-worn veteran ; you lighted up a smile on the brow of despondency ; you have

bestowed a blessing upon the last hours of him whose youth was spent in procuring blessings for you."

Such are the valuable objects of the society before which this oration was delivered; the execution is not unworthy of them. The reader has already seen that it is much superiour to the quotidian shadows, its kindred. One more extract.

"When the traveller, therefore, in ages to come shall inquire for the monument of Washington, the answer will be, "behold the empire which he founded." What other can we raise? Shall perishable marble, shall columns of brass, shall pantheons or triumphal arches affect to add to the durability of his fame? Presumptuous piles of dust! His example shall stand a light and a consolation to man, when statues and monuments and arches and temples shall have crumbled into ruins."

True, a monument could add nothing to the fame of Washington, but does not its absence reproach the gratitude of America? Will not posterity cast a doubtful eye on those written encomiums, when scarcely a marble stone attested the fervour of their writers. In our opinion, the first appropriation of revenue, which could be spared from the necessities of the state, should be made for a monument to our hero. There should be one spot to concentrate in more vivid recollection the virtues of that character, whose remembrance is diffused through a continent. Its solemn shade should invite to musing on magnanimity, and love of country. What scholar ever passed Pausilippo, and did not bless the hand that erected a tomb to Virgil and planted a laurel by its side? What American could lean on the tomb of Washington and not feel his heart purified by the holy influence of patriotism and virtue almost divine?

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

ART. I.

New England's Memorial, or a brief Relation of the most memorable and remarkable passages of the Providence of God manifested to the Planters of New England in America, with special reference to the first colony thereof, called New Plymouth. Published for the use and benefit of present and future generations, by Nathaniel Morton, Secretary to the Court of Jurisdiction of New Plymouth. Boston; reprinted for Nicholas Boone, at the sign of the Bible in Cornhill, 1721.

THE first edition of this work was published in the year 1669, and the preface to it is valuable. It is a review of Mr. Morton's narrative, and recommendation of the same by two worthies of that age, who have since been celebrated among the greatest divines of our country, John Higginson, of Salem, and Thomas Thacher, of Boston.

"It is much to be desired there might be extant *A complete History of the United Colonies of New England*, that God may have the praise of his goodness to his people here, and that the present and future generations may have the benefit thereof. This being not attainable for the present, nor suddenly to be expected, it is very expedient, that, while sundry of the eldest planters are yet living, *records and memorials of remarkable providences* be preserved and published, that the true originals of these plantations may not be lost; that *New England*, in all times to come, may remember the day of her smallest things, and that there may be a furniture of *materials* for a true and full history in after times.

"For these and such like reasons we are willing to recommend unto the reader this present *narrative* as a useful piece. The author is an approved godly man, and one of the first planters at *Plymouth*. The work itself is compiled with modesty of spirit, simplicity of style, and truth of matter, containing the *annals of New England*, for the space of forty seven years, with special reference to *Plymouth* colony, which was the first, and where the author hath had his constant abode. And, yet so far as his intelligence did reach, relating many remarkable passages in the several colonies; and also making an honourable mention of divers of the most eminent servants of God that have been amongst us in several parts of the country, after they had finished their course. We hope that the labour of this good man will find a general acceptance amongst the people of God, and also be a means to provoke some or other in the rest of the colonies, who have had knowledge of things from the beginning, to contribute their *observations and memorials* also; by which means, what is wanting in this *narrative*, may be supplied by some others; and so in the issue, from divers *memorials* there may be matter for a just *History of New England* in the Lord's good time. In the mean time, this may stand for a *monument*, and be deservedly acknowledged as an *Ebenezer*, that *hitherto the Lord hath helped us*.

JOHN HIGGINSON.
THOMAS THACHER."

March 26, 1669.

That the remarks are just, which are contained in this preface, will be readily believed from the use made of the "Memorial" by all succeeding writers. When Mr. Prince wrote his *Annals*, which will ever be a text book to those who wish instruction in the affairs of New England, he speaks of this "Memorial" as the first source of his own information. "The first book put into my hand," says he, "was *The New England Memorial*, composed by Mr. Secretary Morton, being the history of *Plymouth Colony* from the beginning to 1668." The work certainly contains a fund of interesting intelligence concerning the early events which happened in this country, and is worthy of perusal at this day, although the facts will not appear new to those who have read larger histories.

We have endeavoured to obtain a fuller account of the author than has yet been given to the publick. We know his character to be eminently pious from what is related in the preface to the first edition of his book, but we generally require more complete biographical sketches of a man who is so often quoted, and who did so much service to the community. From the *Plymouth Records* it appears, that he was secretary of the court from the year 1671 to 1685, the year of his death. He must, however, have acted in this capacity before the years mentioned, because he is styled secretary of this jurisdiction in the letters that passed between Massachusetts and New Plymouth, concerning the contest with the Dutch which agitated the united colonies a number of years. In this business Massachusetts acted a part which never would have been forgiven, had not events turned out more favourably than were then expected. Old politicians, grown grey in

practices of artifice and deception, never could have discovered more simulation than our general court in their apologies for not joining the other colonies, when Connecticut was threatened with invasion by the Dutch at Manhadoes, and which would actually have taken place, had not O. Cromwell by his threats annihilated all their bold resolutions. Massachusetts, however, wished to preserve the good opinion of her sister colony of New Plymouth, and wrote a letter by their *Secretary E. Rawson*; to which letter an answer was given, dated March 7th. 1653, and signed by *Nathaniel Morton, Secretary*. It was probably written by Gov. Prince, for he was one of the commissioners, who had been afflicted by their behaviour, and it is written with as much spirit as kindly reproof.

We are told that Mr. Morton, beside preparing the "Memorial," collected all the papers which could be of any use to the colony and recorded them. "This he continued to do for many years, and had it not been for this attention to manuscripts, to exemplary passages in men's lives, dates, and times of death, the present generation would have very imperfect accounts of what was done in New Plymouth, or New England, when they were only in the womb of their existence."* It seems he did more to give information to posterity than any person in that office, or any other writer during the century, and hence ought to be had in remembrance. The book passed through a second edition in 1721, and it is that edition which is the object of our review. The first edition must be very rare, and would be an object of curiosity in some of our publick libraries, but, doubtless, this edition is improved. It has a supplement, which brings down the account from 1669 to the union of the two colonies by the charter of William and Mary.

The Memorial commences with a short narrative of things, as they took place from 1602 to the landing of our fathers at New Plymouth. From the year 1621, it proceeds in the form of Annals, of which we will give an example.

The remarkable events of this year (1621) are, the death of governour Carver. In the month of April this year, their governour, John Carver, fell sick, and within a few days after died, whose death was much lamented, and caused great heaviness among them and there was indeed great cause. He was buried in the best manner they could, with as much solemnity as they were in a capacity to perform, with a discharge of some volleys of shot of all that bear arms. This worthy gentleman was one of singular piety and rare for humility, as appears by his great condescendency, when as this poor people were in great sickness and weakness, he shunned not to do very mean services for them, the meanest of them; he bore a share likewise of his labour in his own person, accordingly as their extreme necessity required, who, being also one of considerable estate, spent the most part of it in this enterprise, and from first to last approved himself not only as their agent, in the first transacting of things, but also all along to the period of his life, to be a pious, faithful, and very beneficial instrument; and now is reaping the fruit of his labour with the Lord."

* MSS. Letters.

He also acquaints us with the death of the governour's wife, six weeks after, who was sick of heart, and died of excessive grief.

We then learn that William Bradford was chosen governour, who had been very low, but was recovering from his sickness.

That Isaac Allerton was chosen assistant in the room of Mr. Bradford.

The second of July, they sent Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins to Massasoit the great sachem, with a gratuity. He was about forty miles from Plymouth. His people had been numerous, but they were thinned by a mortal disease.

Several facts are related concerning the behaviour of the Indians, and their quarrelling with each other.

About the ninth of November, a small ship came in, unexpectedly, with their agent, Robert Cushman, an active and faithful friend of the colony, with thirty five persons to increase the plantation.

"Soon after this the Narragansetts sent messengers unto the plantation with a bundle of arrows, tied together with a snake's skin, which they learnt to be a threatening and a challenge, upon which the governour of Plymouth sent them a rough answer, *that if they loved war better than peace, they might begin when they would, they had done them no wrong, nor should they find them unprovided*; and by another messenger sent the snake's skin back with bullets in it, but they would not receive it, and sent it back again."

The events of the first year are told in this plain and simple manner; and from this we learn the style and method of the whole. We gain considerable information in a few pages. The facts are unadorned; truth appears in its simplicity, with now and then a serious reflection which discovers a pious mind and solid good sense. An attachment to good men of that and every generation, shows itself in every page; and the love of his country, like a golden thread, runs through the whole. Some may be led to inquire, whether in such a work, written in an age less liberal than the preceding, a spirit of bigotry never makes its appearance; whether New England prejudices are not discovered in the writings of a man so much attached to the government and churches of New England? We must be candid where we can, and may say perhaps that the secretary of Plymouth is as liberal as any man of that age, and more so than many of our New England historians, except Gov. Winthrop, whose education was superiour, and whose life was not confined to one spot of the earth. Yet with the most liberal concessions in his favour, we must except against Mr. Morton's account of sects and of persons who were opposite to the principles of New England churches. His account of the Gortonists is tinged with strong colours of resentment, and is not an impartial view of their sentiments, nor is his representation of Roger Williams's character and conduct free from the leaven of party zeal.

He that imbibes an opinion without hearing what those who are called hereticks can say for themselves, will feel towards them, as

those who censured them. But let any man read Gorton's letter to Secretary Morton, which is published in Hutchinson's appendix ; and let every one read Callender's history of Rhode Island, and Winthrop's journal, and Mr. Williams's letters, scattered in multifarious publications, and form an opinion afterwards, and he will obtain a better knowledge of those times. Our fathers were excellent men, but professed enemies of toleration. In England the Puritans were sore from prelatical oppression, but they did not learn this lesson in the school of affliction, to allow others to think for themselves. They thought it strange that after all their sufferings for their sentiments, and having settled a wilderness to enjoy them, they should be disturbed by sectaries, who not only caused divisions in churches, but confusions in the commonwealth. As far as these sects disturbed the peace of society and broke the laws, they were the subjects of punishment ; but not for having different opinions in religious matters. Why were the Gortonists, or Baptists, or Quakers, to be brought to courts of justice ? If we consider them merely as religious sectaries, they were as innocent as the dissenters or any sects in England, who only worshipped after the manner which is called heresy. It is not a sufficient answer which some have made " They were wrong ; but we are right." Nor is it satisfactory to say, that our fathers, having settled this country for the sake of particular opinions, had a right to shut out of their community those who differed. If so, the spirit of inquiry must be chained, and the children of those excellent men censured for the parts then acted in the great work of reformation.

We shall not quote those passages of Morton, which are liable to these censures. We observe only that he discovered the spirit of the age, but that the same spirit would be inexcusable in these days of knowledge, freedom and philanthropy.

Secretary Morton dedicates his book to Governour Prince, and the assistants of that year. From this it appears that he was the nephew of Governour Bradford, and had all his MSS. in his hand, an invaluable treasure. The facts relative to colonies in other parts of the world never could be ascertained ; but we have our history from persons who knew the things they testify. Gov. Bradford was very particular in noting every minute circumstance from 1620 to 1646.

We lament that the history is lost ; but many valuable MSS. of that gentleman are preserved.

The only way of preserving such things is by multiplying copies, which can only be done by printing them. Hence the great benefit of the collections of the Historical Society of Massachusetts, where several papers are to be found, which would have been destroyed by worse enemies than the moth or the worm. The diligent members of that institution are still active in collecting and diffusing others for the benefit of future generations.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a communication relating to "Pieta et Gratulatio," the subject of our last Retrospective Review, from the only surviving contributor to that volume. He agrees with us in assigning Nos. I. II. III. V. VII. X. XI. XIX. and XXIII. to their respective authors. Nos. VIII. and XVII. are attributed by him to Mr. Bowdoin. In Nos. XXVI. and XXVII. he differs from us, and assigns those elegant pieces to Mr. Lovell.

That our venerable friend is correct in this distribution is very probable. We have received another letter from the district of Maine on this subject, which corroborates the above statement in the three last particulars, and corrects the opinion we expressed of the author of No. XXIX. and withdraws another from the pieces, whose authors we could not name.

GENTLEMEN,

In the Anthology for June I perceive that numbers 26 and 27 of *Pieta et Gratulatio* are ascribed to Dr. Winthrop, and number 29 to Lieut. Gov. Oliver. In the copy which I possess of that work, the two former numbers are signed Mr. Lovel, senior, and the latter, Stephen Sewall. Numbers 17 and 30 are signed J. B. Esq. There are two more stanzas in the Epilogues, which are I observe omitted in the Anthology. They are....

Dum regit mundum occiduum BRITANNUS
Et suas artes, sua jura terris
Das novis, nudis cohibenda metis
Regna capessens ;

Dum DEUS, pendens agitationes
Gentium, fluxu moderatur orbi,
Passus humanum genus hic perire,
Hic renovare.

District of Maine, July 13, 1809.

INTELLIGENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

Bouriat's Meteorological and Medical Summary.

B. F. BOURIAT, M. D. and secretary general and perpetual of the Central Committee of Vaccination for the department of Indre and Loire, has during several years, edited a periodical work, which he entitles "*Précis de la constitution médicale observée dans la département de l'Indre, &c.*" It is a pamphlet of one sheet and an half, published once in three months, under the auspices of the Medical Society of Tours. About thirty numbers are already due ; and of these, the greater part of the set, as far as the twenty fifth, have been politely sent us by the learned and industrious gentleman who prepares them. In a letter to Dr. Mitchill he has this expression ; "I hope, sir, this work will meet the same favourable reception from you, that has been extended to it by the learned societies of France, and the most distinguished physicians."

From the examination of this performance, we are inclined to believe that it is a laborious and faithful register of the weather, as far as observations by the thermometer, hygrometer, barometer, electrometer, and the eye can render it. These are summed up and stated monthly, in a brief and abstracted form, for the department of Indre and Loire.

But Dr. Bouriat does not confine himself to his department in stating and recording atmospherical occurrences. Remarkable storms, meteors, strokes of lightning, inundations, and other memorable events are mentioned, wherever they may have happened, within the wide circle of his information.

The most valuable part of his publication, however, is the record it contains of sporadick, endemick, and more especially *epidemick* distempers. His his-

tory, for example, of the European influenza of 1804, and his notes on the yellow fever in Spain and Italy, 1805, are specimens of extensive observation, combined with voluminous reading. (Precis. No. v. and xiii.) Occasionally *epizootick* diseases, that is, the diseases of domestick animals, are mentioned. It is reproachful, that the maladies of the creatures that afford us so much of our pleasure and our profit, should be so little attended to among ourselves. We hope that they will soon attract their proper share of regard. Dr. B. and his associates are labouring faithfully to promote vaccination.

Med. Repos.

New York Medical Society.

At the anniversary meeting of the Medical Society of the state of New York, holden at the City Hall in the city of Albany, on the first Tuesday of February, 1809, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year.

Nicholas Romaine, President.

Alexander Sheldon, Vice President.

Andrew Proudfit, Treasurer.

John Stearns, Secretary.

Lyman Cook,

William Wheeler,

David W. Arnell,

John M. Mann,

Westel Willoughby,

Nicholas Romaine,

Alexander Sheldon,

John Ely,

Jesse Shepherd,

Amos G. Hull,

Abraham Allen,

Reuben Hart,

} Censors.

} Committee of Correspondence.

Id.

Coins collected by American heroes in Sicily and Africa.

The American character for valour, although confirmed beyond a doubt by our revolutionary struggle, was greatly extended over the world in the war waged by the Bey of Tripoli against the United States. It was however not a name for enterprise and bravery only, that our countrymen acquired. They made valuable researches into the antiquities of all the regions they visited on the shores of the Mediterranean sea. Among other proofs of the attention paid to these objects, by our brave and patriotick officers, is the collection of ancient coins, presented by commodore Rogers to Dr. Mitchill. These were found at Syracuse and Tunis, the site of ancient Carthage. They illustrate the reigns of Dioclesian, Constantius, Constantine, Licinius, Maximus, and several other emperours.

The inscriptions which can be decyphered on some of them, are as follows, viz.

Head of *Dioclesian*,

(reverse motto.)

Concordia Militum.

Constantius,

Constantine,

Licinius,

Maximinus,

Victori Caesari.

Virtus Exercitus.

Jovi Conservatori.

Gloria Exercitus.

These coins being originals collected by our gallant countrymen, in the countries which afford much interest to the antiquarian and the man of taste, are worthy of being deposited in the Cabinet of Natural History, for which they are intended.

Id.

Translation of the count Lacepedes' Letter to D. B. Warden, Esq. concerning the Fossil Bones, presented to the National Institute by the President of the United States. Dated Paris, 1st. Sept. 1808.

SIR,

I hastened to communicate to the Institute, in their sitting of Monday last, the letter which Mr. Jefferson was pleased to address, and which you had the complaisance to deliver to me.

The Institute, penetrated with gratitude for this new mark of interest which its illustrious member has manifested, has resolved that an expression of thanks shall be solemnly addressed to him by its proper officers. It has also engaged me to testify to Mr. Jefferson the value it attaches to his attention. The Institute has decided, that the fossil bones and other objects of natural history, which Mr. Jefferson has had the goodness to put at its disposal, shall be placed in the museum of Natural History; the only place where the publick can conveniently and usefully examine this fine present of Mr. Jefferson.

In consequence of this decision of the Institute, I shall immediately make known to my colleagues of the museum, what you have communicated to me, sir, concerning the arrival of these bones; and as they come by the river, from Havre, and are, by their nature, susceptible of being injured, perhaps you may think proper to debark them at the bridge of Austerlitz, at the northern gate of the garden of plants, across which these precious objects can be easily transported to the apartment destined for their reception.

Accept, sir, the new assurance of all the sentiments you merit, as also the renewal of my thanks for all that you have been pleased to communicate to me. I have the honour to salute you.

Signed,

COUNT DE LACEPEDE.

Monsieur Warden, Secretary of the American Legation.

P. S. I shall have the honour of sending to you, according to your permission, my answer to your illustrious president.

Id.

Kingsess Botanical Garden.

In a former volume we had occasion to mention this establishment of one of the early and meritorious botanists of our country (Med. Repos. Hex. II. Vol. v. p. 302.) We observe that the Bartrams, father and son, descendants of the indefatigable man, who laboured for the royal society of London, and for several scientifick persons in Europe, have since that time printed a catalogue of the American indigenous plants growing under their care, and within their enclosures, in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia. Of these we observe that they enumerate three hundred and fifty six shrubs and trees, six hundred and thirty five herbaceous plants, sixty nine grasses, twenty palms and ferns, forty six mosses, and seventeen funguses, making in the whole eleven hundred and forty three species, besides unnumbered varieties of native vegetables, already cultivated in the garden of Kingsess. Their catalogue, which was published in 1807, contains also, the names of many exoticks thriving in their grounds.

This establishment, it is said, was begun about fourscore years ago (1737) by the elder John Bartram, at a time when there were no establishments of that kind in Pennsylvania, if any in the colonies, except that of Dr. Clayton, in Virginia. Kingsess garden is situated on the west bank of the Schuylkill, four miles from Philadelphia, and comprehends about eight acres. The mansion and green houses are situated on an elevated spot, whence there is a gradual and easy descent to the river. On both sides, the country swells into hills of moderate height, and adds much to the convenience and beauty of the garden. From this delightful spot, the winding course of the Schuylkill, its extensive meadows, and highly improved farms for many miles, above and below; the junction it forms with the Delaware, and the latter crowded with vessels going to and from the city, are objects plain in sight, and upon which the eye dwells with singular pleasure. Beyond this, the Jersey shore terminates the view, and contributes with the other objects to give extent and variety, as well as richness to the scene.

Several of the articles named in this list are but lately discovered, and have not yet been mentioned in transatlantick publications. These are named in the most proper manner that the authors could devise. We look for the corrected and enlarged edition they promise.

Id.

Botanical Journal at Paris.

In October, 1808, appeared in Paris, the first number of the *Journal de Botanique*, edited by a society of botanists, of whom Beauvois, Bonpland, Correa, Delongchamps, Desvaux, De Tussac, Thouars, Hanin, Dubuisson, St. Hilaire, Poiret, Persoon, and Sonnini, are the principal. Their design is to discuss botany at large, by examining every thing relative to the anatomy, physiology and pathology of plants, as to their classification and description; and without entering deeply into the agricultural, medicinal and economical uses of vegetables, it is their intention to lessen the dryness and sterility of the science, by dwelling upon the fitness of the different species and their parts, for food, physick, clothing, and the numberless ways by which they may be employed in the arts. We shall probably borrow from this promising work, in our future numbers, some of its valuable materials.

While on this subject, we seize the opportunity of laying before our readers, part of a letter from Mr. Desvaux to Dr. Mitchell, dated Paris, 15th. Nov. 1808, which for its politeness and liberality ought to be made known; "Botany is the science to which I am particularly devoted, and in which I intend to labour most for the future. But as it is indispensable to gather the greatest possible amount of materials, I expect from your complaisance as much assistance as your occupations will permit. There are many plants of the United States ready to your hand, that I do not as yet possess. You will oblige me, by sending specimens of them; because I can throw light upon their nomenclature, by means of the Herbarium of Michaux, which we have in Paris. For my own part I am labouring to give a *Synopsis Plantarum*, according to the method of M. de Jussieu. This estimable sçavant encourages me in this, and assists me with his counsel, his library, and his herbal.

"If, on my part, sir, I could be useful to you, in case you should want the most rare and beautiful plants of Europe, it would be highly gratifying to me to send you a collection. My species already amount to between nine and ten thousand, and a great proportion of them are duplicates. I have a predilection for cryptogamous plants, grasses, cyperoids, legumes, and in general for all the families wherein there is the most to be done."

If any of our American botanists can make a suitable exchange with Mr. Desvaux, a rich body of well arranged plants will be transferred to our side of the Atlantick; and that labourer in the field of science be the better enabled to conduct the periodical work in which he is engaged, by recording more fully the discoveries and announcing the progress of this interesting branch of natural history.

Med. Repos.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

A work is about to issue from the press of T. B. Wait & Co. which will, no doubt, receive the cordial approbation and the liberal patronage of the friends of religion and the rising generation. It is entitled *Sacred Extracts from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, for the more convenient attainment of a knowledge of the inspired writers; for the use of schools and families.*

Presuming you will, at this late period, have but little room for a communication on this subject, it is merely stated, that the *Sacred Extracts* have been made under the auspices of the *associated instructors of youth in Boston*, by one of their number, and evince great care, judgment, and taste.

The following passage, from the advertisement of the editor, will show the principles upon which the selection has been made. "He solemnly assures the readers of this volume, that, in exercising his judgment and taste respecting the passages best adapted to interest and instruct youth, he has most religiously endeavoured to avoid all bias in favour of any particular sect or opinion. He affects no indifference toward the several schemes, which are professedly derived from the sacred writings; but he conceived that this was not the place to allow his preference and convictions to appear. He has ever come to the task of preparing the copy for the press, under a lively sense that 'the ground was holy'; and he has endeavoured to 'put off' all prejudices and prepossessions. By such as examine it with a similar spirit, he rejoices in the persuasion that uprightness of views, and impartiality in execution will be allowed him; and this will, as it ought, be more highly prized than any other commendation."

Hudson and Goodwin, of Hartford, Con. propose to publish, in four volumes royal 8vo. *Coke upon Littleton*, with the notes of Hargrave and Butler, from the 15th. collated with the 13th. edition; with considerable improvements, by Thomas Day, Esq. and other professional gentlemen associated with him.

Among the improvements contemplated, will be the correction of many mistaken references in the side margin of the commentary; the addition of the later authorities to the editorial notes; and an original and complete index to the whole work.

The inaccuracy of many of the references placed against the commentary of Lord Coke was observed by Mr. Hargrave, but he declared the correction of them to be "a task far greater than his other avocations would allow him to engage in," and did not attempt it. The deficiency of the index has long been a subject of complaint with the whole profession, and did not escape the notice of Mr. Hargrave; but that laborious editor contented himself with remarking, "that having already undertaken so much, he thought it would be imprudent to pledge himself still further, by entering into any engagement for making additions to the index." A correct, though not very copious, index, has since been made to the editorial notes; but that to the text of Littleton, and the commentary of Lord Coke, remains unaltered. The propriety of the publishers availing themselves of the opportunity afforded by a new edition, to add the later authorities to the editorial notes, is obvious.

The publication of this work will be forwarded with as much despatch as the great research, labour, and care required in preparing and executing it, will admit of.

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR JULY, 1809.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura. MART.

NEW WORKS.

Lectures on the Evidence of the Christian Religion, delivered to the senior class on Sunday afternoon in the college of New Jersey, by the Rev. S. S. Smith, D. D. Philadelphia; Hopkins and Earle.

A Farewell Sermon, preached May 28th. 1809, at Newark, New Jersey, by E. D. Griffin, D. D. Newark; E. E. Gould.

Observations on the means of preserving the health of soldiers and sailors, &c. by Edward Cutbush, M. D. of the U. States navy. Philadelphia; Thomas Dobson.

The inadmissible principles of the King of England's Proclamation of October 16th. 1807; considered by the late President Adams; originally published in the Boston Patriot. Boston; Everett and Munroe.

American Principles; a Review of the Works of Fisher Ames, &c. first published in the Boston Patriot. Boston; Everett and Munroe.

An Oration, pronounced July 4th. 1809, at the request of the selectmen of the town of Boston, in commemoration of the anniversary of American Independence; by Wm. Tudor, jun. Esq. Boston; J. Belcher.

An Oration, pronounced at Lexington, July 4th. 1809, being the anniversary of American Independence; by Benjamin Greene, Esq. Boston; Munroe, Francis and Parker.

An Address delivered before the republican citizens of Newburyport, &c. July 4th. 1809; by Rev. John Gilles. Newburyport; W. and J. Gilman.

An Oration, delivered at Newburyport, July 4th. 1809. By Wm. B. Banister, Esq. Newburyport; E. W. Allen.

An Oration, delivered July 4, 1809, before the Washington Benevolent Society in the state of New York; by Gulian C. Verplanck. New York; E. Sargent.

An Oration, pronounced at Watertown, July 4, 1809; by T. Fuller, Esq. Boston; J. Belcher.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Intrigues of the Queen of Spain with the Prince of Peace and others. Written by a Spanish nobleman and patriot, who alone can be acquainted with the intrigues and amours of the above personages.

"In furias ignemque ruunt ; amor omnibus idem."

Virg. Georg. iii. 244.

Boston ; Munroe, Francis and Parker. 12mo. pp. 179.

The Rudiments of Latin and English Grammar, designed to facilitate the study of both languages, by connecting them together. By Alexander Adam, L. L. D. rector of the high school of Edinburgh. Boston ; W. Andrews.

Reliques of Robert Burns, &c. collected by R. C. Cromeek. Philadelphia ; Bradford and Inskip.

Woman, or Ida of Athens. By Miss Owenson. Philadelphia ; Bradford and Inskip.

Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. E. Carter ; by the Rev. Montague Pennington. Boston ; O. C. Greenleaf.

The Hungarian Brothers ; by Miss A. M. Porter. Philadelphia ; Bradford and Inskip.

WORKS PROPOSED, AND IN PRESS.

Collins and Perkins, of New York, have in the press, a Dissertation on the Mineral Waters of Saratoga, &c. &c. by Valentine Seaman, M. D. one of the surgeons of the New York hospital.

Messrs. Smith and Maxwell, of Philadelphia, have in the press, *Physiological Researches on Life and Death* ; by Xav. Beekat ; translated from the French, by T. Watkins, physician to the marine hospital at Baltimore.

Munroe, Francis and Parker, have issued proposals for publishing by subscription, the Plays of William Shakespeare ; with Notes by Samuel Johnson, George Steevens, Isaac Reed, and other annotators. Third Boston edition. 9 vols. 12mo. Price \$1 per vol. in extra boards. They intend to copy the text from the latest and best edition of Johnson and Steevens's Shakespeare, edited by Dr. Reed.

E. Sargeant, of New York, and Munroe, Francis and Parker, of this town, propose publishing, in two large 8vo. volumes, "Universal Biography ; containing a copious account, critical and historical, of the life and character, labours and actions, of eminent persons, of all ages and countries, conditions and professions, arranged in alphabetical order. By J. Lempriere, D. D. author of the Classical Dictionary. Price \$3 a volume, until the publication of the first volume, when the price will be \$4. This edition will be printed from the London quarto edition, which cannot be imported and sold under \$24.

They have also in press, and will publish by the 1st. of August, "Letters from a late eminent prelate to one of his friends.

"Si imagines nobis amicorum absentium jucundae sunt, quae memoriam renovant, et desiderium absentiae falso atque inani solatio levant ; quanto jucundiores sunt literae, quae vera amici absentis vestigia, veras notas afferunt !"

Sen. Ep. xl.

"Les lettres des hommes celebres sont, ordinairement, la partie la plus curieuse de leur ecrits."

Pref. a l'Hist. de Jovien. p. 39.

First American edition. 8vo. Price \$2 in extra boards.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

AUGUST, 1809.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

REMARKS ON ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE
ROMAN POETS.

No. 6.

LUCAN.

THE *Pharsalia* of Lucan has divided critics as much as any production of the ancient poets. Diversity of opinion is found among them, concerning the genius of its author, the nature of his poem, the knowledge that he displays, and the style in which his thoughts are clothed. Unlike the criticisms on Virgil, which are distinguished chiefly by the greater or less degree of praise that is bestowed upon the poet, those upon Lucan are marked, in many instances, either by the extreme of unqualified admiration, or that of unmixed censure.

They who are disposed to undervalue his genius, while they allow that he manifests a bold and vigorous intellect, deny that he had judgment sufficient to chastise it. While they grant that his eloquence is sometimes highly impassioned, they affirm also that his passion is wholly unrestrained by reason. And while they admit that his descriptions of characters are not wanting in vivacity, they are unwilling to concede, that he discovers any nice discrimination in assigning them their parts in the action of the poem. Others again ascribe to him all the good qualities of vehement oratory, without any of the defects or excesses with which it is generally attended. They class his descriptions of characters among his greatest excellences; and vindicate the personages from the charge of impropriety, in the parts they sustain, and in every thing that they are made to utter. Some have ventured even farther, and given him the preference to Virgil, for exact delineation of individual character, and regard to the situations and circumstances of the subordinate actors.

The variety of knowledge and talents displayed by Lucan, has not been overlooked by commentators and scholiasts. Some, enlisting under Quintilian, contend for his pre-eminence as an orator. Finding him ardent, impetuous, and forceful in his style, as well as bold and gallant in his sentiments of liberty, they seem in a manner to forget that he was a poet, while they are giving their unqualified testimony in favour of his eloquence. But if they have found the prominent and characteristic feature of his poem, it can hardly be worth preserving, except to contrast the affected oratory of a new school in the reign of Nero, with its real splendour and magnificence in the time of Cicero, and its display in the person of that orator.

It has been discovered, in addition to this, that Lucan was a distinguished theologist and politician, a learned geographer, an astronomer and a mathematician. And it is true, that we are indebted to him, in some of these capacities, for the most tedious parts of his poem.

Apart from these accidents, (to speak logically) it is proper to inquire into the substance of the poem. Every one knows its main object; and all who have read it will acknowledge its merits, as containing a portion of history, narrated in a manner highly interesting, though not uninterrupted by matter foreign to the work of the historian. Its subject is civil war, in which Caesar and Pompey are the prominent characters opposed; and the reader is artfully introduced to the real calamities which it occasioned, before its particulars are recited. Such being the subject of Lucan's poem, and the scenes described being of a recent date, he had only to unite the fidelity of the historian with harmony of numbers and dignity of manner, to complete his principal design. We come then to the great question in controversy, whether the *Pharsalia* of Lucan be an Epick poem. The answer must depend on the definition of such a poem. When we look back to the two great Epick poets who preceded him, to Homer and Virgil, we find, that the principal achievement which formed the subject of the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, or the *Eneid*, while it is suspended amidst a variety of subordinate action, is constantly kept in view, and brought to a perfect close. This unity of action, to which every thing else is subsidiary, is the basis of this kind of poem. Without such a foundation, no composition, whatever be its length or its variety of excellences, deserves to be entitled Epick.

So far, no reason appears for excluding Lucan from the list of Epick poets. The action is one, and terminates in the subversion of Roman liberty by the victories of Caesar. The field is abundantly extensive, the subject is sufficiently heroic, and the action is generally sustained with dignity and grandeur, and would probably have been brought to a perfect close, if the poet's life had been spared.

After conceding all this to the fondest admirers of Lucan, if our criticisms be founded wholly upon the great productions

of Homer and Virgil, there are deficiencies in the *Pharsalia*, by which its title to a place among Epick poems is forfeited.

It is one thing to ascertain and point out what embellishments a particular species of composition admits, and another to show what it requires. *Fiction* has been considered by several writers essential to the *Epopée*: and finding the poem under consideration almost destitute of this embellishment, they have been ready to eject it from this distinction. These writers have considered fiction thus essential, because it is interwoven with the real action, in the works of those who, from general consent, have, by the structure of their poems, given laws to this kind of writing. But the introduction of fictitious events, and of characters framed in the author's own imagination, into the account of popular commotions and bloody battles, well known from their recent date, the actors in which have just passed off the stage, would rather disgust by its violation of historical fidelity, than excite greater interest and enthusiasm, even in those whom fiction, in its proper place, would captivate and delight. The absence of fiction, therefore, however questionable it may render the rank of the poem, cannot be attributed to the *Pharsalia* as a fault.

It may be thought that no reasons of equal force can be assigned, to vindicate Lucan from a fault of a little different nature. Finding as we do, that the principal human actors in the *Pharsalia* are suffered to form their own plans, to excite the courage of their own adherents, and to fight their own battles, without the constant intervention of supernatural agents, the inquiry becomes natural, whether the prevailing superstition of the age were not strong enough to justify the poet in the use of machinery. On the other hand it is to be asked, whether the recent occurrence of the historical facts related, render its introduction impertinent. There is always credulity enough in mankind to believe what is not absolutely impossible in its nature; and where religion, true or false, has made a strong impression on the mind, the understanding does not suddenly revolt at the intervention of beings superiour to man, if the poet have art enough to make us think the action worthy of the agent. It must be granted, on the contrary, that to have interspersed in the *Pharsalia* the fables of the gods, and to have described minutely, according to the vulgar superstition, as well their counsels as what they performed, would have been a capital fault. I conclude, therefore, that, while the nature of the poem does not allow the liberal use of machinery, it does not exclude it altogether.

The only remaining question on this subject is, whether the omission of machinery, (for there is little embellishment in the poem that is founded on super-human agency) be a real defect. In order to decide this, it would be necessary to enter upon the general question, respecting its admission into Epick poetry. This, however, is not the place for such discussion. The

opinion of Lord Kaimes, that it ought to be entirely exploded, because, in his apprehension it becomes so associated in the mind with the real action, as to give an air of fiction to the whole, should not be too hastily adopted: but the advice of Horace, like most of his rules and sentiments in matters of taste, is founded in genuine wisdom:

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.

Allowing the want of fiction and machinery to be a defect in things, that have been uniformly considered as important features in Epick poetry, a defect to be attributed chiefly to the subject, still the *Pharsalia* may be ranked among Epick poems. The dignity of its character, founded in the history itself, in the manner in which it is treated, and in the conduct of the principal actors, entitles it to this station, however unwilling we are to dispense with those peculiar badges of distinction that belong to it.

The episodes of Lucan, which constitute almost the only embellishment of the *Pharsalia*, are very unequal; sometimes also of unreasonable length, degenerating into dry disquisitions, and interrupting the narrative without enlivening it. Among the best of these are the story of Hercules and Antaeus, which is naturally introduced by the inquiries of Curio; and the account of the oracle of Delphi, which follows the consulting of the oracle by Appius, praetor of Achaia. The parting of Pompey and his wife, at the end of the fifth book, has so much of tenderness, that we wonder for a moment, that Lucan seemed to take so much delight in scenes of cruelty.

Opposite as are the opinions of different critics upon the general character of the *Pharsalia*, none has contended, that its style is faultless. Good writing was evidently on the decline, at the period when Lucan lived; and the family of the Senecas, to which he belonged, is charged with no inconsiderable share of influence in promoting its corruption. Inequalities in the style of Lucan are found throughout the poem; and there is a certain something, which has been branded with the name of affectation, that frequently occasions obscurity. His uncommon and far-fetched epithets, and his efforts for point and smartness, tend in part to produce this obscurity, and have exposed him to the censure of critics. The language of a declaimer too is frequently loose, and sometimes puerile, and more frequently than either harsh and unpolished. From faults of this kind Lucan is not entirely free.

These blemishes, however, are not without apology. When we consider that Lucan wrote after the middle of the first century, when the most splendid period of Roman literature had passed away; that he died at twenty-seven years of age under

the sentence of Nero ; and that he neither filled up his outline, nor completely finished that part of the poem, which has descended to us, it would be unreasonable to look for the greatest refinement of sentiment, elegance of language, or harmony of versification. Had he lived longer, he would probably have curtailed his episodes, smoothed his verses, and produced a more polished work. And the brilliant exploits of Caesar and Pompey would have been less frequently interrupted by a confusion of extraneous character and unconnected incidents.

Having remarked at greater length than was intended upon the poem itself, it is necessary to defer to the next number any observations upon the English versions of the *Pharsalia*.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

[The following letter, purporting to have been written by Columbus at Jamaica, after the discovery of Terra Firma from the Oronoko westward, Mexico, and Veragua, on his last voyage, was many years ago published as a genuine relick of that great navigator. It is a very ingenious fiction, relating the events that happened to Columbus after he was driven on that island, with his reflections on his former labours and present situation. That it is a fiction is, however, sufficiently apparent, since it mentions the mutiny of Porras, which did not break out till long after Mendez was sent to procure relief, and the mission of Ovando to spy out his situation, which was the consequence of the very despatches that Mendez received from the admiral. He is also made to say, that he and his companions had lain more than ten months in the open air on the decks of his vessels, which was not true. The natives received him well, and the Spaniards, probably, lodged on shore. Besides, the letter was sent within a month after the shipwreck ; and had it been ten months, the letter should have been dated 1504, for Columbus was cast away in June 1503.

It is a most interesting specimen of eloquence, though perhaps more declamatory, than the admiral's character will justify. From the phraseology we conclude, it was written in the Spanish language. We have sometimes thought it a little remarkable that no one ever pretended to have found the account of his first voyage, sealed up in a cask by Columbus on his return from the discovery of America, while expecting instant death from the violence of a tempest, hoping, if he should be lost, that a relation of so much importance to mankind would be preserved.] ED. ANTH.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, TO THE KING OF SPAIN.

JAMAICA, 1503.

AUGUST SIRE,

FROM Diego Mendez, and the papers I send by him, your majesty will learn the richness of the gold mines I have discovered in the province of Ver-Agua, and the intention I had formed of leaving my brother at the river Belem, if the vicissitudes of life and the decrees of heaven had permitted. What-

ever may happen, it is of little importance to the unfortunate Columbus; whether the honour of finishing these discoveries and forming establishments be reserved for some one, happier than himself, provided your majesty and your successors reap the glory and advantage. If by God's permission Mendez arrive in Spain, I doubt not he will succeed in convincing your majesty and my august mistress, that it is not a chateau and a park that I have added to your dominions, but a whole world, with innumerable subjects, a soil fertile beyond example, riches exceeding all the imagination can conceive, or avarice covet!

But alas! nor Mendez, nor this letter, nor any mortal tongue can describe the troubles and sufferings of mind and body which I have endured, nor the dangers and miseries to which my son, and my brother, and my friends are exposed! For more than ten months have we lain in the open air, on the decks of our vessels, run aground on the coast, and fastened together. Those of my people who have kept their health have mutinied, at the instigation of Perras of Seville: those who have remained faithful are sick and dying. We have consumed all the provisions of the Indians, so that they have abandoned us: thus famine menaces us with death! To those evils are joined so many aggravating circumstances, that in truth it would be difficult to find on the face of the earth a being more wretched than Columbus. One would think that heaven aided the rage of my enemies, and imputed to me, as crimes, my discoveries and my services. O Heaven, and you, ye saints, who inhabit it, permit the king Don Ferdinand, and my illustrious sovereign Donna Isabella, to know that I am the most miserable of men, and that I have become so only from my zeal for their service and interest!

No:—There can be no sufferings equal to mine! I see, with horror, the approach of my destruction, and still more, that of my brave companions, who have sacrificed all to follow me.

Almost sinking under the weight of my misery, what avails the titles of viceroy and perpetual admiral, except to render me more odious in the sight of the Spanish nation? It is evident that every thing conspires to shorten the thread of my life; for, besides being old and cruelly tormented with the gout, I languish and expire under other infirmities, among savages, with whom I find neither remedies or aliments for the body, nor ministers or sacraments for the soul; in the midst of my rebel crews, with my son, my brother, my friends, sick and perishing with pain and hunger, and deprived even of savage succour!

The bishop of Santo Domingo sent a messenger here, but it was rather to inform himself whether I was dead, than to offer me assistance, for his people neither brought or would receive a letter, and refused even to speak to us; from which I conclude that my enemies are waiting with the expectation that here will terminate my voyages and my life!

Blessed mother of God, who compassionates the unhappy and the oppressed! why was I not suffered to perish when Cenell

Bovadilla ravished from us (my brother and myself) the gold we had so dearly acquired, and sent us to Spain, loaded with chains, without the least pretence of justice, or the shadow of a crime?

These chains! These chains, the only treasures which remain, I will have interred in my tomb, if a tomb is allowed me! I hope, for the honour of the Spanish name, that the remembrance of an act so tyrannical and unjust should be buried with me.

My death would have deprived Ovanda of the satisfaction of seeing us ten or twelve months afterwards fall the victims of envious men, as inexorable as the fatality of circumstances..... Ah! holy mother of God, let not the Castilian name be tarnished with new infamy....Let not future ages know that there existed men so vile, so cowardly, as to seek to recommend themselves to Ferdinand, by destroying the too unfortunate Columbus, not for his crimes, but for his exclusive right to the glory of having discovered and given a new world to Spain.

Great God, it was thy work. It was thou who didst inspire and guide me in this enterprise; take then pity on me, and soften in my favour, those hearts which still feel the sentiments of humanity and justice!

And you, ye blessed spirits, who know my innocence and see my sufferings, have compassion on the age in which I live, too envious and too much hardened in vice to be affected by my fate.

No hope remains to console me, but my reliance on the pity and justice of future generations; they certainly will pity me, when they shall learn that at my cost and expense, at the risque and peril of my life, and that of my brother, and with the little aid from the crown of Spain, I have rendered to it in the space of twelve years, and during our voyages, services, such as mortal never before rendered to his country and his king, and that the only recompense I have received, is to be left to perish, after having stripped me of every thing but my irons; so that the man who gave a world to Spain, has not a cabin in which he can shelter himself or his wretched family!

Good angels, protectors of the innocent and oppressed! bear this letter to my august mistress; she knows all I have suffered for her glory and her service, and she will be humane and just enough, to snatch from misery, wretchedness and death, the son and brother of the man who has opened to Spain such inexhaustable sources of wealth, who has added to its dominions kingdoms and empires of unknown extent; she cannot, will not suffer them to beg the bread they eat! If she still lives, she will dread, lest the cruelty and ingratitude with which I have been treated, may provoke the anger of heaven to punish a succeeding generation for the transgressions of their fathers, by permitting other nations to despoil the Spanish empire of the riches and the world which I have discovered.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, ADDRESSED TO MRS. (MISS) ANNE JUSTICE, UPON THE PAVEMENT, YORK.

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINALS.

I'M sure, dear Nanny, you'll excuse my silence this bout: this last fortnight has been wholly taken up in receiving visits of congratulation upon my brother's wedding. My new sister is to passe the summer in the house with me, so you may be sure I shall have very little time to my selfe. I am perfectly ignorant of the marriage you mean, and so dull I can't guesse the name of the lord whose character you say is so good. If you are not at Scoffton this summer, I must despair of seeing you. I fancy about the latter end of this month we shall be going into Nottinghamshire. I writ to Mrs. B. three or four posts ago, and told her I heard she was going to be married; and gave her good advice, to forget Mr. Vane and take the first lover her relations proposed to her.....pray write me word if she follows it. I allwaies wish her very well. The small-pox rages dreadfully, and has carried off several people here: that, and the heat of the weather, makes me wish myselfe in the country. My eyes are something better, for I was not able to write for a good while; but they are still weak, and make me, sooner than I otherwaie would, tell you, that I am, dear Nanny,

JUNE 5.

Your's to serve you.

To Mrs. Anne Justice, York.

AY, ay, as you say, my dear, men are vile inconstant toads. Mr. Vane could never write with the brisk air if he had any sorrow in his heart; however, the letter is really pritty, and gives me a good opinion of his understanding, tho' none of his fidelity; I think they seldom go together. You are much in the right not to undeceive Mrs. B. I would not have her know any thing to vex her, as such a piece of news needs must. Poor lady!..... but she's happy in being more discreet than I could be. On the other hand, I could beat Mr. Vane, as much a pritty gentleman as I hear he is. I'll swear, by his letter, he seems to have more mind to rival Mr. Crotchrode than break his heart for Mrs. B.

I shall neither see dear Mrs. Justice, nor any of my north country friends, this year. I'm got into the west, over the hills and far away. Here is nothing to be lik'd that I can find; every

thing in the same mode and fashion as in the days of king Arthur and the knights of the round table. In the hall, a great shovel board table and antick suits of armour; the parlour furnish'd with right reverend turkey work chairs and carpets; and for books, the famous History of Amadis de Gaul, and the book of Martyrs, with wooden cuts; and for company, not a mortal man but the parson of the parish, some fourscore or thereabouts: you know I was never a violent friend to the cloth, but I must make a virtue of necessity, and talk to him or nobody. This is the present posture of my affairs, which you must own very dismal. Times may mend; there is nothing sure, but that

I am your's.

Direct for me at West-Dean, to be left at Mr. Foulks, a coffee-house, at the Three Lions, in Salisbury, Wiltshire.

The paper I mention'd is very long, and I don't know whether you'll think it worth postage; but if you persist in desiring it, I'll send it you.

JUNE 14.

To Mrs. Anne Justice, York.

NOTHING could be more obliging than so quick a return to my letter, and sending what I enquired for. I pity your poor Strephon, and guesse what effect such a letter must make on your heart. I like of all things his manner of writing, and am sorry all your wishes are not successful. Mr. V—— has been a great dissembler if it breaks off of his side; but 'tis hard to distinguish false love from true. The poor lady is in a sweet pickle; and I am so good-natured to be sorry for all people who have misfortunes, especially of that kind which I think the most touching. I would to God I was with you reading the *Atalantis*! I know the book, and 'twould be a vast pleasure to me to read some of the storys with you, which are realy very pritty: some part of *Eleonora's* I like mightily, and all *Diana's*, which is the more moving because 'tis all true. If you and I was together now we should be very good company, for I'm in a very pritty garden with a book of charming verses in my hand. I don't know when we shall see Mrs. B. but when we do come into that country, is it quite impossible for you to stay a week or so with us? I only hint this, for I know people's inclinations must submit to their conveniencys; only tell me how far it may be possible on your side, and then I'll endeavour it on mine; though a thousand things may happen to make it impossible as to my part. You know you should be allwaies welcome to me, and 'tis none of my fault if I don't see you.

Remember your promise concerning the letters.

To Mrs. Ann Justice, at York.

Yes, yes, my dear, here is woods, and shades, and groves, in abundance. You are in the right on't; 'tis not the place, but the solitude of the place, that is intolerable. 'Tis a horrid thing to see nothing but trees in a wood, and to walk by a purling stream to ogle the gudgeons in it. I'm glad you continue your inclination to reading; 'tis the most improving and most pleasant of all employments, and helps to wear away many melancholy hours. I hear from some Nottinghamshire people, that Mrs. B. is not at all concern'd at the breaking off her match. I wonder at her courage if she is not, and at her prudence in dissembling it if she is. Prudent people are very happy. 'Tis an exceeding fine thing, that's certain; but I was born without it, and shall retain to my day of death the humour of saying what I think; therefore you may believe me, when I protest I am much mortify'd at not seeing the North this year, for a hundred and fifty reasons; amongst the rest, I should have been heartily glad to have seen my lord Holderness. In this hideous country 'tis not the fashion to visit; and the few neighbours there are keep as far from one another as ever they can. The diversion here is walking; which, indeed are very pritty all about the house; but then you may walk two mile without meeting a living creature but a few straggling cows. We have been here near this month, and seen but one visitor, and her I never desire to see again, for I never saw such a monster in my life.

I am very sorry for your sore eyes. By this time I hope all's over, and you can see as well as ever. Adieu, my dear. When you drink tea with Mrs. B. drink my health, and do me the justice to believe I wish my selfe with you.

JULY 7.

To Mrs. Anne Justice, York.

I AM very glad you divert yourselfe so well. I endeavour to make my solitude as agreeable as I can. Most things of that kind are in the power of the mind: we may make ourselves easy, if we cannot perfectly happy. The news you tell me very much surprises me. I wish Mrs. B. extremely well, and hope she designs better for her selfe than a stolen wedding, with a man who (you know) we have reason to believe not the most sincere lover upon earth; and since his estate is in such very bad order, I am clearly of your opinion, his best course would be to the army, for I suppose six or seven thousand pound (if he should get that with his mistress) would not set him up again, and there he might possibly establish his fortune, at least better it, and at worst be rid of all his cares. I wonder all the young men in England don't take that method; certainly the most profitable as well the noblest. I confess I cannot believe Mrs. B. so imprudent to keep on any private correspondence with him. I much doubt her perfect happiness if she runs away with him. I fear she will have more reason than ever to say

there is no such thing. I have just now received the numbers of the great lottery which is drawing: I find my selfe (as yet) among the unlucky; but, thank God, the great prize is not come out, and there's room for hopes still. Prithee, dear child, pray heartily for me. If I win, I don't question (in spite of all our disputes) to find my selfe perfectly happy. My heart goes very much pit-a-pat about it; but I've a horrid ill bodeing mind, that tells me I shan't win a farthing. I should be very very glad to be mistaken in that case. I hear Mrs. B. has been at the Spaw. I wonder you don't mention it. Adieu, my dear. Pray make no more excuses about long letters, and believe your's never seem so to me.

AUGUST 7.

To Mrs. Anne Justice, York.

I AM glad dear Mrs. Ellys finds so much happynesse in the state she has enter'd into. I wish Mrs. B. had been so happy to have so pritty a place, joyn'd with so pritty a gentleman all the world calls Mr. Vane. She dines here to-day with her family. I intend to rally her about Sir William. She is a good-natur'd young woman, and I heartily wish she may find (if that can be) a recompence for the disappointment she has met with in this rōuling world. Every mortal has their share; and tho' I persist in my notions of happynesse, I begin to believe nobody ever yet experienced it. What think you? My present entertainment is rideing, which I grow very fond of, and endeavour to lay up a stock of good health, the better to endure the fatigues of life. I hope you are situated in an agreeable place, and good air. You know me, and that I wish you all sorts of pleasures; the world affords few, but such as they are, dear Mrs. Ellys, may you enjoy them all.

SEPT. 10.

To Mrs. Ellys, at Beverly, Yorkshire.

THE Lord save us! what wretches are men! I know that Lord Castlecomare intimately well, and have been very gay in his company. That 'tis possible there should be so inhumane a creature! I pity the poor young lady to the last degree. A man must have a compound of ill-nature, barbarousnesse, and inhumanity, to be able to do such an action. I cannot believe there are many would be guilty of it. I could declaim four hours upon this subject.....'tis something highly ingrateful and perfidious. I know several Lord Castlecomare has made love to, but should have never believ'd him, or any man, so utterly void of all tendernes and compassion. Had them men women to their mothers! I can hardly believe it. I am of your mind, the young lady is happy if she dies. If he sent her some ratsbane in a letter, 'tis all the kindnesse he can now do, all the recom-

pence he can now make her. I don't question but there are some of our own sex inhumane enough to make a jest of her misfortunes. Especially being a beauty, the public mark of malice, next to plunging people into misery (as that barbarous Lord Castlecomare has done) the greatest piece of ill-nature is insulting them under it. Chiefly those ruin'd for love, perhaps ensnar'd by vows and undone by too much credulity, I always pity the unhappy, without strictly looking into their merit, however their misfortunes come; when they are unfortunate they deserve compassion: and 'tis my maxim never to ridicule the frailties of the wretched of my own sex. You have done me a sensible pleasure in writing an account of your own affairs; and I desire to know how they proceed; and depend upon it your interests cannot be indifferent to me. If you like Mr. Heber I advise you to take him, if the match is agreeable to your relations. We must do something for the world; and I don't question but your own good humour and his love will make you very happy. 'Tis more prudent to marry to money with nothing else, than every thing else without money, for there's nothing so hard to come by; but that is not your case, since Mr. Heber has money and is agreeable too.....What would you have more?.....Prithee, dear child, don't stand in your own light, and let your next letter be sign'd, A. Heber.

Pray tell me the name of that unfortunate young lady whom you and I pity so much.

SEPT. 22.

To Mrs. A. Justice, at York.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

SOME ACCOUNT OF VENICE, AND THE SPLENDID ENTRANCE OF
BUONAPARTE INTO THAT CITY, IN DECEMBER, 1807.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

ON Saturday November 20, at midnight, I sat off from Trieste accompanied by captain S. with a black servant. We were in a handsome close phaeton, which had been politely offered us by a gentleman in Trieste, and we were to take post horses on the road. Here let me remark this one convenience in travelling in this country, and as it is the only one, I will not let the opportunity escape of giving all the merit due to it. Post houses are established along the road every eight or ten miles, and the post masters are obliged to have horses and postillions always ready for the accommodation of travellers; it is only necessary to have a carriage, and provided you have a passport, horses and drivers are furnished you at each post; and the post-master is under penalty of 50 livres if horses are not to be had.

For two horses and the postillion we paid something less than two dollars each post.

We started however from Trieste with three private horses; we were advised to do this as the post horses at Trieste were very poor, and the first post ten miles to St. Croce, the road moreover bad, leading over the mountains which surround Trieste. These mountains are the continuation of the Alps, and terminate in Istria about 25 or 30 miles to the S. E. of Trieste.

The weather had been wet and boisterous for several days, and the storm was not yet abated; the night was dark, and in this high latitude (46) it was long and disagreeable. The day did not appear till after six o'clock. About eight miles from Trieste we crossed a small river by a rope ferry; the boat was convenient and we drove into it without taking out our horses, or dismounting ourselves; the boatmen however scolded very hard at being called out in a cold stormy night, and asked five florins for putting us over, although they were not five minutes about it: we gave them three and left them grumbling.

In crossing this river we passed from the Austrian, to the French Italian territories, and were received by the French frontier guards who demanded our passports; a very necessary document in this country, and without which one cannot go ten miles ever so peaceably before he is arrested. On producing our passports, with which we had been furnished from the governor of Trieste, we were permitted to go on. About a mile further, and before day light, we were again stopt by the officers of the *Dogana*, (custom house) who routed us out in the rain, took our trunks into their guard room, and after examining them, put the imperial seal on the locks, and we were not permitted to open them again until we should arrive at another custom house and have the seals broken by the proper officer.

We had now descended from the high ground which we had been travelling over during the night, and were arrived upon a fine and vast extended plain which stretches to Venice a distance of more than one hundred miles, bounded on our left by the Adriatic, and on the right by the lofty Alps. These mountains do not tower to the same sublime altitude as in the western parts of Italy, but still they are magnificent. They present an imposing aspect, and their hoary summits display the regions of eternal frost.

We are now in one of the finest countries in the world. This extensive plain is rich by nature, ornamented by art, and beautifully improved by the hand of culture; at this season however, and especially in such rainy and gloomy weather we do not see it in all its glory, nor enjoy the fine prospects it must afford in the summer. It is finely laid out in vineyards, fields and gardens. The fields are covered with thrifty grain which promises to yield in the spring abundantly the gifts of Ceres; whilst the luxuriant vine, whose wandering branches are still fresh, declare the bounties lately supplied by the rosy god.

As we had come from Trieste with three fresh horses, we did not change them till we reached Malfaconde, the second post: here we took post horses and sent the private ones back.

It was now about eight o'clock, it was a cold and rainy morning, and although we wanted refreshment, we could get none; for notwithstanding the country is so rich, the inhabitants appear to be miserably poor. The post-houses are not like our good New England taverns, where you see the inviting inscription of *Entertainment for man and horse* in gilt capitals hung up over the door: it is only the horses that find entertainment here, and you search in vain for any thing but straw and provender. As soon therefore as we could have our horses shifted, we drove on, and in a few miles came up with the Isonzo, which in a dry season is but a small river, but which had been so swelled by the late rains as to be scarcely passable. We were detained half an hour for the ferrymen to prepare; the boat was not constructed to drive the carriage into it; we were obliged to dismount, take the horses out, and drag it in by hand. It rained very hard all this time, the river was wide and very rapid, and the high wind had made considerable sea; the agitation of the waves and the impetuosity of the current rendered the boat unmanageable, and had we struck upon a shoal which appeared a little below us, our situation would have been perilous: I did not feel safe myself, and one poor woman, among the rest of the passengers, in doleful accents cried *Jesu Maria!* all the way over. Here the ferrymen demanded fifteen florins.

We were wet, fatigued, and hungry, but as we could get nothing to eat in midst of all the bounties of nature, we drove on and occasionally regaled on the small stock we had providently brought along with us.

About noon we were stopped by another branch of the Isonzo; this had overflowed its banks, filled the road for a mile before we came up with it, and the inundation would have spread over all the adjoining fields and vineyards had they not been dyked, or banked to prevent it. It was impossible to pass here, and we were obliged to return about a mile, to a small village, and there take up our quarters for the night. The inn was sufficiently large, but it was intolerably dirty, and our accommodation and entertainment none of the best.

We were conducted to a chamber in which was a bed of husks, two old chairs, and an oak table. The chamber opened into a large hall, which was decorated with several portrait paintings in a villainous style enough, and these were every thing of furniture to be found in it; it was an empty court or anti-chamber through which you passed to several smaller apartments round it. Our hostess was a good-natured woman and did every thing she could to please us, but being entirely ignorant of our tastes and manner of living, she succeeded very ill in her endeavours. She made us some coffee, but insisted upon stirring it up, and said the thick of it was the best; I told her if she would only let

it rest a while and give me the thin, she should be very welcome to the best of it herself.

The kitchen was the greatest curiosity in the house, as well for its furniture as for its construction and variety of its tenants. The fire-place was detached from the sides of the room, and benches placed all round it. As we could not be accommodated with fire in any other part of the house, we were glad to mix with the motley company here, and wet and cold as we were, to enjoy the comfort of fire, though incommoded in other respects. Besides the family, some neighbour gossips, village peasants, ostlers and postillions, assembled round the fire; all the domestic animals resorted here with the utmost ease and freedom; the pigs and poultry seemed to enjoy a common right in this apartment, and if at any time that right was denied them, they disputed for the privilege with a true spirit of democratic equality. They run their busy noses into every pail, kettle, and cooking utensil, in search of booty, and in blowing the contents of them about the floor contributed their share in rendering our retreat not the most cleanly place in the world. The flooring was of stone, the wet and filth made it extremely slippery, and the depth and density of the nauseous fluid was sufficient to resist the efforts of any instrument of cleanliness less powerful than a shovel. This description will serve for Italian kitchens in general.

We slept the night at this inn, and at eight o'clock the next morning past with ease the river which the day before had stopt our progress. The inundation had subsided, and the river was contracted within its natural banks.

Before we arrived at the next post we crossed another branch of the Isonzo, and this was the last water we had to cross by boat, until we got to Mestre, opposite to Venice.

On the western bank of this branch we met a troop of French light dragoons conducted by an officer with large whiskers, and the cordon d'honneur at his button hole. Whether the appendage to his face or to his lappel did him most honour I cannot pretend to say. Beards, we know, were once considered honourable; in scripture times it was a disgrace to be without them; and that of Hudibras we are told

—— was the equal grace
Both of his honour and his face.

And I doubt whether so much can be said in favour of this upstart badge of the red ribbon, though so many princes in Europe have lately put it on, and put off their independence and such like dignities as a condition of wearing it. We left this doughty knight with his troop in a heavy rain, waiting to get over by three horses at a time in the ferry boat.

A few miles from this river we arrived at the fourth post, a village called Nagaredo; we only stopt to change horses, and

then proceeded on to Udine. Here we were to change horses again, and it being about two o'clock, we concluded to rest a little, and take dinner. We found very good accommodations, had a decent room, a good dinner served up in a handsome style, and genteel attendance.

Udine is a considerable city, and claims its origin in remote antiquity. It is said to be five miles in circuit, though I should not judge it to exceed three. It is populous, and carries on a considerable trade in silk. There are some handsome buildings; the streets are clean and well paved, and one remarkable convenience is that the side walks for foot passengers are covered. The lower or basement stories retire back and leave a space of five or six feet without the walls, covered by the floor of the next story, supported by alcoves, and this forms a fine walk like a piazza through all the principal streets of the city. People on foot are thus sheltered in winter from the rain, and accommodated with an agreeable shade in a warmer season.

It was nearly night before we were ready to start from Udine, and there was a river to cross about two miles onwards; the bridge had lately been broken down, and we expected to ford it, but in this attempt we failed. Our postillion after harassing us about the wet and muddy fields (for we had left the road in search of a place to ford) declared that it was impossible to get over that night, and so returned with us again to Udine. I did not so much regret this delay as we had fallen into so good quarters. We passed the night comfortably at the *Cross of Malta*, where we had dined, and early next morning resumed our journey.

Before we left this house, the landlord, understanding we were Americans, brought to us a bottle of molaßes, which he said was lately left there by one of our countrymen; he was curious to know what it was, its qualities, use, &c. and seemed to be afraid of it. *E veleno?* said he, is it poison? I however soon quieted his fears by tasting it, and assuring him it was not only harmless, but was a delicious and salubrious fluid, and of great use and esteem in America. The man appeared then pleased with the acquisition; but who this traveller was who had left his yankee coat of arms behind I could not understand.

About nine o'clock we crossed the river which we could not get over the night before; it was now as deep as our axletree, and pretty rapid, but as it was narrow we forded it without much difficulty.

The weather had now become pleasant, the road was good, and the country we were passing through delightful.

At Udine we were not half way to Venice, and as we wished to get there the next day, we concluded, for the better despatch, to make no stops on the road, and to ride all night. Accordingly we pursued this plan, stopt only to change horses at the several posts, viz. Colroipo fifteen miles, Valvasone ten miles, till we came to Perdenone, fifteen miles more. Here we took supper,

and after a hearty meal made our arrangements to pass the night in our carriage.

We left Perdinone about six o'clock, and travelled very steady all night, changing horses and postillions at each post, which were nine or ten miles from each other, except one or two which were fifteen miles, or a post and a half. At each of these posts we found persons ready to receive us with lanthorn light; the horses were taken off and changed in a few minutes.

During the night we passed through Saule, Conegliano, Loidina, and Treviso, all small villages, except Treviso, which is a city of some consideration, and about nine o'clock in the morning arrived at Mestre.

Mestre is a large village on the borders of the Adriatick, or rather at the head of it, N. W. from Venice about five miles; this was our last stage by land, and we immediately embarked in a gondola for the capital. There is a broad canal leading into the heart of this village, and is a mile or more in extent. We were rowed down this canal, the banks of which were extremely pleasant; we passed some fine gardens, beautiful villas, and then opened into a smooth bay, across which the eye was immediately directed to the domes, palaces, and glittering spires of Venice. The morning was fine, the prospect around us highly interesting, and it was a pleasant transition from the noise and jostling of our carriage to the ease and pleasurable conveyance of a gondola.

As these gondolas are a kind of boat peculiar to Venice, are of great use and convenience here, and have something singular in their construction, and manner of manœuvring them, they may bear a description. Some thousands of them are employed in and about this city. They are in shape and form somewhat like an Indian canoe, very long, from twenty to twenty-four feet, terminating extremely sharp at each end, and both stem and stern turn up in a curve, and rise high above the water. The sides of the boat are low. The stern ends in a point, but on the stem is raised a steel plate three inches wide, which is erect about a foot, then turns forward, and its width is suddenly dilated to the size and shape of a large broad axe. There are five other flat pieces of steel of two inches wide that project forward from the stem horizontally, these are arranged one above another, with their planes vertical, and their ends forming a line with the edge of the broad axe above, which edge is straight and perpendicular. The uppermost of these five transverse plates goes through the one that rises from the stem, and projects aft as well as forward. I never could learn the origin or use of this figure. The turn in the upper part of it appears something like the neck of a stately bird, but whether or not it was meant to represent this or any other appearance of nature or art, I know not. The figure is however universal and invariable with these gondolas. The whole of this mass of steel is of con-

siderable weight, and is always kept bright and polished. The boat is wide in the middle, and has a little coach-house erected in it, which will admit four persons to set comfortably, or six with a little squeezing. At each side there is a glass window, as in a coach, with blinds, shutters and curtains; the back is closed, and the fore part is the entrance, which is opened and closed by a door. The outside of this little cabin is always covered with black cloth, coarse or fine as the owner chooses to apply expense, and is ornamented with fringe, tags, and tassels of the same colour. The inside is lined with cloth, silk, or velvet, generally black also. There is a large cushion of down or feathers for the back seat, and stuffed stools for those at the sides. They are always kept extremely clean, and thus equipt they are certainly very pleasurable conveyances. Here you may lay, or sit at your ease, and amuse yourself with a book or your mistress, while you glide along the canals through the city, or take the fresh air on the bosom of the fine bay which surrounds it. On a summer evening a gondola is a tempting resort, and they are not unfrequently, it is said, converted to the purposes of intrigue, assignations, and secret amours. This may well be expected from the loose and dissolute manners of the Venetians; and the gondoliers, who have obtained the reputation of fidelity and inviolable secrecy, contribute their share also to favour and encourage the trade.

Although these boats are sometimes rowed with three or four oars, they are more frequently managed with one, and with one only they are managed with great dexterity. The man stands aft upon a little deck, which covers seven or eight feet of that part of the boat, and rows with his oar always on the same side, and it is surprising to see with what facility and exactness he guides his little bark to the right or left, with the same sweep of the oar which impels her forward. In passing along the canals, though they are continually meeting, they seldom touch each other; and when they are to pass a corner or turn into another canal, they call out, and are answered, if another happens to be coming that way; by this they avoid falling suddenly upon each other, and although they go rapidly along, each guides his bark so as to go clear.

When we embarked at Mestre our gondolier asked us what part of the city we would be carried to. We told him we should lodge at the Queen of England hotel, and he brought us to the very door, so that we stepped out of the boat on one of the marble steps of the entrance to the house. This is a peculiarity at Venice; the city is built in the water, and the boats go to the doors of every house in it: in this manner you are transported about the town, you have only to call a gondola and it comes to your door to receive you, and carries you to the door you want to enter.

And now behold us arrived in Venice. It is a noble city, and

the circumstance of its rising as it were from the bosom of the water, makes it curious and interesting. We have taken lodgings at the Queen of England hotel; the house is large, but as there is much company here we could not get a very handsome apartment. The best chamber unoccupied was offered us, and as we did not know where to look for a better, we accepted it.

As soon as I had dined I was asked if I wanted a valet de place, and a man presented to me who offered his services. They are generally employed by gentlemen who visit here, and are useful and necessary, not so much to clean your shoes, or wait upon you in the house, as to attend you as a guide about the city. I did not hesitate to employ the first that was recommended, and as it happened he spoke good French and some English, so he is useful also as an interpreter. He charges a dollar a day; this is considered however, as high wages, lately they did not get half that amount; this increase is occasioned by the numerous company of strangers now collecting in Venice.

When we were a little refreshed by our repast, we dressed and took a turn into the city. We were conducted immediately to St. Mark's Place. This is a most superb view certainly! a very spacious square, inclosed on three sides by magnificent palaces, and the noble edifice of St. Mark's church on the other. The whole area, a square of two or three acres, is paved with marble, the surrounding palaces are marble, and directly in front, as we entered the square, the lofty tower of St. Mark's rears its stately head to the skies.

The tower of St. Mark's is three hundred feet high, and you may ascend to the walk in the belfry, not by steps, but on an inclined plane; it is quadrangular, each side perhaps thirty feet, and the inclined plane or walk winds up the sides within. The belfry is a handsome balcony with a marble balustrade. From this elevated station Gallileo frequently made his astronomical observations.

The fronts of the palaces on this square form colonnades of lofty marble columns, supporting galleries which project from the second story; the space within the columns, which is covered by the galleries, affords a spacious walk where company usually resort. Along these walks opposite the columns, on one side of the square, there are a range of rich and showy shops, principally watch-makers and jewellers; on the other side the square are coffee houses. We passed through this square on our way to the exchange, where I expected to find a gentleman to whom I had letters of introduction; we found him there, and he received us with great civility. From him we understood that the emperor Napoleon was expected here in a few days, and that every body was occupied in making preparations to receive him. The spectacle on the water upon this occasion he said, would be highly worth seeing, as well as the theatrical entertainments, and he very politely assured us that he should

secure us places where we might enjoy both. Great numbers of boats with rich and shining ornaments are preparing to go out to meet the emperour and conduct him into the city. The Venetians are a kind of aquatic animals: they are born in the water, and as they have great pride as well as skill in preparing entertainments upon this element, we may expect that upon this occasion it will be brilliant indeed.

In coming to the exchange we past over the Rialto, the famous bridge so called, and which is the only one that crosses the grand canal; those that cross the other canals are very numerous. This is a very high arch of masonry, the chord of which is eighty-nine feet, being less than the width of the canal by the abutments. The walk on the bridge is paved, and there are a range of shops on each side of you as you go over it. This conceals the sight of the bridge from a passenger on it, but seen from the canal, it has a noble effect.

At the exchange, which is on the grand canal, we took a gondola and returned to our hotel. On our way we passed under the Rialto; it is a handsome piece of architecture, and we now had an opportunity of viewing all its beauties.

From every part of the grand canal you have a fine prospect; the sumptuous palaces which rise along its borders, the balconies which hang over it, their reflected images in the water, and the numerous boats which are passing swiftly along in every direction, render the scene extremely lively and beautiful.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SILVA, No. 54.

Et paulum silvae super his foret.

Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. 6. v. 3.

JOHN HUSS.

The following is the prophecy of Huss, which he is said to have pronounced to the council of Constance, who by a decree in violation of a safe conduct from the Emperor Sigismund, passed A. D. 1415, ordered him to be burnt.....“You are now going to roast a *Goose*; (Hus is German for a goose) but in a hundred years a *Swan* (Luther in German is a Swan) will come, whom ye shall not be able to destroy.”

JEWS HARP.

WHO invented this delectable instrument, and at what period its melody first vibrated on the ear; whether its origin is fairly ascribable to a descendant of Abraham, or to Vincentio Galilei, or Martianus Capella, or any other of the learned musicians of old de Lancaster, it is impossible to say. Cumberland has made the last mentioned character display vast erudition upon all sorts of harps, but no poetry. Let David Williams, or his successor, set to musick the following ode to a Jews Harp, which is probably the offspring of James Boswell's muse.

Sweet instrument ! which, fix'd in yellow teeth,
So clear, so sprightly and so gay is found,
Whether you breathe along the shore of Leith,
Or Lomond's lofty cliffs thy strains resound ;
Struck by a taper finger's gentle tip,
Ah softly in our ears the pleasing murmers slip !

Where'er thy lively musick's found,
All are jumping, dancing round :
Ev'n trusty William lifts a leg,
And capers, like sixteen, with Peg ;
Both old and young confess thy pow'rful sway,
They skip like madmen and they frisk away.
Rous'd by the magick of the charming air,
The yawning dogs forego their heavy slumbers,
The ladies listen on the narrow stair,
And captain Andrew straight forgets his numbers.
Cats and mice give o'er their batt'ling,
Pewter plates on shelves are ratt'ling,
But falling down, the noise my lady hears,
Whose scolding drowns the trump more tuneful than the spheres.

DUTCHMEN.

Every one knows, that they burn peat or turf in Holland. The Dutch have been well compared to their own fuel, which it is very hard to get completely on fire, and which it is vain to attempt to hasten ; but when once on fire, it holds its heat for ever.

WILLIAM NOY.

Howell says of Noy, that "with infinite pains and indefatigable study he came to his knowledge of the law ;" but I never heard a more pertinent anagram than was made of his name.....
I. Moyl in Law.

AN UNLUCKY ESCAPE.

Lucas Holstenius was dining one day at the table of the Cardinal Francis Barberini, in company with two or three learned men; and as he was warmly engaged in dispute, there escaped him in the heat of the debate, a clear and decided explosion *a posteriori*. The cardinal smiled; the guests to whom he was speaking burst out in a broad laugh. Holstenius, without being disconcerted, turned to the cardinal, and said; "I can very well apply to your eminence the following passage of Virgil in my own name,

Tu das epulis accumbere Divûm,

But not the next line,

Ventorumque facis tempestatumque potentem.

This was thought very happy, because neither the cardinal nor the others recollected that in Virgil it is *nimborumque* and not *ventorumque*. ÆNEID. l. 80.

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

The struggle to abolish this most infamous traffick was maintained, with various success, by the friends of justice, humanity and religion, for about one hundred years in the United States and Great Britain, before their hopes were accomplished. It originated among a small number of quakers, at one of their meetings, in Philadelphia, when only eight persons were present, near the commencement of the eighteenth century. The question arose in a scruple of conscience. The sect never lost sight of the object afterwards. The beginning of the nineteenth century saw it finally destroyed in the United States and in Great Britain. Sweden and Denmark had prohibited it several years before. It may be resumed by the Dutch, French and Spaniards, but not while the present war continues. And should this last a few years longer, it may be out of their power to revive it; as the factors and agents who kept alive the wars among the Africans, that produced the victims, will be done away, and perhaps some of the attempts to introduce civilization in Africa may so far succeed as to prevent a renewal of this inhuman commerce.

MOTTO FOR A DENTIST.

There was a dentist in Paris, remarkable for drawing bad teeth, and replacing them by others with great success. He had his picture in his shop, with this motto from Virgil,

Uno avulso non deficit alter.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ORIGINAL LETTERS;FROM AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN EUROPE TO HIS FRIENDS IN
THIS COUNTRY.

LETTER THIRTY SECOND.

ROME, NOVEMBER 22, 1804.

MY DEAR SISTER,

ANIMATED by the examination of objects highly interesting in themselves, and peculiarly so as they are connected with those parts of ancient history which made the first and therefore the strongest impressions on our minds, one hardly knows how far others, who cannot partake of the enthusiasm produced by the presence of the objects themselves, will feel an interest in the description of them. What an unpleasant dilemma! If I am silent, I shall either be accused of indifference to my friends, or of cold apathy towards those interesting scenes which have excited the zeal of travellers in all ages. If I am as particular as I feel disposed to be, in the description of this scenery, I fear I shall disgust by tedious prolixity.....I have resolved, however, to hazard the last, and I shall shew you Rome as it has appeared to my eyes, simply and naturally, without any affectation or embellishments of style.

Rome, even *modern* Rome, is more varied in its beauties, more singular, and more interesting than any city in Europe. Nature has done every thing for it, and human genius, as if grateful for the favours of heaven, has exerted its utmost powers to decorate nature. The surface of the country within and around Rome is neither rough nor smooth; it consists of swelling lawns, of gentle acclivities, of picturesque mountains, of smiling vallies, of cultivated plains, and the whole is intersected by various streams which pour their united treasures into the majestick Tiber. I have seen some writers, or I have heard of some travellers, I cannot now, nor *do I wish* to recollect whom, speak contemptuously of the Tiber. I cannot conceive the grounds of such an opinion. It is little, if any inferior to the Seine or the Thames. If it lacks a few feet of the width of those rivers, it is not perceptible to the eye, and it certainly has sufficient width to give it both beauty and respectability. Virgil and Horace then had as fair a right to celebrate the Tiber, as Pope or Denham to sing the praises of the Thames. The envi-

rons of Rome are vastly more beautiful than those of London or of Paris. There is more variety of surface, and richness of scenery. The continued and constant occurrence of ancient ruins near Rome, covered as they all are with ivy, or ornamented with ever-greens, which have sprung up spontaneously in the crevices, made by time, would of itself be sufficient to give it a decided preference over its rivals. Of the nature and extent of this species of beauty, I can give you but a faint idea in description; perhaps some sketches that I may bring home will furnish a more correct notion.

There are within the city of Rome two distinct classes of objects, both of which are interesting, but whose interest depends on very different grounds; the ancient relics, and the modern works of taste and luxury. Time, prescription, history, taste have consecrated the one.....wealth, luxury, genius have conspired to render the other equally imposing. If Rome had her Grecian sculptors and architects in ancient times, she has been no less celebrated for her own painters and sculptors in modern days. Praxiteles and Polidorus would not blush to own the works of Michael Angelo, nor wrest the chisel from the hands of Bernini.

Before I enter into a detail of the curious and interesting works of art which Rome at present boasts, it may not be useless to make some remarks upon the ancient and modern artists. If they are not new, they will have the merit at least of being stated without reference to the opinion of any writer, and without my being conscious of being indebted to any one. Perhaps you will think, that I might have spared myself the remark, and that no one would have suspected that I had borrowed such ideas.

It seems to be conceded, that the moderns excel the ancients as much in the art of painting as the ancients excelled the moderns in any art whatever. Dr. Moore, to be sure, suggests a doubt upon this point, and says, that we ought not to judge of the works of the ancients in this branch of taste, because we have seen none of their chef d'oeuvres, but as *all* the paintings of the ancients which have been discovered, are deficient in one of the first essentials of all good painting, *perspective*, I think it is fair to conclude, that they had never attained to any great perfection in this art. What most fully confirms me in this opinion is, the infinite pains the ancients took to represent their histories or remarkable events in bas relief, which is, you know, a picture sculptured in marble, stone, or bronze, so as to relieve the figures from the surface. Now this art was very laborious and expensive, and painting produces the same effect, with the additional advantage of natural colouring.

In sculpture it has been fashionable to say, that the ancients vastly exceeded the moderns, and to be sure it would be but a grateful return in the artists of the present day to grant them this claimed pre-eminence, because it is unquestionable, that the fine models of the ancients have been the schools in which

the moderns have studied with success, and perhaps it might even be conceded, that no effort of modern talent can be said to equal the grace and dignity of the Belvidere Apollo, the beauty and infinite delicacy of the Venus de Medicis, or the agonizing tortures of the Laocoon; but we must not suffer ourselves to be deceived by names, we must not believe, that the chisel of the ancients universally, or even GENERALLY, like the pencil of the moderns, distanced all comparison. No: far from it. You find an immense number of *ANTIQUE*, clumsy, ill designed, worse executed statues, and but a very small proportion of good ones, among a thousand; and on the contrary, the works of Michael Angelo, Bernini, John of Bologna, and Le Gros excite a deep interest in the same gallery with the works of the first masters of ancient times. There is a living artist, Mons. Canova, who has executed a Hebe in a style, which Praxiteles would have been willing to acknowledge. Where then is the boasted superiority of the ancients? Is it fled? or have you undertaken to overturn established opinions? Not at all; but I think it my duty to give my own opinions, and not those that others may have *made for me*.

It is in *architecture*, that the ancients had a superiority, which the moderns have hitherto vainly, and I believe will ever vainly, attempt to imitate. Works of genius always partake of the character of the age in which they are produced. The modern Italians are more refined than their predecessors the Romans. Sculpture and painting are *refined arts*. The subjects require delicacy rather than boldness, research rather than simplicity. The Romans were bold, masculine, noble in their sentiments, characters, exploits. Their architecture partakes of these traits. It is simple, grand, imposing. The extent of their palaces, baths, circuses, appal the moderns. To build them would exhaust a modern empire. It would alarm the courage of Bonaparte to attempt the arduous task of moving to Paris from Rome *one* of the vast obelisks, of which the Romans moved twenty from Egypt. How these things were effected is now a matter of fruitless inquiry and wonder. The modern buildings are surcharged with ornament; they are rich and magnificent, but only with the spoils of *ancient edifices*. I am correct in saying, that the most splendid of all modern buildings * owes all its *richness* to ancient magnificence and taste.

NOVEMBER 26, 1804.

MY DEAR SISTER,

THOUGH you are addressed last, you are not *least*, I do assure you, in my affections. I have written your husband some days since, and you are so much a disciple of the old school, that I am fully persuaded you think him your *better half*. Without settling this point so delicate between you, I write to you *both*,

* St. Peter's at Rome.

which I think will take away all occasion of umbrage or jealousy. With this you will also receive my tenderest wishes for the health of your dear infants, for the *reasonable charms* of your girls, for the masculine firmness and good sense of your son, and for the happiness of you all. I have commenced the description of Rome by some account of the columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, and I am now about to give you some account of the *Obelisks*.

Of this species of ornament, peculiarly beautiful and noble in a great city, there formerly existed a great number in Rome. They are all of Egyptian origin, and are most of them ornamented with hieroglyphicks, a species of imperfect language, by which the Egyptians expressed ideas by symbols. Antiquarians, though they agree in the general use of hieroglyphicks, are yet so imperfectly acquainted with the manner in which they were used, that they are not agreed as to the ideas which were meant to be conveyed upon *any one* of the existing obelisks. Some think that they were intended to record historical facts, while others contend that they were only the calendars of their religious feasts.

Leaving these learned points to be settled by great men who choose to puzzle their brains, and spend their lives in this unavailing research, I shall state simply the points in which the obelisks are really curious, and give some account of those which remain.

They are then curious, *first* from their *immense* size, composed as they *all were* of *one single* stone; and secondly from that species of stone which is extremely rare in Europe, the oriental granite, excessively hard, *resisting wholly* the bold, and *to every other body*, the irresistible attacks of time; and yielding only to the most laborious exertions of human power. Though the ancients brought them from Egypt, yet so vast appeared the labour of moving them, that it was considered one of the most glorious events of the Pontificate of Sixtus V. that having found one of these obelisks in a recumbent posture, he had been able to raise it to a perpendicular; and this event they have taken care to commemorate by a learned inscription on the base.

Of the whole number of Egyptian obelisks which formerly contributed so much to the splendour of Rome, there remain at present erected only seven.

The first, which strikes your attention from its position in the Piazza del Popolo where you enter Rome, was raised in Heliopolis (the city of the Sun, as the name imports) by Sesostris, king of Egypt, and was afterwards transported to Rome by Augustus Caesar, and placed in the Circus Maximus, where it was thrown down by the Goths probably; and in 1589, Sixtus V. the reigning Pope, transported it to the place where it now stands. It is ornamented with hieroglyphicks, and is 74 feet high.

The second is placed on Monte Citerio, the place of justice in Rome. This was erected like the other in Heliopolis, by the

same king. It was transported to Rome by Augustus, and erected on the Campus Martius, where it served as the gnomon for a meridian, (to cast the shadow of the sun). It is charged with hieroglyphicks, was found buried in the ground, where historians record, that it was erected, broken in five pieces. It was perfectly repaired and erected by the last Pope, Pius VI. in 1789, and is 68 feet high. It was, *like all* the rest, originally of *one stone*.

The third was erected by Smarce and Ephec, two princes of Egypt, and was transported to Rome by Claudius, the emperor, and placed before the august mausoleum of Augustus Caesar, the first of the Roman emperours. It was found near it, and was transported to the church of St. Mary Majiur (one of the most superb in Rome) and erected near its north front by Sixtus V. It is 63 feet high, including the pedestal, and has no hieroglyphicks.

The fourth is erected very near the house in which we live, on Monte Trinita, in front of the Grand Piazza d'Espagne, and at the head of one of the noblest Escaliers, *or set of steps*, in the world. In order to mount to a celebrated church, on a very celebrated hill, the ambassadours of France, aided by the Popes, have erected a set of stone steps, not less than one hundred feet wide, and consisting of an immense number of stairs, ornamented with sculpture, and marble ballustrades; it is certainly one of the most splendid things in Rome. At the top of this stair case stands an obelisk, which formerly ornamented the gardens of *Sallust*. It is about sixty feet high, with the pedestal, and was removed hither by Clement XII. It is ornamented with hieroglyphicks.

In front of the palace of the Pope, on the ancient mons Quirinalis stands the fifth obelisk. It was in the mausoleum of Augustus, and was removed hither by the last pope. It is forty five feet high, without the pedestal, and is of red granite.

The sixth and *highest*, stands before St. John, in Laterano, the oldest, and, next to St. Peter's, the most splendid church in Rome. It is the largest ever erected in the world, as far as is known. It was erected first at Thebes, by Ramesses, king of Egypt, three thousand years ago. Constantine the Great removed it to Alexandria, with a design to transport it to Constantinople, but died before it was effected. His son Constantius removed it to Rome, and placed it in the Circus Maximus. Sixtus V. cleared it from the ruins of that theatre, where it was buried sixteen feet, and where it had been broken in three pieces, and erected it where it now stands. It is of red granite, and ornamented with hieroglyphicks; is one hundred and fifteen feet high, and nine feet wide, without the base or pedestal.

The last, and on the whole *most striking* and *valuable* obelisk, is *that* in front of the Vatican, which was never overthrown or broken. Nuncore, king of Egypt, raised it at Heliopolis, and it was brought to Rome by order of Caligula, and erected in the circus of Nero. *An immense vessel* was made for the purpose of

transporting it, which was sunk afterwards to form the port of Ostia. It was removed in 1586, to where it now stands, and though but a very short distance, its removal cost 40,000 dollars. It is not so large as the one last mentioned, being only one hundred and twenty-four feet, including the pedestal, and is not ornamented with hieroglyphicks.

Thus I think I have given you a very tedious, if it is not a good account of the obelisks at Rome. The truth is, that these objects strike us with awe and admiration, when we see them, and we are apt to forget that we cannot transfer the same august impressions to others. But I still think that if you will fancy *an immense column* of the hardest stone, four times as high as an ordinary dwelling house, and weighing, as one of them does, 973,000 pounds, or about 500 tons, if you couple with this idea the duration of this monument from times almost of fable, and its transportation, at a period when navigation was in its infancy, across the Mediterranean, you may account for my being so zealous to transmit you some account of them.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

REMARKER, No. 45.

"The ablest men, that ever were, have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity; but then, they were like horses, well managed, for they could tell passing well, when to stop."

BACON'S ESSAYS.

ONE of the most difficult, and at the same time important points of morality, is that which respects the law of truth. In this particular, persons not among the abandoned part of society, but whose principles are pliant to circumstances, are often observed to obey the rule with not a few exceptions; and the most considerate and wary, who mean that their yea shall be yea, and nay nay, may be admonished frequently to inquire, if they adhere to the straight forward path of sincerity with all the exactness which becomes their pretensions.

The code of minor morals, which takes cognizance of the ordinary intercourse, and the every day actions of life, consigns the wanton and shameless liar to the bottom of the scale that marks the gradations of human character. He is despised as a fool and a coward, if not detested as a criminal and a knave. His folly so generally recoils upon himself, and his duplicity so plagues the inventor, that it may be naturally expected, that contempt and pity should almost predominate over resentment and

abhorrence. But the common judgment, which brands the gross prevaricator and habitual trickster with ignominy, may be supposed to overlook or excuse many cases of plausible, and less glaring insincerity, which an enlightened and tender conscience will not fail to condemn, and avoid. The law of honour does not always run parallel with the law of God; and fashion and custom give a sanction or an indulgence to maxims, which a true system of morality and the authority of religion refuse to allow. The extent of the obligation to speak the truth, ethical doctors, apparently in an equal degree its friends, determine differently. Whether a voluntary deception be ever lawful, is a standing question for syllogistick and forensick disputation in all the universities. Some teachers agree, that such deception may be required by particular cases in practice, but must never be allowed in theory. Thus "they incur a charge of deception in the very act of persuading their neighbours that a deception is never to be admitted." On this subject, it is believed, an honest mind is generally a sufficient instructor. It is very certain, that veracity should not be forsaken by prudence. Not all truth may be spoken, nor at all times. There is a distinction between the "*suppressio veri*" and "*suggestio falsi*," between simulation and dissimulation. None but a dolt or a bravo will discard every degree of concealment and reserve, and tell all he thinks. Some people make a boast of always speaking their mind. The merit, however, of this frankness, depends on the sort of mind they speak; for if it be a bad one, there would be more merit in keeping their own secret, and letting their spleen, and anger, and envy and malice spend their force within. This abusive sincerity may prove the defect of the judgment, or strength of the passions, the coarseness of the character, or the brutality of the disposition; but it cannot prove respect for truth. Censor is a shrewd judge of character; an accurate weigher of the merits and demerits of his associates; and a free speaker of the opinions he forms. Whilst he is lavish of praise on his favourites, he is entirely willing that those whom he rates low in point of talents or virtue should have no room to imagine he esteems them more than he does. The consequence is that he loses the good will by wounding the self love of some very worthy people; and is thought, by those who see only this trait of his character, more acute than wise, and more frank than amiable.

The common language of civility has given rise to much casuistical ingenuity, and tender scrupulosity. One of the christian sects, making no distinction between the literal and the received meaning of words, cannot possibly say *master*, because the tongue must exactly declare the sentiments. Yet the same sect will address every man indiscriminately by the appellation of friend; although the use of the word friend intends no more friendship, than that of master does service. The common phrases of politeness are a current coin, which, it is admitted,

is not pure, but which may be honestly employed, because its alloy is ascertained, and its worth understood. With this knowledge, there is no fraud, if there is folly in trading with each other in money of a high nominal and little real value. The subscription of humble servant to a letter means not that you are either, but simply that you are on civil terms with your correspondent. The same apology is made, with what propriety we leave at present unsettled, for the practice of a servant denying his master or mistress (for to the ladies it chiefly belongs) which is said to be only a courteous manner of telling a visitor that you accept the compliment of his call, but cannot conveniently give him your time. It has been justly observed, that a lover of truth, and a man of dignified and delicate mind, will use as few of the high-strained expressions of civility in common use as will answer. They were originally introduced, it is alleged, from servility, and designed to soothe haughtiness and vanity; and they imprint a character of slavishness upon language. While the fashionable interpretation is coming into vogue, and before it is diffused, they are lies to those who are ignorant of the change. They embarrass timorous and uninformed minds, and tempt them to say what they apprehend unlawful.

Party falsehoods and misrepresentations are as common in practice as if they were not disclaimed in profession. A novice in affairs would think it was an established principle, that enemies and rivals have no rights, and that every thing may be said against them, which will pass for true, however unfounded. It is the glory of a man to say, he may be trusted with every cause.

Pious frauds, the tricks of popularity, and the exaggerations of eloquence, afford examples of the liberties which are taken with the law of truth. The management of political concerns is often said to proceed in a serpentine course, that looks to plain observers very like to deception; and has occasioned the noble art of politicks to be defined the art of circumventing and deceiving. It is said to have happened, that in an enlightened popular assembly a good end might be effected most readily by indirect means; that the merits of a question might be an obstacle to its fair discussion; and that false pretexts for an important measure would do more for its adoption than the true reasons. Considering, however, that in a contest of duplicity, the dishonest side must necessarily have the advantage, the advocates of the right show their wisdom, not less than probity, by declining a game, in which the odds are plainly against them, and taking the chance of their honesty. Let it be considered as an axiom, that no end can ever justify the sacrifice of a principle. Let those who pursue lawful objects be confined to lawful means, and repel every proposal to meet unfairness by unfairness, and defeat cunning by cunning. By deserving success they may so often command it, as to have no cause to say they are losers on the whole by their integrity.

Calumny and defamation are allowed to be as base as they are frequent. We cannot be too much on our guard against these detestable and pernicious vices. It ought not however to be forgotten that truth and sincerity are violated by false praise, as well as by false censure. The facility of obtaining letters of recommendation, certificates of merit in a particular art, and attestations of good conduct in a station whose duties have not been discharged to the satisfaction of the employers, evinces that good nature, importunity, or cowardice, will often prevail over integrity. Undeserved commendation procures for the object of it undeserved confidence, and annihilates the distinction between characters, which the publick and individuals have an interest in seeing maintained.

Flattery is a common garb of deceit. It can be turned to so much account, it is not surprising that a careful abstinence from this fault is rare. It is not confined to countries governed by kings and nobles ; but is brought to a good market not less in a republick than a monarchy, in a town meeting than in a royal court. Indiscriminate assentation is sometimes the price of the rich man's favour. The people's suffrage not seldom goes to those who tell the sovereign he can do no wrong ; and they are strangely out of place in a drawing-room, who make sincerity the law of their conversation, in every instance. Let him who intends to adhere to truth, distinguish between civility and kindness, and obsequiousness and adulation. A man of virtue stands in no need of flattery to keep him a votary of virtue ; and a bad man, by estimating his character according to the report of his flatterers, is encouraged in his faults and vices. Colloquial romancing, is an infirmity of some people, which both a sense of reputation, and a regard to truth ought to teach them to avoid. They must excite the minds of their company, be thought prodigies, raise surprise or astonishment ; and therefore supply by fiction the want of stimulus in truth. Dr. Paley has well represented the evil of this species of falsehood ; observing first that they who practise it allege, "that so long as the facts they relate are indifferent, and their narratives, though false, are inoffensive, it may seem a superstitious regard to truth, to censure them merely for truth's sake."

"In the first place," says he, "it is almost impossible to pronounce beforehand, with certainty, concerning any lie, that it is inoffensive." Volat irrevocabile ; and collects sometimes accretions in its flight, which entirely change its nature. It may owe possibly its mischief to the officiousness or misrepresentation of those who circulate it ; but the mischief is, nevertheless, in some degree chargeable upon the original editor.

In the next place, this liberty in conversation defeats its own end. Much of the pleasure, and all the benefit of conversation, depends upon our opinion of the speaker's veracity, for which this rule leaves no foundation. The faith indeed of a hearer must be extremely perplexed, who considers the speaker, or

believes that the speaker considers himself, as under no obligation to adhere to truth, but according to the particular importance of what he relates.

But beside and above both these reasons, *white* lies always introduce others of a darker complexion. I have seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles, that could be trusted in matters of importance. Nice distinctions are out of the question, upon occasions, which, like those of speech, return every hour. The habit, therefore, of lying, when once formed, is easily extended to serve the designs of malice or interest; like all habits, it spreads indeed of itself.

LETTERS FROM HON. JOHN ADAMS AND MRS. ADAMS, TO
THOMAS BRAND-HOLLIS, ESQ.

[As I had the honour of being known to Mr. Adams while he was resident in England, I had the less difficulty in applying to him by letter for his permission to make use, in the present volume, of his correspondence with Mr. Brand-Hollis. In his answer, dated Quincy near Boston, November 9, 1807, he has very obligingly left the publication of his letters to be regulated by my discretion; and, I trust, he will not have any occasion hereafter to think his confidence in any respect misplaced. Mr. Adams's language is appropriate to my friend, and consistent with every profession of friendship he made while Mr. Brand-Hollis was living. At the same time he expresses himself so friendly towards myself, that I am induced to register my authority for making this communication to the public, by giving a short extract from his letter, which was on other accounts very interesting.

"I was," says he, "agreeably surprised, the last week, on receiving a very kind and obliging letter from you, dated the Hyde, near Ingatestone, the 24th of August. A seat where I had formerly passed many agreeable hours with a gentleman, whom I esteemed as a man of sense and letters, and a friend of liberty and humanity.

"It is true that several letters have passed between me and Mr. Brand-Hollis: but I have only a confused recollection of their contents. I have no hesitation, however, to confide to your discretion to make any use of them you may think proper. Mrs. Adams desires me to say to you, that she has so much respect for your judgment, that she is willing you should also make what use you please of hers."]

MEM. OF T. B. HOLLIS.

I.

TO THOMAS BRAND-HOLLIS, ESQ. THE HYDE, NEAR INGATESTONE,
ESSEX.

Grosvenor Square, January 4, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

I am in your debt for several very friendly letters, all of which shall be answered hereafter. I have had a great cold, which brought with it some fever, and has disabled me from every thing for three weeks.

Your kind invitation for Wednesday the 9th is accepted with pleasure by Mr. Smith as well as myself.

And now, sir, for other matters. Our new constitution does not expressly say that juries shall not extend to civil causes.—Nor, I presume, is it intended, to take away the trial by jury in any case, in which you, sir, yourself would wish to preserve it. Maritime causes must be decided by the law of nations, and in conformity to the practice of the world. In these cases juries would not be willing to sit as judges, nor would the parties be contented with their judgment. Juries understand not the nature, nor the law of foreign transactions. We began, about twelve years ago, with juries in our courts of admiralty: but I assure you, the parties, witnesses, juries, judges, and all the world became so weary of the innovation upon trial, that it was laid aside by a new law with universal satisfaction. The examinations or interrogatories of witnesses and parties, in short the whole course of proceedings, as well as all the rules of evidence, must be changed, before juries could be introduced with propriety.

Taxes on advertisements, and on every thing that contributes to facilitate the communication of knowledge, I should wish to avoid as much as possible.

Whether the human mind has limits or not, we ought not to fix a limit to its improvement, until we find it and are sure of it:—incumbered with gross bodies and weak senses, there must be some bounds to its refinements in this world: you and I entertain the joyous hope of other states of improvement without end: and for my part, I wish that you and I may know each other, and pursue the same objects together in all of them. Fair science, equity, liberty, and society will be adorable for ever.

I am, with great esteem,
my dear sir,

your friend and servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

II.

Fountain Inn, Portsmouth, April 5, 1788.

MY DEAR SIR,

If ever there was any philosophic solitude, your two friends have found it in this place, where we have been wind bound, a whole week, without a creature to speak to. Our whole business, pleasure and amusement has been reading Necker's Religious Opinions, Hayley's Old Maids, and Cumberland's fourth Observer. Our whole stock is now exhausted, and if the ship should not arrive with a fresh supply of books, we shall be obliged to write romances to preserve us from melancholy.

I know not whether atheism has made much progress in England: and perhaps it would do more hurt than good to pub-

lish any thing upon the subject, otherwise Necker's book appears to me to deserve the best translation and edition that can be made of it. Mr. Mortimer perhaps might find his account in it. Necker's subject is so much more interesting to human nature, that I am almost disgusted with my own. Yet my countrymen have so much more need of arguments against errors in government, than in religion, that I am again comforted and encouraged. At this moment there is a greater fermentation throughout all Europe upon the subject of government, than was perhaps ever known, at any former period. France, Holland, and Flanders are alive to it. Is government a science or not? Are there any principles on which it is founded? What are its ends? If indeed there is no rule; no standard; all must be accident and chance. If there is a standard, what is it? It is easier to make a people discontented with a bad government, than to teach them how to establish and maintain a good one. Liberty can never be created and preserved without a people: and by a people, I mean a common people, in contradistinction from the gentlemen; and a people can never be created and preserved without an executive authority in one hand, separated entirely from the body of the gentlemen. The two ladies Aristocratia and Democratia will eternally pull caps, till one or other is mistress. If the first is the conqueress, she never fails to depress and debase her rival into the most deplorable servitude. If the last conquers, she eternally surrenders herself into the arms of a ravisher. Kings, therefore, are the natural allies of the common people, and the prejudices against them are by no means favourable to liberty. Kings and the common people have both a common enemy in the gentlemen, and they must unite in some degree or other against them, or both will be destroyed; the one dethroned and the other enslaved. The common people too are unable to defend themselves against their own ally, the king, without another ally in the gentlemen. It is, therefore, indispensably necessary, that the gentlemen in a body, or by representatives, should be an independent and essential branch of the constitution. By a king, I mean a single person possessed of the whole executive power. You have often said to me, that it is difficult to preserve the balance. This is true. It is difficult to preserve liberty. But there can be no liberty without some balance; and it is certainly easier to preserve a balance of three branches than of two. If the people cannot preserve a balance of three branches, how is it possible for them to preserve one of two only? If the people of England find it difficult to preserve their balance at present, how would they do, if they had the election of a king, and an house of lords to make, once a year, or once in seven years, as well as of an house of commons? It seems evident at first blush, that periodical elections of the king and peers in England, in addition to the commons, would produce agitations that must destroy all order and safety as well as liberty. The gentlemen too, can never defend themselves

against a brave and united common people, but by an alliance with a king; nor against a king, without an alliance with the common people. It is the insatiability of human passions, that is the foundation of all government. Men are not only ambitious, but their ambition is unbounded: they are not only avaricious, but their avarice is insatiable. The desires of kings, gentlemen and common people, all increase, instead of being satisfied by indulgence. This fact being allowed, it will follow that it is necessary to place checks upon them all. Pray write me upon these subjects when I arrive in America.

I am, with sincere esteem,
my dear sir, yours,

JOHN ADAMS.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.

III.

Fountain Inn, Cowes, Isle of Wight, April 9, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

I have, to day, received your kind letter of the 7th, and the valuable books that accompanied it; Mariana, Corio, and Ramsay, for which I most heartily thank you.

I wish I could write romances. True histories of my wanderings and waitings for ships and winds at Ferol and Corunna in Spain; at Nantes, Lorient and Brest in France; at Helvoet, the island of Goree, and Over Flackee in Holland; and at Harwich, Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight in England, would make very entertaining romances in the hands of a good writer.

It is very true, as you say, that "royal despots endeavour to prevent the science of government from being studied." But it is equally true that aristocratical despots, and democratical despots too, endeavour to suppress the study, and with equal success. The aristocracies in Holland, Poland, Venice, Bern, &c. are as inexorable to the freedom of inquiry in religion, but especially in politicks, as the monarchies of France, Spain, Prussia, or Russia. It is in mixed governments only that political toleration exists, and in Needham's "Excellencie of a free state," or right constitution, the majority would be equally intolerant. Every unbalanced power is intolerant.

I admire your magnificent idea of an "imperial republic:" but would not republican jealousy startle at this title, even more than that of a "regal republic?"

I mentioned to you that I found, in your favourite writer Mr. Hutcheson, Zeno named as a friend to the balance.* I have since received further information from Diogenes Laertius, lib. 7. cap. 1. n. 66. If you find any thing more of the sentiments of Zeno, upon this subject, let me pray you to note it.

* See his system of Moral Philosophy, vol. II, b. 3. ch. 6, p. 257 and 258. and note.

Cumberland, in his *Observer*, mentions Heniochus, an Athenian comedian, as enumerating several "cities fallen into egregious folly and declension, from having delivered themselves over to be governed at the discretion of two certain female personages, whom I shall name to you: the one Democracy; Aristocracy the other. From this fatal moment universal anarchy and misrule inevitably fall upon those cities, and they are lost!"* I wish to know his authority for this quotation, and to know the words of the original. Perhaps it is found in *Ælian* or *Athenæus*. I wish to collect every word from antiquity, in favour of an equal mixture of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy. It is an honour to the idea, that Zeno approved it; for he was, I think, one of the wisest and profoundest of the philosophers. The loss of his book "*De Lege*," is a great misfortune to me; I have often met with a quotation from some of the Greek commentators, which speaks of two quarrelsome women, *Aristocratia* and *Democratia*, but never knew before that it was taken from Heniochus.

When will these lazy winds arise, and relieve you for a time from the trouble given you by your affectionate and obliged

JOHN ADAMS.

Mrs. A. and I have been to visit Carisbroke castle, once the prison of the booby Charles. At what moment did Cromwell become ambitious? is a question I have heard asked in England. I answer, before he was born. He was ambitious every moment of his life. He was a canting dog. I hate him for his hypocrisy: but I think he had more sense than his friends. He saw the necessity of three branches, as I suspect. If he did, he was perfectly right in wishing to be a king. I don't agree with those who impute to him the whole blame of an unconditional restoration. They were the most responsible for it, who obstinately insisted on the abolition of monarchy. If they would have concurred in a rational reform of the constitution, Cromwell would have joined them.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.

IV.

Braintree, near Boston, December 3, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

If I had been told at my first arrival, that five months would pass before I should write a line to Mr. Brand-Hollis, I should not have believed it. I found my estate, in consequence of a total neglect and inattention on my part for fourteen years, was falling to decay; and in so much disorder, as to require my whole exertion to repair it. I have a great mind to essay a description of it. It is not large in the first place. It is but the farm of a patriot. But there are in it two or three spots, from

* *Observer*, No. 146.

whence are to be seen some of the most beautiful prospects in the world. I wish the Hyde was within ten miles, or that Mr. Brand-Hollis would come and build an Hyde near us. I have a fine meadow that I would christen by the name of Hollis-Mead, if it were not too small. The hill where I now live is worthy to be called Hollis-Hill: but as only a small part of the top of it belongs to me, it is doubtful whether it would succeed. There is a fine brook runs through a meadow by my house, shall I call it Hollis-brook?

What shall I say to you of our public affairs? The increase of population is wonderful. The plenty of provisions of all kind, amazing: and cheap in proportion to their abundance, and the scarcity of money, which certainly is very great. The agriculture, fisheries, manufactures and commerce of the country are very well, much better than I expected to find them.

* * * * *

The elections for the new government have been determined very well hitherto in general. You may have the curiosity to ask what share your friend is to have? I really am at a loss to guess. The probability, at present, seems to be that I shall have no lot in it. I am in the habit of *balancing* every thing. In one scale is vanity; in the other comfort. Can you doubt which will preponderate? In public life I have found nothing but the former; in private life, I have enjoyed much of the latter.

I regret the loss of the booksellers' shops, and the society of the few men of letters that I knew in London. In all other respects I am much happier and better accommodated here. Shall I hope to hear from you, as you have leisure? A letter left at the New England coffee-house, will be brought me by some of our Boston captains.

With great esteem and much affection,
I am, dear sir, your sincere friend,
and very humble servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.
Chesterfield-street, Westminster.

V.

Boston, October 28, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

It was not till the last evening that I had the pleasure of your favour, with the pamphlets. They were sent to New-York, but had not arrived when I left it. Mrs. A. has sent the letter back to me. Accept of my thanks for the kindness.

This town has been wholly employed in civilities to the president for some days, and greater demonstrations of confidence

and affection are not, cannot be given, in your quarter of the globe to their adored crowned heads.

I wrote to you, my dear friend, a year ago, by a vessel which was lost at sea, and have been much mortified that I have not been able to write to you oftener. But we are men of business here, whether we will or no; and so many things that give us only trouble crowd in upon us, that we have little time left for those which would afford us pleasure.

My country has assigned me a station, which requires constant attention and painful labour: but I shall go through it with cheerfulness, provided my health can be preserved in it. There is a satisfaction in living with our beloved chief, and so many of our venerable patriots, that no other country, and no other office in this country, could afford me.

What is your opinion of the struggle in France? Will it terminate happily? Will they be able to form a constitution? You know that in my political creed, the word liberty is not the thing; nor is resentment, revenge, and rage, a constitution, nor the means of obtaining one. Revolutions perhaps can never be effected without them: but men should always be careful to distinguish an unfortunate concomitant of the means from the means themselves: and especially not to mistake the means for the end.

My most cordial regards to all our friends, and believe me to be ever yours,

JOHN ADAMS.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

Commentators have been extremely sagacious in their interpretation of the 14th Ode, in the first book of Horace. By the *ship*, say they, is meant the republick; *waves* intend discord and civil commotions; the *harbour*, peace; the *mast*, Pompey; the *yards*, senators; the *keel*, the treasury, &c. Every word, indeed, according to them, is a figure.

While, among the multitude, gazing at the *mimick ship*, in the republican procession, on the last 4th of July, this ode occurred to memory; and your learned board will determine, whether it be not a much more simple and satisfactory explanation to conceive the poet as merely indulging an effusion, on a similar exhibition, in the streets of Rome. That the unlearned reader,

as well as yourselves, may judge of the correctness of this explication, a version is subjoined. It is not exactly a translation, but more faithful than an imitation; and the quotations, annexed, will shew a careful regard to the original.

The word *Navis*, I have ventured to render *July-boat*. It would be tedious to set down all the authorities in support of this translation. It is indeed a free one; but the learned reader will find it is admissible. On one of the coins of Augustus there is a figure of a ship with oars, with this motto, FELICITATI AUG. Among the many spectacles and processions, with which Rome abounded, we have only to suppose a ship, thus appropriated to the Julian family, to be borne through the streets of the city. It would obtain the name, among the multitude, of the *Julian-ship*. Horace did not choose thus to designate it, because, it is obvious, that he indulges a degree of pleasantry on the occasion, which might not be altogether agreeable to his imperial master. Hence the obscurity, which involves this celebrated ode, and which has so long divided criticks and commentators. By a happy coincidence, this appellation becomes applicable to the exhibition on our 4th of July. The writer will be fortunate, if the printer do not attempt to shew his superiour correctness, by substituting, for this classical appellation, the vulgar term *Jolly-Boat*. It is easy to perceive, that this is only a corruption of that ancient expression.

LUCILIUS.

July 8, 1809.

HORACE, LIB. I, ODE XIV.

O JULY-BOAT, what do'st thou here ?
 What novel swell racks all thy gear ?
 Thy keel scarce stands the shock ;
 No oars equip thy labouring side,
 Your masts still tremble, as you ride ;
 Haste, haste again to Dock.

No sails thy useless yards display,
 No little cherub guides thy way,
 Fair daughter of the grove ;
 Where are your ancient honours hid ?
 Each genuine *Tar* now "*turns his quid*,"
 And jokes you, as you move.

O'er pavements rough, in crowded throng,
 With weary steps, I pac'd along,
 And watch'd your tide of flood.
 Through winding streets, and darkened lanes,
 Safe may'st thou pass, nor for thy pains,
 Be shipwreck'd in the mud.

VÉR. 1. O Navis ! referent ** te novi
 Fluctus ? O quid agis ? ****
 Vix durare carinae
 Possint **
 Nudum remigio latus.
 Et malus * saucius *
 Antennaeque gemant **.
 ** Fortiter occupa
 Portum ****.

V. 2. * Non tibi sunt integra lintea ;
 Non Di ****.
 Silvae filia nobilis
 Jactes et genus, et nomen inutile ;
 Nil ** navita **
 Fidit. Tu, nisi *
 Debes ludibrium, cave.

V. 3. Nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,
 Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
 Vites * Cycladas.

SUMMER EVENING.

How sweet the summer gales of night,
 That blow, when all is peaceful round ;
 As if some spirit's downy flight
 Swept silent through the blue profound.

How sweet at midnight to recline,
 Where flows their cool and fragrant stream ;
 There half repeat some raptur'd line ;
 There court each wild and fairy dream.

Or idly mark the volumed clouds,
 Their broad, deep mass of darkness throw,
 Where as the moon her radiance shrouds,
 Their changing sides with silver glow.

Or see where from that depth of shade,
 The ceaseless lightning faintly bright
 In silence plays, as if afraid
 To break the deep repose of night.

Or gaze on heav'n's unnumber'd fires,
 While dimly-imaged thoughts arise,
 And fancy, loosed from earth, aspires
 To search the secrets of the skies.

What various beings there reside,
 What forms of life to man unknown
 Drink the rich flow of bliss, whose tide
 Wells from beneath th' eternal throne.

Or life's uncertain scenes revolve,
And musing how to act or speak,
Feel some high wish, some proud resolve
Throb in the heart, or flush the cheek.

Meanwhile may reason's light, whose beam,
Dimmed by the world's oppressive gloom,
Sheds but a dull, unsteady gleam,
In this still hour its rays relume.

Then oft in this still hour be mine
The light all meaner passions fear,
The wandering thought, the high design,
And fairy dreams to virtue dear.

HORACE, ODE 30; LIB. I.

TO VENUS.

1. Oh lovely Venus, beauteous queen
Of Gnidus and the Cyprian isle,
Ah quit for once thy fav'rite scene,
And deign on Glycera to smile.
2. Within her temple, where she bends,
And breathes before thy shrine her prayer,
While high the fragrant cloud ascends,
Oh be thy sacred influence there.
3. And bring with thee thy wanton boy,
Warm with love's impetuous fire,
The nymphs, array'd in smiles of joy,
And graces in their loose attire.
4. With thee let winged Mercury come,
And jocund youth before thee move,
Youth*, beauteous only, when his bloom
Mingles with the blush of love.

C—.

* Et parum comis sine te juvenas.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

AUGUST, 1809.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quae commutanda, quae eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.

PLIN.

ART. 6.

The Columbiad, a poem, by Joel Barlow. Philadelphia; Fry and Kammerer. 4to. pp. 554.

IN the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven, was published by the author mentioned above the *Vision of Columbus*, which contains the outline and many of the materials of the present poem. The *Columbiad* however, beside very considerable additions, is improved and elevated throughout. It is, in its present state, a very uncommon production, and one, which, considering its general plan and the singular conformity of character in all its parts, forms a sort of epoch in the literature of our country.

The present poem opens in a very appropriate manner (as may appear) with an invocation to Freedom. That undoubtedly, in which the author wanted her assistance, and in which he has indeed been very successful, was in freeing himself from the old prescriptive rules of criticism, those rusty fetters by which genius has been so long manacled. The oppressive regulations, of which we speak, have produced, it is true, many murmurs of disgust and many symptoms of sedition, but still their authority was in some degree respected, and before the author of this poem none had dared to break out into such open rebellion and defiance. It is this, which constitutes the grand characteristic of the work; and of this we shall now proceed to give a few of the more remarkable instances.

The present work obviously comes nearer to the class of epick poems, than to any other. With regard to these it has been

required, that they should have for their subject one single great event, to which all their parts are to have relation. The present poem, on the contrary, avoiding this tedious uniformity, treats of a variety of things, which have no common bond of connection, except their nearer or more remote reference to one or the other of the grand divisions of the continent of America. The first book is geographical, and contains an account of its mountains and rivers, and of the face of the country in general. The six next books are historical and fictitious, and narrate events, which have been, or might have been transacted in either of the divisions of the continent before mentioned, relating, for instance, to the history of Capac, the first of the race of Incas, in South America, and to the planting of the British colonies in North America, to their early wars, and finally to the revolution, by which they were separated from their parent country. The eighth book is miscellaneous, and has no particular subject; and the two remaining books are retrospective and prophetic concerning the past and future condition of mankind, which is to undergo a thorough change for the better, when religion and government, as we now know them, being in their present state the two great parents of the miseries of mankind, are to be entirely done away. In this blessed change America is to participate, which constitutes, as far as we can perceive, the connection between these two books and the rest of the poem. Such is the abundance of matter, which it has been contrived to compress into this single work, without, we should think, any reader's being disposed to complain that its author has not written enough upon each one of these subjects.

Beside the rule requiring the unity of an epick poem, another, which critics have laboured to establish, is that its subject should not be of modern date; and they have particularly insisted, that from every serious poem, which treats of recent events, the agency of supernatural beings should be entirely excluded. Both these latter rules the author of this poem treats with equal contempt. What is here described or narrated is supposed to be exhibited to Columbus in vision; and in the course of the events thus exhibited as about to take place, machinery of every kind is continually recurring. Thus, to mention one instance, on the first sailing of lord Delaware up the Chesapeake all the neighbouring river gods rise to welcome him, and the Potowmack at their head addresses him in a pretty long oration in honour of his arrival. But the most splendid thing of this kind is introduced in the account of General Washington's passage of the Delaware before the battle of Trenton. It is a description of the violent opposition of the river and of a tremendous combat between the Genius of America and a being by the name of Frost, whose nature we shall not now attempt to explain, as we intend to notice again this part of the poem. In particular defence of the author's freeing himself from unnecessary restraint in the use of machinery we need only say, that, if he had not done so, we should have

lost this wonderful description, which we think goes beyond any thing that we have ever met with in a similar style of writing.

Another thing, which has been required in an epick poem, is that the characters introduced should be distinctly marked and distinguished from each other. In the present work the author invests all his favourite characters with an uniform dignity and splendour. Of this we will give a few examples. The following is his character of Raleigh :

“ High on the tallest deck majestic shone
 “ Sage Raleigh, pointing to the western sun ;
 “ His eye, bent forward, ardent and sublime,
 “ Seem’d piercing nature and evolving time ;
 “ Beside him stood a globe, whose figures traced
 “ A future empire in each present waste ;
 “ All former works of men behind him shone
 “ Graved by his hand in ever during stone ;
 “ On his calm brow a various crown displays
 “ The hero’s laurel and the scholar’s bays ;
 “ His graceful limbs in steely mail were drest,
 “ The bright star burning on his lofty breast ;
 “ His sword, high waving, flash’d the solar ray,
 “ Illumed the shrouds and rainbow’d far the spray.”

Nothing, one would think, could be finer than the couplet in this description, where we are told that the eye of Raleigh

“ Seemed piercing nature and evolving time.”

In the next book however, where the great men of the American revolution are enumerated, the two Adamses, Hancock and Jefferson are grouped together, and characterized in a body, and of them we are told, that they

“ With eye retortive looked creation through.”

“ Retortive” is a new word, but, if we may judge from the analogies of language, its meaning must be “ cast backward.” Here, then, by a single epithet the author represents these four great men as having got the start of and looking back upon creation.

The following is the description of Washington, when first introduced at the head of the American armies ; and between the description of the American general, and that of Raleigh, we think we can trace some resemblance :

“ In front firm Washington superior shone,
 “ His eye directed to the half-seen sun ;
 “ As thro the cloud the bursting splendors glow,
 “ And light the passage to the distant foe.
 “ His waving steel returns the living day,
 “ And points, thro unfought fields, the warrior’s way.”

The following passage is in honour of General Putnam :

" There strides bold Putnam, and from all the plains
 " Calls the tired troops, the tardy rear sustains,
 " And, mid the whizzing balls that skim the lowe,
 " Waves back his sword, defies the following foe."

The following is the first mention of Montgomery :

" With eager look, conspicuous o'er the crowd,
 " And port majestic, brave Montgomery strode,
 " Bared his tried blade, with honor's call elate,
 " Claim'd the first field and hasten'd to his fate."

In the following lines General Burgoyne is first introduced to notice :

" Tall on the boldest bark superior shone
 " A warrior ensign'd with a various crown ;
 " Myrtles and laurels equal honors join'd,
 " Which arms had purchased and the Muses twined ;
 " His sword waved forward, and his ardent eye
 " Seem'd sharing empires in the southern sky."

It is thus that the author writes throughout this poem. All his heroes stride, and are majestick, and wave their swords, and stretch their eyes, and, when engaged in battle on the right side, they mow down whole ranks with their falchions. This however is nothing more than was done by the most gentle knights of romance ; so that we may say in general, that there is a sort of *aquatinta* softness and indistinctness of outline about all the figures, which are exhibited in this poem.

Another rule with regard to epick poems required, when the characters introduced were not of the poet's invention, but were already known in history, that no qualities should be attributed to them very different from what they were in reality considered to possess. It may be conjectured from what has been last said, that this rule is not scrupulously regarded in the present poem. The characters introduced from history undergo a process of melioration and refinement. Of this there is abundance of examples, but we shall notice only in the character of Columbus. It is astonishing what a transformation the grave old sailor undergoes from the author of this poem. He becomes a man of the most tearful and irritable sensibility. In the beginning of the poem he is represented with some poetical license, as being confined in a dungeon in Castile, by the command of Ferdinand, where he

" Sweats the chill sod and breathes inclement skies."

Here he awakes and delivers a long soliloquy concerning his past services and present situation, in which, after describing in a very lamentable manner the mutinous disposition of his crews during his first voyage to America, he proceeds :

"In that sad hour, this feeble frame to save,
 "(Unblest reprieve) and rob the gaping wave,
 "The morn broke forth, these tearful orbs descried
 "The golden banks that bound the western tide."

This lamentation he at last concludes with repeatedly wishing to die, in an apostrophe to his patroness Isabella :

"Hear from above, thou dear departed shade ;
 "As once my hopes, my present sorrows aid,
 "Burst my full heart, afford that last relief,
 "Breathe back my sighs and reinspire my grief."
 * * * * *
 "Ah, lend thy friendly shroud to veil my sight,
 "That these pain'd eyes may dread no more the light ;
 "These welcome shades shall close my instant doom,
 "And this drear mansion moulder to a tomb."

At this moment, accompanied with thunder and lightning and the other ceremonies usual upon such occasions, the Genius of America enters, and after announcing first his dignity and then his name, which is Hesper, and mentioning likewise his brother's name, which is Atlas, declares his business to be the administering of consolation to Columbus. As a means to this purpose he carries him to the top of an high mountain, where he shews him in vision (to which we have before alluded) the whole continent of America, and the events to be there transacted as far as to the epoch of the writing of the Columbiad, and the future consequent situation of mankind, but this latter somewhat more generally and indistinctly. During this exhibition the new character of Columbus is continually discovering itself. His tears flow upon all sorts of occasions. When for instance he perceives, the straits of Magellan :

"Soon as the distant swell was seen to roll,
 "His ancient wishes reabsorb'd his soul ;
 "Warm from his heaving heart a sudden sigh
 "Burst thro his lips ; he turn'd his moisten'd eye,
 "And thus besought his Angel : speak, my guide,
 "Where leads the pass ?"

* * * * *

"There spreads, belike, that other unsail'd main
 "I sought so long, and sought, alas, in vain."

When the victories and conduct of Cortes are predicted by the Genius, who, like other shewmen, exhibits something, and tells something, Columbus, instead of being roused to indignation, is melted into tears.

"Columbus heard ; and, with a heaving sigh,
 "Dropt the full tear that startled in his eye :
 "Oh hapless day ! his trembling voice replied,
 "That saw my wandering pennon mount the tide."

He then goes on to talk in such a way as seems to put his companion a little out of temper,

"While sorrows thus his patriarch pride control,
"Hesper reproving soothes his tender soul."

We might produce other examples of a similar kind; but these are sufficient to illustrate our meaning, and to exhibit Columbus in that point of view, in which he is most frequently placed throughout this poem.

Another rule, respecting epick poetry, laid an obligation upon the poet, to regard the manners and usages of any age or country, the events of which he might be describing. In the Columbiad there are none of those long, circumstantial and connected narrations, which we find in other poems; nor is there much attempt to display the peculiar character of any particular age or nation more than of individuals; but there is maintained for the most part a certain air of grandeur and generality; so that the rule of which we are speaking did not often come in the way of the genius of its author. When it did however, it has been trampled upon with as little remorse as any other. We may give as an example of this the deeds performed in battle by single heroes, of which we have before spoken. In his attack on Quebeck (for instance) Montgomery is described as being

"Begirt with foes within the sounding wall,
"Who thick beneath his single falchion fall."

On another occasion Arnold is thus described :

"Arnold's dread falchion, with terrific sway,
"Rolls on the ranks and rules the doubtful day,
"Confounds with one wide sweep the astonish'd foes,
"And bids at last the scene of slaughter close."

And in the battle of Monmouth Washington thus appears :

"Behind, swift Washington his falchion drives,
"Thins the pale ranks, but saves submissive lives."

These, we suppose, are feats of not very frequent occurrence in modern battle, especially as performed by general officers; but the prowess described in the following passage we take to be altogether unexampled :

"Here Arnold charged; the hero storm'd and pour'd
"A thousand thunders where he turn'd his sword.
"No pause, no parley; onward far he fray'd,
"Dispersed whole squadrons every bound he made."

It seems to be expected, that an epick poet should adopt some one system of mythology or religion, which he should uniformly regard throughout his work. The author of the present poem however does not discover any such particular partialities and attachments. Sometimes he adopts the Pagan mythology and

speaks for example, [b. iv. l. 449, &c.] of the soul of man being enkindled by the fire of Prometheus. Sometimes he writes like a philosopher and [b. ii. l. 71, &c....b. ix. l. 101, &c.] gives us curious theories concerning the first formation of man by a course of atoms operated upon by "efficient causes," his miserable and imperfect state when thus produced, and his gradual improvement in successive generations; and sometimes with great modesty he seems to think himself to have, as Sir Andrew Aguecheek in Shakespear expresses it, "no more wit than a christian or a common man," and writes very much as if he were a believer.

As to the versification of this poem, it is not such as we could praise in any other, but which suits very well to the character of the present, in which an attention to minute accuracy would have been entirely out of place. The lines, for instance, in the third and fourth couplets of the poem, do not rhyme. We shall give them with the two couplets which precede :

"I sing the Mariner who first unfurl'd
 "An eastern banner o'er the western world,
 "And taught mankind where future empires lay
 "In these fair confines of descending day;
 "Who sway'd a moment, with vicarious power,
 "Iberia's sceptre on the new found shore,
 "Then saw the paths his virtuous steps had trod
 "Pursued by avarice and defiled with blood.

Beside couplets of a similar construction, as it respects their termination, with the two last, there are others, in which for the sake of a rhyme some unlucky word is compelled to serve in an office, to which it has been quite unaccustomed, as in the following, where the word "haze" is used as a verb :

"Night held on old Castile her silent reign,
 * * * * *
 "O'er Valladolid's regal turrets hazed
 "The drizzly fogs from dull Pisuerga raised."

Or couplets in which, for the like cause, the niceties of grammatical instruction are a little disregarded, as in the following, where the verb at the end of the first line has the plural form instead of the singular :

"Land after land his passing notice claim
 "And hills by hundreds rise without a name."

Or others, finally, in which the sense is somewhat neglected in the reducing of refractory words into the form of verse, as in what succeeds,

"See Quito's plains o'erlook their proud Peru,
 "On whose huge base, like isles amid sky driven,
 "A vast protuberance props the cope of heaven."

As it respects the phraseology of this poem, its author uses the privilege, which belongs to writers of the first class, of enriching the language and extending its limits. His improvements in this way may be reduced, for the most part, to three classes, comprehending 1st, words entirely of his own invention ; 2d, old words used in new senses ; 3d, words made poetical, which had been considered as hopelessly prosaick ; and to some one of these three classes a great portion of his language is to be referred ; as may be apparent in the extracts already made, and will be in those we may have occasion to produce.

With respect to figurative language, this poem abounds in figures, many of which are splendid compounds of hyperbole and metaphor, and have a very grand effect. Indeed we scarcely ever met with a work, in which every thing, to use an expressive vulgarism, was so much of a piece as in the present poem.

We have thus given the general character of the Columbiad. We shall now go through the Books in their order, noticing a few passages, which may tend further to illustrate the genius of its author.

The first book is, as we have before noticed, descriptive. As a specimen of the talents displayed in this style of writing, we shall give the conclusion of a passage relating to the river Maragnon.

“ Like heaven’s broad milkyway he shines alone,
 “ Spreads o’er the globe its equatorial zone,
 “ Weighs the cleft continent, and pushes wide
 “ Its balanced mountains from each crumbling side.
 “ Sire Ocean hears his proud Maragnon roar,
 “ Moves up his bed, and seeks in vain the shore,
 “ Then surging strong, with high and hoary tide,
 “ Whelms back the stream and checks his rolling pride.
 “ The stream ungovernable foams with ire,
 “ Climbs, combs tempestuous, and attacks the Sire ;
 “ Earth feels the conflict o’er her bosom spread,
 “ Her isles and uplands hide their wood-crown’d head ;
 “ League after league from land to water change,
 “ From realm to realm the seaborne monsters range ;
 “ Vast midland heights but pierce the liquid plain,
 “ Old Andes tremble for their proud domain ;
 “ Till the fresh Flood regains his forceful sway,
 “ Drives back his father Ocean, lash’d with spray ;
 “ Whose ebbing waters lead the downward sweep,
 “ And waves and trees and banks roll whirling to the deep.”

This is original. We speak with confidence, when we say, that nothing like it was ever written before ; and we cannot affirm, that we look forward with much hope to the ever seeing any thing like it written hereafter. If we were obliged to select the finest trait in this description, we think it should be that in which this unnatural river is represented as chasing his father ocean, and lashing him with spray ; though the conception of his

cutting the continent into halves, and pushing one mountain on one side, and one on another, to make weight, is certainly almost as fine a one. There is one thing however, which lessens our pleasure from this description, that is, our ignorance of what is meant by "combing;" in the line "Climbs, combs tempestuous," &c. this being one of those new words, with which the author has enriched our written language.

The paragraph succeeding that, whose conclusion we have quoted, begins with a description of the marsh of Moxoe :

"The marsh of Moxoe scoops the world, and fills
 "(From Bahja's coast to Cochabamba's hills)
 "A thousand leagues of bog."

It ends with that of the La Plata.

"Wide over earth his annual freshet strays,
 "And highland drains with lowland drench repays."

Passing over several pages, we come to the description of the St. Lawrence, which, if our limits would permit, we might be tempted to give as a companion piece to that of the Maragnon. It recounts the contests of the former river with the ice, and his final victory, through the assistance of Sire Ocean; and is written in the same style of tremendous grandeur with the one already quoted.

After all this tempest of sublimity, *apres tant de tintamarre*, to steal a phrase from conversation, the author considered, that the mind of his reader would need some repose. He accordingly inserts an address to a lady, whose father had been lost at sea. From speaking of the ice in the St. Lawrence, he takes occasion to speak of ice islands; and from ice islands, of ships foundering at sea; and thus introduces this little passage of consolation and condolence for the relief of his readers, as before mentioned, and for the relief of the lady. We shall give the passage entire; and we think it must be acknowledged, that the topicks of consolation are selected with great art and judgment, the one being, that her father died almost before her remembrance, and the other that she is now well married.

"Say, Palfrey, brave good man, was this thy doom?
 "Dwells here the secret of thy midsea tomb?
 "But, Susan, why that tear? my lovely friend,
 "Regret may last, but grief should have an end.
 "An infant then, thy memory scarce can trace
 "The lines, though sacred, of thy father's face;
 "A generous spouse has well replaced the sire;
 "New duties hence new sentiments require."

The second and third books of this poem relate to the history of South America, and especially to the establishment of the race of Incas. Capac, the first of that race, after having obtained supreme power in Peru, was, it seems, engaged in continual wars with the neighbouring tribes, till his son came to maturity.

His son then determined to set out on an expedition for the laudable purpose of inducing them, by means of persuasion, to submit to his father's authority, and to become converts to his religion. This however was not without danger, for there was a chance that, instead of effecting any good, he himself might be caught and offered up as a sacrifice to one of their barbarous gods. Before his setting out, his father delivers to him a long address, in which among other things he adverts to this circumstance, and advises him to act with caution. We shall give a part of what is here said by the father, as a specimen of the pathetic passages in this poem. Capac tells his son, that, if he should get burnt to death, his mother would be very much distressed, the sun would go into mourning, and he himself and all his subjects would rue the day that he set out; which is certainly offering a very wide scope for our sympathy.

"Should'st thou, my Rocha, tempt too far their ire,
"Should those dear relics feed a murderous fire,
"Deep sighs would rend thy wretched mother's breast,
"The pale sun sink in clouds of darkness drest,
"Thy sire and mournful nations rue the day
"That drew thy steps from these sad walls away."

We think every one must have observed that fine circumstance in this address, where the father, in the agony of his grief, speaks of his son as already dead, and calls his body, then present, "dear relics," which very naturally expresses the confusion of thought incident to extreme distress.

We are afraid of wearying our readers with unnecessary illustration of the beauties of this poem, and pass on to the fifth book, where commences the narrative of the war of the American revolution. In this book there is a description of the Demon War, as seen striding over the ocean, and in the next a very similar one of Cruelty, sitting upon a prison ship. These descriptions were written to excite a proper disgust against the objects described, and are accordingly exceedingly loathsome and offensive; too much so for us to give any part as a specimen, considering that its moral effect would be lost, if detached from the rest, and nothing but its disgusting qualities remain. The first extract, therefore, that we shall make from this part of the work, is a paragraph relating to the burning of Falmouth, Charlestown, &c. which we shall leave without comment to the admiration of our readers.

"Thro solid curls of smoke, the bursting fires
"Climb in tall pyramids above the spires,
"Concentring all the winds; whose forces, driven
"With equal rage from every point of heaven,
"Whirl into conflict, round the scantling pour
"The twisting flames and thro the rafters roar,
"Suck up the cinders, send them sailing far,
"To warn the nations of the raging war,

"Bend high the blazing vortex, swell'd and curl'd,
 "Careering, brightening o'er the lusted world,
 "Absorb the reddening clouds that round them run,
 "Lick the pale stars, and mock their absent sun:
 "Seas catch the splendor, kindling skies resound,
 "And falling structures shake the smouldering ground."

A little further on the author speaks of the American riflemen, and insists much upon their being excellent marksmen. For the sake of illustrating the subject, he introduces as a simile the action of Tell in striking off, with an arrow, the apple from the head of his son. A common author, if he had ventured to introduce this simile upon such an occasion, would probably have used it merely for the purpose of embellishment. He might have attempted to describe the appearance of the father, the paleness and fixture of his countenance, and the gloomy and restless silence of the spectators. Here, on the contrary, the main purpose, for which the simile is introduced, is steadily kept in view. The author, having declared that the American marksmen shot as well as Tell did upon this occasion, remembers that it is his business to inform us how well he did shoot; and this is done with such admirable particularity and minuteness, that we seem to be placed on the spot, and looking over the shoulder of the father, aiming just above the head of his son, for the sake of learning archery.

"Deep doubling tow'rd his breast, well poised and slow,
 "Curve the strain'd horns of his indignant bow;
 "His left arm straightens as the dexter bends,
 "And his nerved knuckle with the gripe distends;
 "Soft slides the reed back with the stiff drawn strand,
 "Till the steel point has reacht his steady hand;
 "Then to his keen fixt eye the shank he brings,
 "Twangs the loud cord, the feather'd arrow sings,
 "Picks off the pippin from the smiling boy,
 "And Uri's rocks resound with shouts of joy."

In the beginning of the next book is the description of the passage of the Delaware, to which we have before referred. It is much too long for insertion entire, and at the same time not to be passed over in silence, as it is by itself fully sufficient to put at rest all question with regard to the merits of this work. We shall therefore give those parts, which are most characteristic, and supply by the way what is necessary for connection. It is of Washington, that the author is speaking, in the passage which follows:

"From Hudson's bank to Trenton's wintry strand,
 "He guards in firm retreat his feeble band;
 "Britons by thousands on his flanks advance,
 "Bend o'er his rear and point the lifted lance.
 "Past Delaware's frozen stream, with scanty force,
 "He checks retreat; then turning back his course,

" Remounts the wave, and thro the mingled roar
 " Of ice and storm, reseeks the hostile shore,
 " Wrapt in the gloom of night. The offended Flood
 " Starts from his cave, assumes the indignant god,
 " Rears thro the parting tide his foamy form,
 " And with his fiery eyeballs lights the storm.
 " He stares around him on the host he heard,
 " Clears his choked urn and smooths his icy beard."

After these preliminaries, the God delivers a very angry expostulation, full of dreadful threatenings, if the army attempted to proceed, without however very clearly explaining in what he thought himself injured. The boats, however, push on at the command of the general, and, from what they encounter without being destroyed, must have been boats of a very extraordinary construction.

" The chief beholds the god, and notes his cry,
 " But onward drives, nor pauses to reply ;
 " Calls to each bark, and spirits every host
 " To toil, gain, tempt the interdicted coast."
 * * * * *
 " The god perceived his warning words were vain,
 " And rose more furious to assert his reign,
 " Lash'd up a loftier surge, and heaved on high
 " A ridge of billows that obstruct the sky ;
 " And, as the accumulated mass he rolls,
 " Bares the sharp rocks and lifts the gaping shoals.
 " Forward the fearless barges plunge and bound,
 " Top the curl'd wave, or grind the flinty ground,
 " Careen, whirl, right, and sidelong dash and tost,
 " Now seem to reach and now to lose the coast.
 " Still unsubdued the sea-drench'd army toils,
 " Each buoyant skiff the flouncing godhead foils ;
 " He raves and roars, and in delirious woe
 " Calls to his aid his ancient hoary foe,
 " Almighty Frost.

His entreaty for assistance is violent and effectual. Frost comes to his aid, arrives on the spot, and sneezes, which produces a terrible storm. This last conception, notwithstanding all that we had before met with in the poem, and even the description in the same paragraph, which immediately precedes, did give us something like a sensation of surprise.

" Roused at the call, the monarch mounts the storm ;
 " In muriat flakes he robes his nitrous form,
 " Glares thro the compound, all its blast inhales,
 " And seas turn crystal where he breathes his gales.
 " He comes careering o'er his bleak domain,
 " But comes untended by his usual train ;
 " Hail, sleet and snow-rack far behind him fly,
 " Too weak to wade thro this petrific sky,

" Whose air consolidates and cuts and stings,
 " And shakes hoar tinsel from its flickering wings.
 " Earth heaves and cracks beneath the alighting god ;
 " He gains the pass, bestrides the roaring flood,
 " Shoots from his nostrils one wide withering sheet
 " Of treasured meteors on the struggling fleet ;
 " The waves congelate instant, fix in air,
 " Stand like a ridge of rocks, and shiver there."

The boats remain fixed, and the army never think of passing over upon this body of ice, formed so opportunely. This must have been owing, as we suppose, for the cause is not mentioned, to the perturbation of mind produced by such extraordinary adventures as they had encountered. Here then they are in danger of perishing ; but Hesper, the genius of America, descends to their assistance.

" He cleaves the clouds ; and, swift as beams of day,
 " O'er California sweeps his splendid way ;
 " Missouri's mountains at his passage nod,
 " And now sad Delaware feels the present god,
 " And trembles at his tread. For here to fight
 " Rush two dread powers of such unmeasured might,
 " As threats to annihilate his doubtful reign,
 " Convulse the heaven and mingle earth and main.
 " Frost views his brilliant foe with scornful eye,
 " And whirls a tenfold tempest thro the sky ;
 " Where each fine atom of the immense of air,
 " Steel'd, pointed, barb'd for unexampled war,
 " Sings o'er the shuddering ground ; when thus he broke
 " Contemptuous silence, and to Hesper spoke."

After some words have passed between them, Hesper wrests a pine tree from the ground, and aims a blow at Frost. The blow does not take effect, but the tree falls upon the ice, which he, changing his plan, proceeds in this manner to beat to powder, for the sake of disengaging the army. Frost gives up the cause in despair ; the boats are set free, and pass over, and thus the description concludes :

" He seized a lofty pine, whose roots of yore
 " Struck deep in earth, to guard the sandy shore
 " From hostile ravage of the mining tide,
 " That rakes with spoils of earth its crumbling side.
 " He wrenched it from the soil, and o'er the foe,
 " Whirl'd the strong trunk, and aim'd a sweeping blow,
 " That sung thro air, but miss'd the moving god,
 " And fell wide crashing on the frozen flood.
 " For many a rood the shivering ice it tore,
 " Loosed every bark and shook the sounding shore ;
 " Stroke after stroke with doubling force he plied,
 " Foil'd the hoar Fiend and pulverized the tide.
 " The baffled tyrant quits the desperate cause ;
 " From Hesper's heat the river swells and thaws,

"The fleet rolls gently to the Jersey coast,
 "And morning splendors greet the landing host."

We feel relief in the consideration, that all comments upon this passage are unnecessary; as we presume our readers will have but one opinion, and but one shade of opinion, with regard to its character.

The next book opens with an account of the aid received by the American states from the French monarch. The Vision of Columbus was, as we have before noticed, the grub state of the present poem. That work was addressed, by permission, to Louis XVI. in a dedication, from which the following passages are extracts.

"America acknowledges her obligations to the Guardian of her rights; mankind, who survey your conduct, and posterity, for whom you act, will see, that the tribute of gratitude is paid.

"If to patronise the arts can add to the praise of these more glorious actions, your majesty's fame in this respect will be ever sacred; as there are none, who can feel the subject so strongly as those, who are the particular objects of your royal condescension.

* * * * *

"With the deepest sense of your majesty's royal munificence to my country, and gracious condescension to myself," &c.

In that poem the sixth book began in the following manner. After mentioning the appearance of France in the vision, it is added:

"Great Louis there the pride of monarchs sate;
 "And fleets and moving armies round him wait;
 "O'er western shores extend his ardent eyes,
 "Through glorious toils where struggling nations rise.
 "Each virtuous deed, each new illustrious name
 "Wakes in his soul the living light of fame.
 "He sees the liberal, universal cause,
 "That wondering worlds in still attention draws:

* * * * *

"A tear of pity spoke his melting mind;
 "He raised his sceptre to relieve mankind;
 "Eyed the great father of the Bourbon name;
 "Awak'd his virtues, and recalled his fame.
 "Fired by the grandeur of the splendid throne
 "Illustrious chiefs and councils round him shone;
 "On the glad youth with kindling joy they gaze,
 "The rising heir of universal praise.
 "Vergennes rose stately, &c.

* * * * *

"O'er all the approving monarch cast a look;
 "And listening nations trembled while he spoke;
 "Ye states of France," &c.

This was written in other times. The king of France has since been dethroned, and is dead; and the following are some extracts from that part of the Columbiad coincident with the passage from which we have been quoting:

"Young Bourbon there in royal splendor sat,
 "And fleets and moving armies round him wait.
 "For now the contest, with increased alarms,
 "Fill'd every court and roused the world to arms ;
 "As Hesper's hand, that light from darkness brings,
 "And good to nations from the scourge of kings,
 "In this dread hour bade broader beams unfold,
 "And the new world illuminate the old.
 "In Europe's realms a school of sages trace
 "The expanding dawn that waits the Reasoning Race."
 * * * * *
 "Thro tears of grief that speak the well taught mind,
 "They hail the era that relieves mankind.
 "Of these the first, the Gallic sages stand,
 "And urge their king to lift an aiding hand."
 * * * * *
 "By honest guile the royal ear they bend,
 "And lure him on, blest freedom to defend ;
 "That, once recognised, once establish'd there,
 "The world might learn her profer'd boon to share.
 "But artful arguments their plan disguise,
 "Garb'd in the gloss that suits a monarch's eyes.
 "By arms to humble Britain's haughty power,
 "From her to sever that extended shore,
 "Contents his utmost wish. For this he lends
 "His powerful aid, and calls the oppress'd his friends.
 "The league proposed, he lifts his arm to save,
 "And speaks the borrow'd language of the brave :
 "Ye states of France," &c.

The expressions of grateful applause, which he had made to the living, a man of common mind would not have been very willing to take away from the dead ; nor to insult the memory of one, to whom he had promised the praises of posterity. It is not often, that there is so publickly exhibited such a complete victory over common prejudices and vulgar feelings, as is here displayed.

Mr. Barlow however gives us to understand, that he is a man of extraordinary sensibility. Near the beginning of the eighth book there is the following curious passage :

"Too long the groans of death and battle's bray
 "Have rung discordant thro my turgid lay :
 "The drum's rude clang, the war wolf's hideous owl
 "Convulsed my nerves and agonised my soul,
 "Untuned the harp for all but misery's pains,
 "And chased the Muse from corse-encumber'd plains."

Now if this be true, that is, we mean if we are not to make an extravagant allowance for poetical expression, the author must have suffered more in writing the poem, than we have done in reading it ; though we do not pretend that our nerves have been in the most quiet state during the whole of its perusal.

We shall give a passage or two from this book, as specimens of a style a little different from any that we have yet exhibited.

" Ah ! would you not be slaves, with lords and kings,
 " Then be not masters ; there the danger springs.
 " The whole crude system that torments this earth,
 " Of rank, privation, privilege of birth,
 " False honor, fraud, corruption, civil jars,
 " The rage of conquest and the curse of wars,
 " Pandora's total shower, all ills combined
 " That erst o'erwhelm'd and still distress mankind,
 " Box'd up secure in your deliberate hand,
 " Wait your behest, to fix or fly this land.
 " Equality of Right is nature's plan ;
 " And following nature is the march of man.
 " Whene'er he deviates in the least degree,
 " When, free himself, he would be more than free,
 " The baseless column, rear'd to bear his bust,
 " Falls as he mounts, and whelms him in the dust."

* * * * *

" Mark modern Europe with her feudal codes,
 " Serfs, villains, vassals, nobles, kings and gods,
 " All slaves of different grades, corrupt and curst
 " With high and low, for senseless rank athirst,
 " Wage endless wars ; not fighting to be free,
 " But *cujum pecus*, whose base herd they 'll be."

Such is the author's equal felicity in different modes of writing ; and when we think of it, we are reminded of a speech in one of Moliere's comedies, "La nature vous a traité en vraie mere possionée et vous en êtes l'enfant gâté.

There yet remain two books, which contain the author's theories concerning the formation of the universe, the origin and diffusion of religion, and various other subjects, particularly the future condition of mankind. They correspond to the two last in the Vision of Columbus ; but there are very many alterations from the state in which they stood in that poem. Of what nature the alterations are, and what is the present character of these two books, may be inferred from a comparison of the following passages, one from the poem just mentioned, and the other what corresponds to it in the Columbiad.

" Thus soaring Science, daughter of the skies,
 " First o'er the nations bids her beauties rise ;
 " Prepares the g'orious way to pour abroad
 " The beams of Heaven's own morn, the splendours of a God.
 " Then blest Religion leads the raptured mind
 " Through brighter fields, and pleasures more refined ;
 " Teaches the roving eye, at one broad view,
 " To glance o'er time, and look Existence through ;
 " See worlds on worlds to Being's formless end,
 " With all their hosts on one dread Power depend :

- "Seraphs, and suns, and systems round him rise,
- "Live in his life, and kindle from his eyes;
- "His boundless love, his all pervading soul,
- "Illume, sublime and harmonize the whole."

Vis. of Col. p. 253.

The following is the corresponding passage in the Columbiad.

- "Thus Physic Science, with exploring eyes,
- "First o'er the nations bids her beauties rise,
- "Prepares the glorious way to pour abroad
- "Her Sister's brighter beams, the purest light of God.
- "Then Moral Science leads the lively mind
- "Thro broader fields and pleasures more refined ;
- "Teaches the temper'd soul, at one vast view,
- "To glance o'er time and look existence thro,
- "See worlds and worlds, to being's formless end,
- "With all their hosts on her prime power depend,
- "Seraphs and suns and systems, as they rise,
- "Live in her life and kindle from her eyes,
- "Her cloudless ken, her all pervading soul
- "Illume, sublime and harmonize the whole."

The passages, which, in these books, in their original state, were of a similar nature with the first quoted, are now either expunged or altered in a like manner; and the character of the books in their present state is throughout conformable to these changes. The author's religion and philosophy are now on a level with his poetry.

This work is printed in a splendid quarto, with an head of the author prefixed, and ten other elegant engravings from paintings by Smirke.

ART. 7.

Caution recommended in the application and use of scripture language. A Sermon, by William Paley. Republished, Cambridge. Hilliard and Metcalf. 1809.

WE do not think ourselves hazarding a rash assertion, when we say, that the name of Dr. PALEY is among the most respectable in English literature. His powerful good sense is a quality of the mind not so common as others, which more readily gain admiration. This has given to all his works the character of utility. We discover in them a mind of no common manliness of thought and clearness of argument, and this mind directing its labours upon subjects the most worthy of attention. He has no loose and irrelative writing, no unmeaning diffuseness, and no display of learning and authority to supply the place of argument; but he gives his reader the same clear view of his subject, which was spread before his own mind. His intellectual too, are in harmony with his moral qualities, with that calm benevolence and rational piety, which every where in his writings produce a feeling of complacency and friendship for their author.

The design of the present sermon, which is one of the very few that were published by the author himself, is to shew how much the language of scripture has in some instances been misinterpreted and misunderstood; and how erroneously it has been adduced in support of doctrines very remote from the real spirit and character of christianity.

There are few men, we suppose, who reject christianity, because after a careful examination they think themselves to perceive any defect in its evidences; but these doctrines and other corruptions of it do repel men from our religion, and seem to render such an examination unnecessary. They produce an indifference to it in many, who profess themselves christians; and in others, of a more serious temper and firmer belief, they are the cause of much anxiety and distress, from the view which they give of the character and moral government of God. To those therefore, who feel an interest in our religion, and especially to this latter class, it must be gratifying to be told, from such high authority, and to be shewn with such convincing clearness of explanation, that these doctrines are inventions of men misinterpreting the scriptures, and not doctrines of christianity; and that the interpretations, by which they are supported, give a sense to the language of the sacred writers entirely foreign from their purpose and design.

This sermon is particularly adapted to the use of common christians, as it is written with the same admirable perspicuity as the other works of Dr. Paley. Those who already have the same opinions with its author on the subjects here treated, may, we think, find these opinions presented to their minds by this discourse with more clearness and better defined than they were before. Laying aside the *Horae Paulinae*, which has the high praise of original thinking, we do not know where else in his writings we could find an equal number of pages, which would give an higher notion of the mind of Dr. Paley.

It may be proper to remark, that this sermon is not in the volume of sermons, by Dr. Paley, lately printed, which is a posthumous publication. We notice this sermon, because, it being single, our notice may perhaps bring it to the view of some, by whom it might otherwise be overlooked. We are gratified to learn, that a complete edition of the works of Dr. Paley is in the press in this town.

ART. 8.

Eulogium on the Rev. John Smith, D. D. Professor of the learned languages at Dartmouth College. By the President. Hanover, (N. H.) C. and W. S. Spear. 1809. pp. 15.

Short as this discourse is, we could well have spared more than half of it, which has no more connexion with the subject

than with the raising of the Merino sheep. There is a general indistinctness of thought, united with a defect of perspicuity of expression, that makes us rejoice when we arrive at the latter half of this eulogy, in which we find a biographical notice of the deceased professor. The first paragraph will exemplify our remark.

"While admiring the divine wisdom and goodness in the formation of man we behold him possessed of properties, which secure his station far above the other species, and promote his progress to greater glory. To force of mind, to variety and adaptations in the faculties, and dispositions of individuals, are those improvements to be ascribed, which have enriched man with pleasure, and society with power and splendour. Many, in different ages, by cultivating the arts and sciences have contributed to human happiness; but it has chiefly depended on the talents and exertions of a few. It was Jason who seized the golden fleece; it was Hercules, who killed the Lernean hydra and Erymanthian boar."

The president has interwoven much learning in his brief discourse, but something more than the biographical anecdotes of the great men of antiquity, and references to pagan mythology, and customs of barbarous nations, was necessary to do justice to his subject.

"The Creator, in his wisdom, has not formed the individuals of the human race with universal genius. Cicero appears to have been the only instance, among the ancients, of the same person embracing the various arts and sciences, and excelling in each. One mind seems to have been adapted to only one kind of improvement, so that it might be matured, in its varieties, by the more effectual labours of all. But can this truth justify the usage of the ancient Egyptians, and as continued in India, confining the different professions to particular families? Human institutions cannot control the laws of nature. Genius, restrained, can never advance. Happy, when education, and circumstances, conduct it in the course, which nature designed."

These observations are intended to appear philosophical, but the appearance is deceptive. The laws of nature, we are told in one sentence, are not to be controlled by human institutions; but the next shews us that they may be, otherwise the reading should be, that genius, though restrained, cannot be prevented from advancing. But this would contradict the experience of Egypt and of India.

Dr. Smith was most celebrated for his knowledge of grammar, and for his capacity of communicating instruction in that art. We hope his seat may be as ably filled, and we are apprised of the necessity of it from this very performance. In the eulogy we observe defects of grammatical precision, which, in so short a performance, must not claim exemption from the rigid rules of criticism. The author says: "The former president admired and loved him, and taught him theology. The latter [Quere—president?] as a divine, and christian, embraced and inculcated," &c. The paragraph in which his final sickness is related begins: "His intense pursuits of science affected his constitution, and produced debility, which, more than two years before, began to be observed by his friends." We discover nothing

antecedent, with which this relative *before* is in any way connected.

We have marked these errors rather on account of the character and station of the writer, than for their importance. We hope the students of the seminary, to which Dr. Smith belonged, will not soon forget his labours, and that they will unite the learning of the president to the precision of the professor.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

ART. 2.

The natural and civil history of Vermont, by Samuel Williams, L. L. D. member &c. &c. &c. Printed at Walpole, New Hampshire, 1794.

WE have been induced to notice this work of Dr. Williams under the head of retrospective review, as the second edition of it, so long expected, has not yet made its appearance.

No country can be perfectly known, till its parts have been thoroughly examined, and accurately described; for the hasty accounts of travellers are seldom of more use, than to amuse an idle hour. The details of minute particulars are frequently uninteresting; but without them, the historian is unable to investigate the causes of events; and the philosopher finds instruction in the smallest portion of nature. We are therefore pleased, when persons of judgment and observation present us with the knowledge of their vicinity, and relieve us from our dependence upon those, who are anxious only to gratify the taste of their readers. A transient passenger has no means of distinguishing between custom and accident, and is apt to judge every thing by his own local habits. Some things appear to him in a false light, and many escape his notice, and he is liable to be imposed upon by the ignorant, the careless, and the designing.

Dr. Williams appears before the public in an opposite point of view. A man of education, for many years a resident in the country which he describes, and holding a respectable rank among his fellow citizens, he seems to have possessed every requisite for his undertaking.

Dr. Williams commences his history with the boundaries of Vermont, reckoning his longitude from Philadelphia, apparently supposing the honour of his country concerned in an affair, which can only serve to bring confusion into geography. Philadelphia has ceased to have any claim for the first meridian, even in the United States; and it is uncertain, whether the claims of the city of Washington may not soon be equally futile; but as

we continue to derive the best maps and charts, even of our own country, from England, we are still obliged to be acquainted with the meridian of London. In describing the face of the country, Dr. Williams discovers himself to be an attentive observer of nature, seems anxious to explore her recesses, and to account for every alteration that this part of the earth has undergone, since it was first brought out of chaos. His investigations upon the subject of climate are more able and useful. He appears not only very accurate in his observations upon the climate of Vermont, but likewise attentive in comparing them with those of other countries and other ages. He adduces some powerful arguments to shew, that not only the winters of America are becoming less severe, but that the climate of the whole world has been gradually ameliorating since the earliest ages. The chapter upon climate is one of the most valuable in the book, as affording important authentick documents by which future variations may be ascertained.

Of animal and vegetable productions Dr. Williams does not pretend to give his readers a complete catalogue, or a full account of those that are mentioned. There is, however, upon these subjects much valuable information, although occasionally some inaccuracies; for we find the larch and hackmatack in the catalogue as different trees, and under the head of esculents, the choke-cherry, thorn-plumb, and juniper are mentioned, as valuable on account of their salubrious and pleasant fruit. Dr. Williams relates several experiments, which he performed upon trees, but which do not discover the enlightened philosophy we should expect. He tied the end of the limb of a tree in a bottle, and then ascertained the weight of the fluid thrown off by it, in a certain number of hours. Having then cut down the tree, and counted the leaves upon it, he calculated the quantity of water thrown off by the whole tree in twelve hours; and supposing a certain number of trees to the acre, he computed, that every acre of wood-land throws off 3875 gallons of water in every twelve hours. In the same manner he calculates, that every acre throws off 14774 gallons of air in the same space of time. Dr. Williams is not to be blamed for not knowing, that plants absorbed gas from the atmosphere, as well as threw it off, and that their powers were different in the night from what they were in the day, facts discovered since he wrote; but the experiments were so vague and uncertain, and the conclusions so monstrous, that they ought to have raised in his mind doubts at least of their truth. His observations and experiments upon the temperature of trees, are ingenious and satisfactory, and show that the internal parts of trees possess a warmth different from that of the surrounding atmosphere; and that although all trees in winter have the same degree of warmth, yet at other seasons the various species exhibit different degrees of heat, a fact for which he does not attempt to account, but which may possibly be connected with the rapidity of their growth.

With respect to the character and habits of some animals a few interesting facts are related; but the descriptions of others possess not a single distinguishing feature. The article of the beaver is unworthy of its author, and is written in the style of those modern philosophers, who, in their love for the whole of creation, endeavour to elevate the brute to an equality with man. There is scarcely any society found as perfect as that of the beaver is here described.

"The male and female always pair. Their selection is not a matter of chance or accident, but appears to be derived from taste and mutual affection. In September the happy couple lay up their store of provisions for winter." "Nothing can exceed the peace and regularity which prevails in the families and through the whole commonwealth of these animals. No discord or contention ever appears in any of their families. Every beaver knows his own apartment and store-house; and there is no pilfering or robbing from one another. The male and female are mutually attached to, never prove unfriendly, or desert one another. Their provisions are collected and expended without any dissention. Each knows his own family and business; and they are never seen to injure, oppose or interfere with one another. The same order and tranquillity prevail through the commonwealth. Different societies of beavers never make war upon one another, or upon any other animals."

Great pains are taken to overthrow the opinion advanced by Buffon and others respecting the diminutive size of American animals, and the facts adduced are sufficient for the purpose. The inferior orders of animals are passed over with a few general observations, an incomplete catalogue, and some trifling remarks.

Upon the subject of the Indians our author has not confined himself to those of his own state, or of the United States; but treats of the original inhabitants of the whole American continent. Their general appearance and character are well described; but a degree of reflection and judgment are attributed to them, particularly in the article of government, which we can scarcely believe them to possess. The advantages of the savage state, are perhaps, too highly coloured; but its disadvantages are faithfully portrayed. This account of the Indians does not contain any new facts, but forms the most interesting part of the volume. In tracing their origin, Dr. W. has followed Robertson, and shows with great clearness, that, with the exception of the Esquimaux, the American savages are a peculiar race, resembling in many respects the Tartars. The resemblance which Dr. Williams has discovered between the Peruvians and the Chinese appears wholly fanciful; and nothing can be lighter than his arguments respecting their antiquity.

The following hundred pages, after a short notice of the first settlement of Vermont, are filled with the history of the disputes of the first settlers with the state of New York. This history contains a full account of the causes and progress of these disputes, which terminated with the admission of Vermont into the federal union. They are related with an apparent impartiality,

which could not have been expected from an actor, and which it is pleasing to find in a person, who having adopted the country of one party, appears not to have imbibed its prejudices against the other. The conduct of New York remarkably exemplifies the inconsistency of human action; while they were exerting every energy to oppose the tyranny of the British government, in imposing a few trifling taxes, they were endeavouring to deprive the inhabitants of the New Hampshire grants, as the people of Vermont were then called, of the lands they had regularly and fairly purchased from the royal governours, supported merely by a subsequent act of the same British government. The indecisive policy adopted by Congress with respect to these disputes, is fairly exposed, and however excusable it might be during the war with Great Britain, when to have taken part against either might have cost them their existence; yet we are greatly disappointed at the continuance of the same policy, when peace had rendered it no longer necessary.

The remainder of the volume is upon the state of society, which embraces the employments of the people of Vermont, their numbers and increase, their customs and manners, laws, religion, and government. Agriculture engages the great body of the people; and it is greatly to be regretted that, upon this subject, Dr. Williams indulges the same kind of pastoral reverie, which has since become so fashionable; and would exalt the farmer to a rank far above every other description of people. He says:

"In no way has the glory of nations been more expanded, than by their attainments and discoveries in science. The mathematicians have measured and settled the dimensions of the solar system, but the new settler has in fact enlarged the bounds of the habitable creation. The philosophers have expanded with the ideas and evidence, that the other planets are inhabited; but the simple and honest farmer has made the earth the place for more inhabitants than it ever had before. And while the astronomers are so justly celebrating the discoveries, and the new planet of Herschel, all mankind should rejoice, that the simple peasant in the wilderness has found out a way to make our planet bear more men."

There is likewise a great deal of peurile abuse of governments which are not republican. Every advantage, which can possibly result from the constitution and form of government of Vermont, is pointed out; but all the defects of their institutions are carefully concealed. The benefits of unlimited religious toleration are fully displayed, but not a word is said of the indifference to all religion, resulting from the want of obligation to support any. The denial of justice likely to arise from the dependence of the judiciary upon the popular voice, is passed over in silence. It is indeed recorded, that every judicial officer, from the chief justice to a simple magistrate, is annually elected by the general assembly, or by them in conjunction with the governor and council. The justices of peace are of course with a small addition the same persons as the members of assembly; but it is not added that the time of the judges being occupied in

securing another election, that their official duties are of course neglected. We leave our readers to conclude, how far it is possible for a judge in such a situation to act impartially, when he is called upon to decide causes involving popular prejudices, or affecting influential characters. The result is well known; fiction is resorted to, and causes are brought into the courts of the United States, which ought regularly to have been tried in the state courts. Dr. Williams expatiates upon the small sums required to support government. In 1798, the whole expense was less than \$12,000. When government is conducted upon such an economical scale, that its first objects cannot be obtained, there can be little to boast of.

In the chapter upon population Dr. Williams has made such good use of the materials he possessed, that we regret that he had not more facts, upon which he might ground his calculations. His closing observations upon government do not deserve the same praise. They might answer for a popular declaimer in some town meeting, but are unworthy a place in serious history. The appendix contains a paper "upon the variation of the magnetic needle in the eastern states." A paper "upon the change of climate in Europe and other places," and "a dissertation on the colour of men, particularly on that of the Indians of America." These are all drawn up with ability.

Dr. Williams discovers himself to be an industrious investigator of nature, and frequently conducts his inquiries with ability. At the same time, a great degree of puerility, both in manner and matter, pervades his whole work. Truisms, reduced to the form of general observations, are continually introduced with the appearance of newly discovered truths. He seems not to have been habituated to writing. Little pains are bestowed upon the style, and whenever there is an attempt to elevate it, it immediately degenerates into bombast. Notwithstanding these defects, this history of Vermont is a valuable work, and we hope its author will find leisure to publish a corrected edition, which without doubt would be favourably received by the publick.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have on file some lines from our elegant correspondent, C, and a hymn from another wanderer in the groves of Academus,

animæ, quales neque candidiores

Terra tulit.

Two letters from N. Webster, on the obstacles to his philological labours, shall be inserted next month. Our pages were engaged before our friend communicated them.

INTELLIGENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

FROM FRENCH PAPERS, TRANSLATED FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

A NEW prospectus of the *Mercure de France* announces that the department of politics and the sciences shall henceforth occupy a greater share of that paper, as well as the mechanick arts and discoveries of every kind. It contains a list of the actual editors (redacteurs), to wit, in the mathematical and physical sciences, Mr. Biot, member of the first class of the Institute : Mr. Cuvier, secretary of the same class, has promised to afford some articles of natural history, chymistry, &c. In literature, the theatres, the fine arts, &c. Mr. Andrieux, member of the second class of the Institute, Mr. de Boufflers, member of the same class, Mr. Ginguene, member of the third class, Mr. Lebreton, secretary of the class of the fine arts, and Messieurs Esmenard, Auger, Amaury-Duval, Michaud, Vanderbourg, &c. &c.

Le Publiciste.

Louis Fernow, professor in the university of Jena, died at Weimar the 3d of December last. He had resided in Rome ten years, and he profited by this residence in studying deeply the theory of the arts and the Italian language. Though taken away in the midst of his career, he has left numerous works on interesting subjects. His *Italian Grammar for the use of Germans*, which appeared in 1804, is esteemed by judges the best and most philosophick which has been given of that language. His dissertation on the *Dialects of Italy*, evinces immense erudition. His critical editions of Dante, Ariosto and Petrarch, enriched with notes and prefaces, would have done honour to the most learned philologists of Italy. He was about adding one of the *satires* of the author of *Orlando Furioso*, which is in a finished state. Death interrupted him in a still more important work, of which he had collected the greater part of the materials ; a *universal etymological dictionary* of the ancient Provençal and other languages of the same family, the Spanish, Portuguese and Italian. This loss cannot be too much regretted, as nothing is so uncommon as a union in one person of the various knowledge necessary to repair it. It is impossible to explain in the *romance* language, without the aid of the German, and the study of both is seldom profoundly pursued by the same person.

The Germans consider still more meritorious the service which Mr. Fernow has rendered in his *criticism of the arts*. In a periodical work, which he published at Zurich, under the title of *Roman Studies*, (*Roemische Studien*) he has given dissertations on Canova, on landscape-painting, on colouring, on dramatick painting, on inspiration ; which gave reason to hope from him a work on the *poetry of the arts*, of which he had indeed traced the plan, and which would have been the more useful to the artists of his country, as his style, always clear, and his views enlightened, would have served to dissipate the mystical fogs, with which the new German literary school seems to take a pleasure in enveloping all its conceptions.

To Mr. Fernow we also are indebted for a new edition of the *works of Winckelman*, the two first volumes of which he had published. He had not time to complete the labour on the third volume ; but measures have been taken to supply it. This edition will doubtless be the best of the works of that illustrious author.

It is astonishing that Mr. Fernow could have undertaken and terminated so many things in so short a career. This astonishment is increased on learning that this career was strewn with thorns and vexations. Born without fortune, Fernow was only able to support himself at first at Jena by drawing likenesses. Love for arts having led him to Rome, he gave lectures to the German artists residing there, on that part of the philosophy of Kant which

relates to the arts and to poetry. He married a Roman woman, and had one child, when he resolved on returning to his country. A want of pecuniary resources made this journey a very painful one. He embarked his books at Leghorn, which formed his whole treasure, and resolved himself to go on foot. It was in this manner he passed Mount St. Gothard, accompanied by his wife, and carrying the greater part of the time his child in his arms. He was seized with a fever in Switzerland, the effects of which he felt ever afterwards. A journey which he took in 1807 to Carlsbad heated his blood, and he was at last attacked with an aneurism, which prevented him from enjoying, during the last six months of his life, an hour of quiet sleep. The works of Scarpa which he had read pronounced his fate, and he waited its accomplishment with the most stoical firmness. In his last days he still laboured on his edition of Winckelman, though suffering the most tormenting pains.

This estimable man left two children, who had been before deprived of their mother. But his friends will not leave them without protection, and they count much upon that of the enlightened prince who by his ardour to discover and reward merit has made Weimar the asylum of so many distinguished writers.

We hope our readers will excuse us for having entered into so many details concerning a literary character little known in France, but who has deserved the esteem of every country, by his misfortunes, his talents, and his personal merits.

IBID.

The most distressing intelligence is received at Constantinople from the Holy Land. It is reported, that the Armenian inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem have quarrelled with the christians there, and proceeded to such extremity, that many persons have already lost their lives. It is added, that many disasters have happened in the holy city, and that several christian churches have been destroyed.

IBID.

The tribunal of appeals at Lausanne has condemned to five years imprisonment in irons, M. de Siguer, convicted of having killed in a duel, four or five years before, Mr. Crousaz, one of his best friends. To escape the rigour of this judgment, he fled in the night to Cobourg, to implore the protection of H. I. H. the grand dutchess Constantia, in whose service he has the honour to be employed.

IBID.

NAPLES, FEBRUARY 9, 1809.

The frequent and loud eruptions of Vesuvius, which have happened almost without cessation of late, made some naturalists think that this vulcano was about to be extinguished; but the new phaenomena we have observed prove it is not so. After a silence of several months, we saw for some weeks feeble explosions of burning matter, which, on the 28th of January, were followed by a greater eruption, so abundant, that, after filling the bottom of the crater and reaching the level of its mouth, the burning substance, taking the form and direction of lava, poured down in a southeast course towards the forest of Trecase. Soon after, on the east side, and at fifteen paces from the old mouth, a new one was opened, by which the vulcano threw up so large a quantity of stones, that it has formed a little mountain exactly like that which is seen on the other side of the old mouth. The phaenomena, that accompanied this explosion are in other respects the same which have been observed in the greatest eruptions.

IBID.

From Warsaw. Since the introduction of the *Napoleon code* into our grand Dutchy, 17783 suits have been terminated by the justices of the peace.

IBID.

New Publications in Paris.

An essay upon some of the most ancient monuments of geography, terminated by proofs of the identity of the deluges of Yao, of Noah, of Ogyges, and of Atlantis; and a physical explanation of the deluge by Mr. Fortia d'Urban. 1 vol.

Picture of Literature in Europe, from the 16th to the close of the 18th century, and an examination of the political, moral, and religious causes which have had an influence on the genius of the writers, and the character of their productions; by J. Leuliette. 1 vol. 8vo.

The works of Shakespeare, selected from the edition of Johnson and Steevens, in six volumes 12mo. Published at Avignon.

Letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, written between the years 1773, and 1776; followed by two chapters in the style of Sterne's Sentimental Journey. 2 vols. 8vo.

An edition of Stuart's Athens is publishing at Paris.

They expect with eagerness in Germany a work of Madame de Staël, which will be in that country what her Corinna is in Italy. The most respectable booksellers have made the author the greatest offers. One, it is said, has offered her 16000 francs, payable on receipt of the manuscript, before reading it.

Le Publiciste.

We are assured, that a German critick, who is employed at Rome in making researches among the libraries, has communicated to several Italian literati a note, in which he announces, that he hopes to prove, that the Treatise on the Sublime, considered the work of Longinus, is not the production of that author, but of Dyonisius of Halicarnassus. We must wait the result of his inquiries.

IBID.

To the Editor of the Publiciste.

SIR,

Permit me to inform the publick, through your journal, that having re-acquired the property of my translation of the Eneid, I propose giving, very soon, a new edition of it; in which many passages have been carefully re-touched, after the advice of persons the best qualified to judge of the beauties and faults of this kind of works.

I announce also, at the same time, that the remarks on the last eight books, such as they are printed, not being by me, I have replaced them by new ones. M. Fermin Didot has undertaken this new edition, and has promised to give it all the care and all the elegance that books published by him possess. I disavow beforehand all other editions.

I would also inform the publick, that a translation of the *Bucolicks*, in spite of my protest against it, has been falsely attributed to me. I have indeed been employed on a translation of the *Bucolicks of Virgil*, which will appear after several compositions that are still in my port-folio.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. DELILLE.

THE CANAL OF LANGUEDOC.

WE have seen within a few days, at the Palais-Royal, a plan in relief of the Canal of Languedoc, made during the reign of Louis XIV. to unite the Mediterranean and the ocean. Its whole length, from its opening into the lake of Thaut, to the sluice of the Garonne, at Thoulouse, where it ends, is fifty-four leagues, of which twenty-five are a degree.

In its whole length, there are sixty-two sluices, and one hundred and one basons. The place where the waters divide is one hundred and one toises, three feet and nine inches above the lake of Thaut, and thirty-one toises, three feet and nine inches, above the level of the Garonne, at Thoulouse.

The canal is crossed in different places, by ninety-two bridges, and passes itself over fifty-five aqueducts. These afford channels for so many torrents and rivers which flow under the canal.

The mass of water necessary for this canal, is supplied by many streams, some of which come from the Black Mountain, which unite near Revel, in the reservoir of St. Ferréol, an immense bason, formed, in part, by nature. The reservoir is of an irregular figure, a little resembling a triangle. Two mountains, united at one point, form the sides of the triangle; at the base, is a causeway of five hundred toises in length; the mean height of the triangle is eight hundred toises; the width of the causeway is sixty-one toises, and its height, twenty-five. The surface of this bason, when it is full, is more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand square toises. It is said to contain nine hundred thousand cubick toises of water, that is, more than the whole canal, of which the quantity of water, when full, is estimated only at seven hundred and forty-seven thousand cubick toises.

The canal is dug in many parts through rock, sometimes to the depth of eighteen feet. Between Béziers and Narbonne, it passes under the mountain of Malpas, a distance of ninety-two toises. This mountain is of a species of stone so soft, that it is necessary to support it in part by an arch of masonry. There is only the length of twenty-four toises, that is not arched.

It is left dry every year, in the months of August and September, at the time of the fairs of Beaucaire and Bordeaux, and during this time three or four thousand labourers are employed in cleaning and repairing all parts, which require it.

It is thought to have cost, in 1680, seventeen and a half millions, equal to thirty-three millions now. We are told that one hundred thousand crowns are annually expended in keeping it in repair, and that it produces double that sum, which proves its benefit to our commerce.

It is proved by the most authentick testimony, that the general plan of uniting the ocean to the Mediterranean was conceived even in the reign of Charlemagne; but we must doubt, whether it was through the southern provinces of France that he proposed to effect this junction.

The first plan of the canal of Languedoc, seems to have been formed under Francis I. The proposal then was, to make it only from Thoulouse, a canal of fourteen leagues, from which it would be necessary to enter the river Aude, and thus reach the Mediterranean. Under Charles IX. this communication between the two seas, by means of the canal, was proposed anew in the council. There is preserved in the records of the Abbey de Saint Tibere, the original sheet, presented by the deputies of Languedoc, to the assembly of the states general, holden at Paris, which proves that in that prince's reign, it was proposed to unite the two seas, by a canal through Languedoc.

Under the reign of Henry IV. and towards the end of 1598, the project was again brought forward. The constable, Montmorenci, governour of Languedoc, visited all the spots through which a canal could be made; but this project was interrupted by that of the canal of Briane, which more nearly interested the capital, and which was the first completed in France.

In the time of Louis XIII. the publick was anew engaged with the junction of the two seas. The canal of Languedoc was proposed, as it had been conceived under Francis I. In 1632, cardinal Richelieu intended to make a journey thither; but the embarrassments of state, which intervened, prevented him. An order of council, of January 23, 1636, shews that a commission had passed to a certain person, for the making of this canal, but that he could not finish his undertaking.

It was in 1660, according to the Memoirs of Languedoc, that the matter was seriously examined, and they discussed the plans of Mr. Riquet, considered with justice the author of this grand and useful work. The first stone of the reservoir of Saint Ferréol was laid with the greatest pomp in the beginning of April, 1667, and fourteen years after, on the second of March, 1681, the royal commissioners went over it, to prove the works of the canal wholly finished.

The harbour of Cette was made in 1666, under the direction of Vauban. From this port they enter the canal across the lake of Thaut, which is three leagues long.

There are about two hundred and fifty boats, numbered and registered, that constantly navigate the canal. They are seventy-nine feet long, to fifteen, or seventeen wide. They carry one hundred tons, and draw but five feet of water. These boats are six or seven days, in going from Agde to Thoulouse with a single horse. They go six leagues a day, and do not work by night. Every day there sets out on the canal a post barge, which goes from Agde to Thoulouse in four days.

The breadth of the canal is almost every where sixty feet at the surface of the water, and thirty-two feet at the bottom. The depth of the water is at least six feet, almost every where.

Le Publiciste. Feb. 1809.

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR AUGUST, 1809.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura. Mart.

NEW WORKS.

Sacred Extracts from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, for the more convenient attainment of a knowledge of the inspired writers. For the use of schools and families. 'And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.' 2 *Timothy*, iii. 15. Boston; T. B. Wait & Co.

The Civil Officer, or the whole duty of Sheriffs, Coroners, Constables, and Collectors of Taxes. Boston; T. B. Wait & Co.

Cases of Organick Diseases of the Heart, &c. By J. C. Warren, M. D. Boston; T. B. Wait & Co.

Medical Papers communicated to the Medical Society. Vol. I. Part. I. Boston; T. B. Wait & Co.

A Digest and Compendium of the Laws of Massachusetts. Vol. I. Part II. By W. C. White. Boston; T. B. Wait & Co.

The Cypriad in two Cantos, with other Poems; and Translations. By H. C. Knight. Boston; J. Belcher.

The New York Medical Repository, No. 48, completing the second hexade. E. Cotton, agent, Boston, 1809.

An American Biographical and Historical Dictionary, containing an account of the Lives, Characters, and Writings of the most eminent persons in North America, from its first discovery to the present time, and a summary of the history of the several colonies, and of the United States. By William Allen, A. M. Cambridge, Hilliard & Metcalf, printers.

An Appendix to the New Testament. By James Winthrop, Esq. Cambridge, Hilliard & Metcalf, printers.

An Abridgement of Dr. Forbes' Scripture Catechism. Revised by an association of ministers, and designed for the children of their respective societies. Cambridge, Hillard & Metcalf, printers.

The Mystery of Godliness. A Sermon delivered at Thomaston, June 15th 1809, at the Installation of the Rev. John Lord. By Josiah Webster. Newburyport; Thomas and Whipple.

A Sermon preached before the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company in Boston, June 5th, 1809. By John Foster, A. M. Boston; Munroe, Francis and Parker.

A Circular Address from the Bible Society of Massachusetts, &c. Boston; J. Belcher.

A Report of the whole trial of general Michael Bright, and others; before Washington and Peters, in the circuit court of the United States, in and for

the district of Pennsylvania, and in the third circuit; on an indictment for obstructing, resisting, and opposing the execution of the writ of arrest, issued out of the district court of Pennsylvania; in the case of Gideon Olmsted and others, against the surviving executrices of David Rittenhouse deceased. By Thomas Lloyd. The arguments of counsel, and charge of the judge revised by each, respectively. Philadelphia; P. Byrne. 1809.

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THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1809.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ON THE

DANGERS AND DUTIES OF MEN OF LETTERS;

AN ADDRESS, PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF

Φ Β Κ,

ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 31st, 1809.

BY J. S. BUCKMINSTER.

PRINTED AT THE REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.

It is not without reluctance, my friends, that I appear before you this morning; not because I feel any distrust of your candour, but because I find it so difficult to offer you any thing, which shall be worthy of your candour. The orator, on this occasion, as he has no definite object, is not restrained in the choice of his topicks. . This appears indeed to be a privilege; but others, I doubt not, as well as myself, have found themselves embarrassed by the liberty of choosing without direction, and their spirits exhausted by indecision before the thoughts were fixed, as they were at last, by necessity.

When I look round, however, on those whom I am called to address, and find them to be men with whom learning is at least in esteem; men too, whose mutual friendships, as they commenced on classick ground, will always preserve, I trust, something of the raciness of their origin, I should think myself unfaithful to this occasion, and to the character of the audience, if I were to choose any other subject, than that which is common to us as scholars. For, however different our professions, opposite our connections, wide our opinions, or uncertain our destinies in life, in this we agree, that letters have been our study, perhaps our delight. By these we are to live; and by these too, *si qua fata aspera sinant*! we are to be remembered. In your company, then, I have no inclination to stray beyond the gardens

of the academy, or within the noise of the city and the forum.

Is there a man who now hears me, who would not rather belong to an enlightened and virtuous community, than to the mightiest empire of the world distinguished only by its vastness? If there is, let him cast his eye along the records of states. What do we now know of the vast unlettered empires of the east? The far extended conquests of the Assyrian hardly detain us a moment in the annals of the world, while the little state of Athens will forever be the delight of the historian and the pride of letters; preserving by the genius of her writers the only remembrance of the barbarian powers which overwhelmed her. To come down to our own times; who would not rather have been a citizen of the free and polished republic of Geneva, than to wander a prince in the vast dominions of the Czar, or bask in the beams of the present emperor of a desolated continent.

In the usual course of national aggrandizement, it is almost certain, that those of you, who shall attain to old age, will find yourselves the citizens of an empire unparalleled in extent; but is it probable, that you will have the honour of belonging to a nation of men of letters? The review of our past literary progress does not authorize very lofty expectations, neither does it leave us entirely without hope.

It is our lot to have been born in an age of tremendous revolution; and the world is yet covered with the wrecks of its ancient glory, especially of its literary renown. The fury of that storm, which rose in France, is passed and spent, but its effects have been felt through the whole system of liberal education. The foul spirit of innovation and sophistry has been seen wandering in the very groves of the Lyceum, and is not yet completely exorcised, though the spell is broken. When we look back to the records of our learning before the American revolution, we find, or think we find, (at least in New England) more accomplished scholars than we have since produced; men, who conversed more familiarly than their children with the mighty dead; men, who felt more than we do the charm of classical accomplishments; men, in short, who had not learned to be ashamed of being often found drinking at the wells of antiquity*. But so greatly have our habits of thinking been disturbed by the revolutions of the last thirty years, that the progress of our education, and, of course, the character of our learning have not a little suffered. It is true, we have shared the detriment with Europe; but the effect upon us, though perhaps

* Ch. Justice Pratt, Jas. Otis, Prof. Sewall, Bowdoin, Winthrop, Chauncy, perhaps from the natural effect of distance, appear to us to have been eminent scholars. Whether in New England we have since produced their superiors, *docti judicent*. There are now living a few men, who were educated before the revolution, whom we should be proud, though not perhaps at liberty, to name. We can only wish, that they may long animate us by their living example, rather than by their remembrance.

temporary, has been peculiarly extensive and unfortunate, because our government and our habits were in some degree unsettled.

In France † and in some other countries of Europe, what literature has lost seems to be compensated by the progress of

† We have lately seen a discourse of M. Dacier, Secrétaire perpétuel de la Classe d'Histoire & de Littérature ancienne, de l'Institut, delivered 20th February, 1808, before the Emperour, on presenting a report of the progress of literature in France during the last twenty years. This class of the Institute, which comprises very nearly the same objects with the ancient Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and to which its remaining members have been transferred, was charged by the Emperour with an enquiry into this subject, preparatory to some steps, which will be taken to revive these studies. The following extracts are made here; the *first*, because it gives a very accurate definition of the different objects and value of literature and of physical science; the *others*, because they contain the deliberate result of the inquiries of a body of men of letters on the present state of French learning.

“Si les sciences de calcul et d'observation ajoutent à nos jouissances physiques, et nous en font espérer de nouvelles pour l'avenir, les sciences morales exercent leur empire sur l'ame; elles l'éclairent, la dirigent, la soutiennent, l'élèvent ou la tempèrent; elles avancent ou conservent la civilisation; elles apprennent à l'homme à se connoître lui-même, et lui donnent dans tous les temps, dans tous les lieux, dans toutes les conditions, ce bonheur dont les autres sciences ne peuvent lui promettre que des moyens.” Page 5.

“Votre Majesté verra que, malgré les troubles politiques qui ont agité la France, elle n'est, jusqu'à présent, restée en arrière dans aucune des branches de la littérature; mais c'est avec un sentiment pénible que nous sommes forcés de lui faire apercevoir que plusieurs sont menacées d'un anéantissement prochain et presque total. La philologie, qui est la base de toute bonne littérature, et sur laquelle reposent la certitude de l'histoire et la connoissance du passé, qui a répandu tant d'éclat sur l'Académie des belles-lettres que notre classe doit continuer, ne trouve presque plus personne pour la cultiver. Les savans dont les travaux fertilisent encore chaque jour son domaine, restes, pour la plupart, d'une génération qui va disparaître, ne voient croître autour d'eux qu'un trop petit nombre d'hommes qui puissent les remplacer; et cette lumière publique, propre à encourager et à juger leurs travaux, diminue sensiblement de clarté, et son foyer se rétrécit tous les jours de plus en plus. Faire connoître le mal à votre Majesté, c'est s'assurer que votre main puissante saura y appliquer le remède.” Page 6, 7.

“Cependant, en France, quelques hommes de lettres continuoient, dans le silence de la solitude, leurs études et leurs travaux; et, dès que les circonstances l'ont permis, on a vu paroître dans les collections de l'Institut un assez grand nombre de notices de manuscrits et de mémoires relatifs à notre histoire du moyen âge et à la diplomatique. Le quatorzième volume du Recueil des historiens de France a été publié par les ordres et sous les auspices du Gouvernement; le quinzième s'imprime, ainsi que le seizième volume du Recueil des ordonnances des rois de la troisième dynastie française. D'autres ouvrages du même genre, qui ont été interrompus, attendent encore, à la vérité, des continuateurs; et nous sommes obligés d'avouer, quoiqu'à regret, à votre Majesté, que nous ne pouvons espérer qu'ils en trouvent tous, à moins qu'un de vos regards puissans ne ranime ce genre d'études dans lequel la France s'est illustrée pendant plus de deux siècles, et qu'elle paroît aujourd'hui avoir presque entièrement abandonné.” Pages 13, 14.

science. In England the trunk of her national learning was so deeply rooted, that it has been swayed only, and not injured by this tempest of reform. It yet retains its vigour, and we doubt not will entirely recover its former direction. But here, the French revolution, immediately succeeding our own, found the minds of men in an unsettled state, and, as you may well imagine, did not help to compose them. Our forms of education were becoming more popular and superficial; the knowledge of antiquity began to be despised; and the hard labour of learning to be dispensed with. Soon the ancient strictness of discipline disappeared; the curriculum of studies was shortened in favour of the impatience or the necessities of candidates for literary honours; the pains of application were derided, and a pernicious notion of equality was introduced, which has not only tainted our sentiments, but impaired our vigour, and crippled our literary eminence.

This secret influence of public opinion, though not easily described, has been felt and lamented by many of us who were educated in the present generation. We have many steps to recover; and before we shall travel in the suite of the learned in the old world, we have some long strides to make. Our poets and historians, our critics and orators,* the men of whom posterity are to stand in awe and be instructed are yet to appear among us. The men of letters who are to direct our taste, mould our genius, and inspire our emulation; the men, in fact, whose writings are to be the depositories of our national greatness, have not yet shown themselves to the world. But if we are not mistaken in the signs of the times, the genius of our literature begins to show symptoms of vigour, and to meditate a bolder flight; and the generation which is to succeed us will be formed on better models, and leave a brighter track. The spirit of criticism begins to plume itself, and education, as it assumes a more learned form, will take a higher aim. If we are not misled by our hopes, the dream of ignorance is at least disturbed; and there are signs that the period is approaching, in which it will be said of our own country, *tuus jam regnat Apollo*.

You then, my friends, are destined, I hope, to witness the dawn of our Augustan age, and to contribute to its glory. Whatever may be your place in society, I am confident you will not willingly discard the love of virtue and of knowledge; and it is with this confidence, that I shall now venture to speak to you of some of THE DANGERS AND DUTIES OF MEN OF LETTERS. The subject is copious; and what will now be offered is a mere

* That we have had poets, critics, and historians, is not denied. Belknap and Minot have furnished us good specimens, and Dr. Holmes valuable materials, for which our future historians will give them credit and thanks. All that is meant here is, that we have not yet produced standards, or models in these departments of literature. We have also now among us men, who want nothing but the discipline of a more thorough education, to be consummate orators, worthy of any age or nation.

essay. If it should be found suitable to this occasion, and to the actual state of our literature, my purpose will be answered.

Every where there are dangers and evils, of which some affect the intellectual improvement, and others are unfavourable to the moral worth of literary men. In this country, especially, it too oftens happens, that the young man, who is to live by his talents, and to make the most of the name of a scholar, is tempted to turn his literary credit to the quickest account, by early making himself of consequence to the people, or rather to some of their factions. From the moment that he is found yielding himself up to their service, or hunting after popular favour, his time, his studies, and his powers yet in their bloom, are all lost to learning. Instead of giving his days and nights to the study of the profound masters of political wisdom, instead of patiently receiving the lessons of history and of practical philosophy, he prematurely takes a part in all the dissensions of the day. His leisure is wasted on the profligate productions of demagogues, and his curiosity bent on the minutiae of local politicks. The consequence is, that his mind is so much dissipated, or his passions disturbed, that the quiet speculations of the scholar can no longer detain him. He hears at a distance the bustle of the Comitia—He rushes out of the grove of Egeria, and Numa and the Muses call after him in vain. It is, perhaps, one of the incurable evils of our constitution of society, that this ambition of immediate notoriety and rapid success is too early excited, and thus the promises of literary excellence are so frequently superseded.

The history of genius is not wanting in examples of powers thus perverted, and passions too early inflamed. If we may go so far back for examples, we find them in Alcibiades and the Gracchi; men educated with all the advantages which Greece and Rome could bestow, and yet lost to every thing but faction. There are no doubt many other instances, but most of them are not now to be recovered from oblivion; for the records of civil dissension, let it be remembered, are not so lasting as those of learning. Here I should be tempted to adduce even the name of Burke, and support myself by the authority of Goldsmith, who ventured early to lament that

—— he narrowed his mind,

And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

But the awful history of our own times has persuaded me to forbear; for of Burke, at least, posterity will never cease to say, *what he gave up to party, he gave to mankind*. The life of Milton, however, is a memorable instance of the temporary degradation of learning. For, notwithstanding the sublime fiction of Gray,* that the loss of his sight was occasioned by the brightness of his celestial visions, it is, alas! nothing but a fiction. Those fine

* Ode on the progress of Poesy, lxx. 2.

orbs were quenched in the service of a vulgar and usurping faction; and had they not been thus early "closed in endless night," the world, perhaps, would have wanted the Paradise lost, and that master spirit of England have been wasted in more praises of Cromwell and more ribaldry against Salmasius. You, then, who are impatient to take a part in public life, remember, that there is hardly to be found a consummate statesman or warrior in a literary age, who was not himself a man of letters. I will not weary you by an enumeration; but you will instantly call to mind Alexander, the accomplished scholar of Aristotle; Caesar, at the head of Rome, the *deliciae literatorum*; Charlemagne, master of all the science that an ignorant age could afford; Alfred, the philosophical translator of Boethius; and Frederick, who gathered around him the great men of his age, not so much their patron, as their competitor.

On the other hand, there are some finely attempered spirits, who, disgusted at the grossness which belongs to the common contests and occupations of active life, are in danger of entirely relinquishing its real duties in the luxurious leisure of study. In the actual state of the politicks of our country, this opposite temptation has been already felt by many studious minds. The young man, early enamoured of literature, sometimes casts a disdainful glance at the world, and then sinks to repose in the lap of his mistress. He finds it easier to read than to think, and still easier to think than to act. His indisposition increases by indulgence. His learning becomes effeminate. He reads to furnish amusement for his imagination, not to provide materials for intellectual greatness. He passes his time among the muses, it is true; but it is the graces, who mingle in the circle, that engross his attention; and his life, though nominally given to contemplation, is little else than "to sport with Amaryllis in the shade, and play with the tangles of Neaera's hair." He goes to his books, to enjoy a certain mild delirium of the mind, regardless of the claims of society, and of the account, which he must give at last, of his studies and advantages. Whenever he comes out into the world, he thinks it was not made for him; and soon returns in disgust, to seek relief in that employment which has been admirably called the "invisible riot of the mind, that secret prodigality of being, secure from detection, and fearless of reproach*."

The history of letters does not at this moment suggest to me a more fortunate parallel between the effects of active and of inactive learning, than in the well known characters of Cicero and Atticus. Let me hold them up to your observation, not because Cicero was faultless, or Atticus always to blame, but because, like you, they were the citizens of a republic. They lived in an age of learning and of dangers, and acted upon opposite principles, when Rome was to be saved, if saved at all,

* Rambler, No. 89.

by the virtuous energy of her most accomplished minds. If we look now for Atticus, we find him in the quiet of his library, surrounded with his books ; while Cicero was passing through the regular course of publick honours and services, where all the treasures of his mind were at the command of his country. If we follow them, we find Atticus pleasantly wandering among the ruins of Athens, purchasing up statues and antiques ; while Cicero was at home blasting the projects of Cataline, and at the head of the senate, like the tutelary spirit of his country, as the storm was gathering, secretly watching the doubtful movements of Caesar. If we look to the period of the civil wars, we find Atticus always reputed, indeed, to belong to the party of the friends of liberty, yet originally dear to Sylla, and intimate with Clodius, recommending himself to Caesar by his neutrality, courted by Anthony, and connected with Octavius, poorly concealing the epicureanism of his principles under the ornaments of literature and the splendour of his benefactions ; till at last this inoffensive and polished friend of successive usurpers hastens out of life to escape from the pains of a lingering disease. Turn now to Cicero, the only great man at whom Caesar always trembled, the only great man whom falling Rome did *not* fear. Do you tell me, that his hand once offered incense to the dictator ? Remember, it was the gift of gratitude only and not of servility ; for the same hand launched its indignation against the infamous Anthony, whose power was more to be dreaded, and whose revenge pursued him till this father of his country gave his head to the executioner without a struggle, for he knew that Rome was no longer to be saved ! If, my friends, you would feel what learning and genius and virtue should aspire to in a day of peril, and depravity, when you are tired of the factions of the city, the battles of Caesar, the crimes of the triumvirate, and the splendid court of Augustus, do not go and repose in the easy chair of Atticus, but refresh your virtues and your spirits with the contemplation of Cicero.*

A little observation of the state of knowledge in this country brings to mind the remark of Johnson on the learning of Scot-

* The character of Cicero has seldom been contemplated, as it ought to be, in the whole ; and therefore of late years, especially since the translations of Melmoth, it has become fashionable to talk of his weakness, and even to impeach his integrity. But the true difference between him and Atticus in their political conduct was, that Cicero was mistaken in always attempting to reconcile the contending parties in the state, when he would have done better to maintain by vigorous measures the cause which he approved ; while Atticus was so deliberately or selfishly inactive, that he would not even take the pains to conciliate. They who form their opinions of Atticus only from the panegyrick of Cornelius Nepos, may perhaps be correct ; but even they will esteem him with more or less reserve according to their previous notions of virtue and their habits of life. But there are some reasons for thinking, not only that Cicero understood his character better than we do, but, notwithstanding their long familiarity, esteemed it less. See *Oeuvres de St. Real*, vol. 1. and his translation of the letters to Atticus, in *notis*.

land: "that it is like bread in a besieged town, where every one gets a little, but no man a full meal." So it is among us. There is a diffusion of information widely and thinly spread, which serves to content us, rather than to make us ambitious of more. Our scholars are often employed in loose and undirected studies. They read, it is true, but without an object; and lose their time in superficial and unconnected inquiries. Such is the want of leisure in some of our professions, and the necessity of turning our knowledge to immediate account; so defective in many places are our rudiments of education, and so inadequate the provision made for instructors; so insulated are our men of study in this vast territory, and such is, after all, the genius of our government, that we find few who are willing to pass through the long and severe discipline of early application, and still fewer of whom we can say, *γρηγοροῦσι διδασκαλίας*. We have yet to form systems of more effectual instruction, and to assign the departments of literary labour, where exertion shall be encouraged by suitable rewards. In the mean while, in this unsettled state of our studies, let us not weaken our powers by feebly grasping at every thing. We have been long enough flying from novelty to novelty, and regaling upon the flowers of literature, till we begin to know *where* learning may be found; it is time *now* to think of making it our own. The most powerful minds, which the world ever knew, have sometimes dissipated their powers in the multiplicity of their pursuits. Gibbon,* in his masterly portrait of Leibnitz, concludes with comparing him to those heroes, "whose empire has been lost in the ambition of universal conquest." If then a mind like his, formed for intellectual supremacy, may suffer by designing more than it can accomplish, or by neglecting to concentrate its powers and pursuits, let us not spend *our* lives in hastily traversing regions of knowledge, which we certainly shall never conquer, and which we may never inhabit, but turn to the patient cultivation of some of the provinces of literature.

The moral defects and faults of temper, to which scholars are exposed, are not peculiar to any country. It is every where the natural tendency of a life of retirement and contemplation, to generate the notion of innocence and moral security; but men of letters should remember, that, in the eye of reason and of christianity, simple unprofitableness is always a crime. They should know too, that there are solitary diseases of the imagination not less fatal to the mind, than the vices of society. He who pollutes his fancy with his books may in fact be more culpable, than he who is seduced into the haunts of debauchery by the force of passion or example. He who by his sober studies only feeds his selfishness or his pride of knowledge may be more to blame, than the pedant or the coxcomb in literature,

* Antiquities of the house of Brunsw. Ch. 1. Sect. 1. Misc. works, vol. iii. 8vo.

though not so ridiculous. That learning, whatever it may be, which lives and dies with the possessor, is more worthless than his wealth, which descends to his posterity; and where the heart remains uncultivated and the affections sluggish, the mere man of curious erudition may stand, indeed, as an object of popular admiration, but he stands like the occasional palaces of ice in the regions of the north, the work of vanity, lighted up with artificial lustre, yet cold, useless, and uninhabited, and soon to pass away without leaving a trace of their existence. You, then, who feel yourselves sinking under the gentle pressure of sloth, or who seek in learned seclusion that moral security, which is the reward only of virtuous resolution, remember, you do not escape from temptations, much less from responsibility by retiring to the repose and silence of your libraries.

I pass over many of the faults of scholars, and what Bacon calls the "peccant humours of learning," such as the love of singularity, contempt for practical wisdom, the weakness of literary vanity, and the disease of pedantry, to warn you against two principal evils, of which one is that alienation of affection, so frequent among men of letters. Their history is too often that of factions and intrigues, of envy and recrimination. The *odium theologicum* has long since become a proverb; and perhaps there are few writers, whose libraries have not at some time been a repository of poisoned darts, and implements of literary warfare. In modern times the licentiousness of criticism has aggravated this evil. The shafts of Apollo, the god of criticism, are as numerous, and often as envenomed as those, which the same god, under a different character, launched among the Greeks at the prayer of Chryses his offended priest. It is fortunate, however, that in the arrows of criticism the smart of the wound is greater than the danger. Authors, jealous of reputation, or conscious of merit, have lost all the influence of their philosophy and all the meekness of their religion under anonymous attack, or in their ardour for repelling it. It is painful to dwell on the animosities of the learned, however just they may sometimes appear; but it is well for us to know, that the last lesson, which great minds learn, is to bear a superiour, or be just to a rival. Even Newton and Leibnitz (and I can go no higher) were alienated and debased by their mutual jealousy. They separated, they accused, they recriminated; and the cool mathematicians of Europe were heated by their quarrels. When we read the works of these two sublime men, we should as soon have expected a collision in the celestial spheres, which they were in the habit of contemplating; and, if they have met in the calm regions of intellectual purity and light, no doubt they are content to leave with posterity their angry dispute about the invention of fluxions, and wonder at the imperfection of terrestrial greatness.*

* This dispute is related with the greatest minuteness in the life of Leibnitz, by M. le Chevalier de Jaucourt, prefixed to the edition of the *Essais*

The other dangerous infirmity of scholars, against which we should be always on our guard, is the indiscriminate imitation of the eminent. There are many, who seek to show their relation to men of genius by exhibiting some kindred deformity. If they know any thing of the history of authors, we find them quoting their authority, and seeking shelter behind their defects; if not, they content themselves with copying the irregularities of some living and contemporary genius. It is so old a fiction that contempt of rules and order is a constituent of genius, that one would think it should have lost its authority. We have had deep philosophers, who would not have been suspected of thinking, except for their occasional absences of mind; and fine spirits, who were thought to resemble Horace, because they could roar a catch, or empty a cask of Falernian. We have had satirists with nothing of Dryden but his vulgarity, and of Churchill but his malice; wits, who got drunk, because Addison was not always sober; lickerish writers in imitation of Sterne; and others foul from the pages of Swift. We have had paradoxes and confessions in the style of Rousseau, without any of his genius, and freethinkers innumerable of the school of Voltaire, who could not afford to be at once wits and christians. In a more harmless way, we have had sterile writers, whose veins would flow only at particular seasons; puny moralists, talking big like Johnson; orators, with nothing, as one may say, of Tully but his wart, and of Demosthenes but his stammer; in short, my friends, we have had enough of "the contortions of the Sybil, without her inspiration."

The infirmities of noble minds are often so consecrated by their greatness, that an unconscious imitation of their peculiarities, which are real defects, may sometimes be pardoned in their admirers. But to copy their vices, or to hunt in their works for those very lines, which, when dying, they would most wish to blot, is a different offence. I know of nothing in literature so unpardonable as this. He who poaches among the labours of the learned only to find what there is polluted in their language, or licentious in their works; he who searches the biography of men of genius to find precedents for his follies, or palliations of his own stupid depravity, can be compared to nothing more strongly than to the man, who should walk through the gallery of antiques, and every day gaze upon the Apollo, the Venus, or the Laocoon, and yet, *proh pudor!* bring away an imagination impressed with nothing but the remembrance that they were naked.

de Théodicée, printed at Amsterdam, 1747, 2 vols. 12mo. a most interesting piece of biography. The writer is very much disposed to give to Leibnitz not only this honour of the invention of the differential calculus, but the credit of behaving the most honourably in the dispute; but this, I believe, is not the general opinion; at least among the English mathematicians.

But I must pursue this subject no further. My friends! you who are now to enter into the world with the fruits of your education here, and you too who have for many years made learning your employment, permit me to remind you, that all our acquisitions are due to that country, which gave us birth, to that society, which protects and encourages us, to those parents and friends, who have aided our progress, and to that religion, which is the strength of our excellence, and which alone promises eternal life and satisfaction to the mind of man panting after truth. Truth, truth is indeed the ultimate object of human study; and though the pleasure of learning is often in itself a sufficient motive and reward, yet are we not to forget that we all owe something to society. That well known tendency of men of letters to inertia and repose must, therefore, be resolutely counteracted. You must tear yourselves away, my friends, from the *noctes caenaeque Deorum*, where you hold converse with the fine spirits of former days, and inquire what you may do for mankind. Learning is not a superfluity; and utility must, after all, be the object of your studies. The theologian, like Paley, who makes truth intelligible to the humblest; the preacher, like Fenelon, who imparts the divine warmth of his own soul to the souls of his readers; the moralist, like Johnson, who "gives ardour to virtue and confidence to truth;" the jurist, like Mansfield, who contributes to the perfect administration of justice; the statesman, who stems the torrent of corruption, and directs the rising virtue of an indignant people; the philosopher, who leaves in his writings the pregnant germs of future discoveries; the historian, and the poet, who not only preserve the names of the great, but, in words that burn, inflame us with the love of their excellence, are of more value to the community, than a whole cabinet of *dilettanti*, and more worthy of your imitation than Magliabechi, reposing on the ponderous tomes of his library, a mere *corpus literarum*.

You, too, who are about to enter upon the business of manly life, should know, that literature, whether it be her pride, or her misfortune, will disdain to divide the empire of your heart. She scorns to enter into partnership with the love of money, or the ambition of noisy distinction, or with any other inordinate affection. Hardly will she submit to be encumbered with the common worldly anxieties, much less to follow in the train of lust and corruption. Genius, it is true, sometimes bursts through all these impediments; and in the midst of vice and dissipation, and even in the embarrassments of love, has been known to plant his standard on the top of Parnassus. But in general, and especially in our own country, nothing is more just than the remark of Quintilian: quod si agrorum nimia cura, et sollicitior rei familiaris diligentia, et venandi voluptas, et dati spectaculis dies, multum studiis auferunt, quid putamus facturam cupiditatem, avaritiam, invidiam? Quis inter haec literis, aut ulli bonae arti

locus? Non, hercle, magis quam frugibus, in terra sentibus & rubis occupata*.

Indeed, my friends, it is time to have done with our short cuts to reputation. Let us no longer think of finding a royal road to learning. It is time that our libraries were better furnished, our presses less^s prolifick, and we not so impatient of being unknown. If there is any thing which particularly distinguishes the literature of the seventeenth century from that of the present times, it is that then the men of letters were willing to study, and now they are in haste to publish. That was the age of scholars; this of readers and of printers. The great men of that age were formed like the trees of a hundred years growth, by perpetually drawing nutriment from the soil, and at the same time drinking in the pure air of heaven; while we, like the ivy, slender and rapid in our growth, and full of leaves, are, I fear, of short continuance, except as we learn to *cling around them*.

I should be unfaithful to myself and to the subject, if I should leave it, without mentioning it as the most solemn of our obligations as scholars, to take care that we give no currency to error or sanction to vice. Unfortunately, there is enough of corrupt literature in the world; and when the mind has once begun to make that its poison, which ought to be its medicine, I know not how the soul is to be recovered, except by the power of God in his word. Scholars! I dare not say, that the cause of religion *depends* upon the fidelity of the learned; but I do say, that gratitude and every motive of virtue demand of you a reverence for the gospel. Protestant christianity has in former times given learning such support, as learning never can repay. † The history of christendom bears witness to this. The names of Erasmus, of Grotius, of Bacon and a host of luminaries of science, who rise up like a wall of fire around the cause of christianity, will bear witness to this. They cry out in the language of Tully; O vitæ dux! o virtutis indagatrix, expultrixque vitiorum! quid non modo nos, sed omnino vita hominum sine te esse potuisset.‡ Without this for the guide and terminus of your studies, you may "but go down to hell, with a great deal of wisdom." My friends, infidelity has had one triumph in our days; and we have seen learning, as well as virtue, trampled under the hoofs of its infuriated steeds, let loose by the hand of impiety. Fanaticism, too, has had more than one day of desolation; and its consequences have been such, as ought always to put

* If a solicitous care of our estates, and the love of sporting, and a passion for the theatre, subtract so much from our studies, what can be expected from a mind engrossed with cupidity, avarice, and evil passions? In such a life what place is there for letters, or any honourable pursuit? Indeed, we might as well expect a harvest from a field overgrown with briars and brambles! Quintilian. Inst. Orat. Lib. 12. cap. 1.

† See Dr. Jortin's first charge, entitled "Christianity, the preserver and supporter of Literature." Sermon. vol. 7. p. 353.

‡ Tusc. Quæst. Lib. 5. § 2.

learning on its guard. Remember, then, the place where we have been educated, and the pious bounty which has enriched it for our sakes! Think of the ancestors who have transmitted to us our christian liberties! Nay, hear the voice of posterity, pleading with you for her peace, and beseeching you not to send down your names, stained with profligacy and irreligion. Do you want examples of learned christians? I could not recount them all in an age. You need not to be told that

Learning has borne *such* fruit in other days,
On all her branches; piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews*.

Yes, it has! We have known and loved such men, and, thank God, have been loved by them. There is now present to my mind the image of a scholar, whom some of you knew, (for he was one of us,) and those who knew him well will say with me, he was as pure a spirit as ever tasted the dew of Castalia!—How would WALTER have delighted in this anniversary! He would have heard me! me, who am now left to speak of him only, and ask for him the tribute, the passing tribute of your grateful recollection! He would have heard me? It may be, that he now hears me, and is pleased with this tribute.

——— Manibus date lilia plenis;
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque amici
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.†

It would be ungrateful to close this subject, without thinking of our Alma Mater! Scholars! let us never dishonour her. Let it always be ranked among the most urgent and honourable of our duties, to consult her interests, to watch over her renown, and to gain for her the patronage of the community. You, then, who are alive to the reputation of this antient university, lend her your effectual influence. Go to the rich, and tell them of the substantial glory of literary patronage! Tell them of the Maecenases of former days! Tell them, that the spirit of commerce has always been propitious to the arts and sciences! Show them the glories of the Medici of Florence; the republican renown of Holland, once studded with splendid universities, and fruitful in great men, fostered by the rich merchants of her cities! Show them that island of the blessed, where so many rich endowments of schools and of literary institutions have

* Cowper's Task, Book iii.

† Aen. Lib. vi. 893.

Bring fragrant flowers, the whitest lilies bring,
With all the purple beauties of the spring;
On the dear youth, to please his shade below,
This unavailing gift at least I may bestow!

DRYDEN AND PITT.

mingled forever together the glories of commerce and of science! And, if this will not touch them, read the roll of the former benefactors of our university; of the Hollises and the Hancocks. These were merchants; and men too, whom posterity will never cease to honour; men, whom all the great and good spirits that have issued from this seat of learning will go and congratulate in heaven, as their benefactors!

There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine;
Rapt in celestial transport they;
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their op'ning soul
First the genuine ardour stole.*

But I forbear.—The cause of truth and learning is the cause of God, and it will not be deserted. With our Alma Mater, then, we leave our filial valediction; and in the words of Virgil, where he speaks of Berecynthia, the mother of the gods, we express our most ardent wishes that she may ever be

Felix prole virum.....
Laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes caelicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes†. ‡

AEN. LIB. VI. 783.

* Gray's Ode for Musick.

† Proud of her sons, she lifts her head on high;
Proud, as the mighty mother of the sky,
When, thro' the Phrygian towns, sublime in air
She rides triumphant in her golden car,
Crown'd with a nodding diadem of tow'rs,
And counts her offspring, the celestial pow'rs,
A shining train, who fill the blest abode,
A hundred sons, and every son a god!

PITT.

‡ The present state of the University at Cambridge is such, we believe, as must be highly gratifying to its friends. Within a few years the terms of admission have been considerably raised, and a greater strictness of examination introduced. The number of books studied there is increased, and a spirit of application discovers itself, which promises much future excellence. The introduction of Dalzel's *Collectanea Majora* is a great step towards the improvement of Greek learning; and a Lord's day exercise will soon be required of the students in Grotius de veritate. The professorships of rhetorick and of natural history are noble instances of munificence; and there have been lately added adjunct professors in the two departments of chemistry and of anatomy. There is yet, however, much to be done, which calls for the patronage of the rich. A professorship of law, for which there is already a fund, might soon be put in operation with more ample endowments. The salaries of some of the officers require to be enlarged, to induce men of talents to fill these places for any length of time; and the number of tutors might be advantageously increased. But it is peculiarly desirable that a theological school should be established, where students for the ministry may be supported, and a professor or professors appointed, who shall devote themselves to the instruction of resident graduates in Biblical criticism, and in the qualifications for the pulpit.

It would be a very agreeable employment to some one acquainted with our academical annals, to collect and publish a history of this university, or an *Athenae Harvardienses*. In a few years it will become almost impracticable.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

[We have been favoured by a friend with an extract of a letter from Paris, dated in May, of which the following is a translation.]

The attention of the literary world has been occupied for a month past by a poem of M. Chateaubriand's, entitled *the Martyrs*. Philosophers, devotees, and wits are all against him. The first accuse him of bigotry, the second of having detracted from the dignity of God, by placing him in conversation with Jupiter, and the last to have failed in his object, which was to prove, that the christian mythology offered much finer effects for paintings than the Pagan; and that he has produced a monster in literature, which is neither poem nor romance. As for me, who know nothing of the business, and who of course am not obliged to make any pretensions, I am very well pleased with this sort of hermaphrodite; it pleases my mind, and I am content with that pleasure, without seeking to destroy the illusion by those terrible *why's*.

Madame de Stael has discovered for us a German, altogether French; and that with reason, we love unreasonably: it is an extract from a work of thirty folios, by the Prince de Ligne. She has given us the quintessence of them; there is grace, delicacy, promptness, *de l'afrofitos*, reason, trifling, wit, in short every thing that to this moment we thought could only exist in *la gentille nation*, as Frederick the Great used to call us, and yet it is from a German.

I do not know whether Fame has carried to the new world the glory of Luce de Lencival, the author of Hector, a tragedy, praised to the skies, and for which they fought, and were crushed to pieces at the doors of the theatre, and which has produced the author a pension of six thousand livres. A good style, the most affecting adieus, a friendship worthy of Patroclus, the interest which a hero, sacrificing his military glory to the good of his country inspires, these have caused its success.

If from the illustrious Homer I may descend to the *barriere Pantin*, I will tell you that I went a day or two since to the canal of the Oure, which was projected three years ago. The part I saw is charming; a reservoir almost a mile in length, and wide in proportion, a Dutch bridge at the end, communicating with the canal, two rows of chesnuts planted on each side, and the hills of Romainville crowning the whole, makes a charming walk for the cockneys of Paris.

I shall not speak of the embellishments of the great city; they are infinite, pulling down and building up; it is a scene of edifices and ruins. In viewing their foundations on one side, their

triumphal arches, galleries, collonades, the louvre, I fancy myself at Rome in the age of Augustus.

I had forgot the greatest of all wonders ; a man, named *Azais*, has shewn himself all of a sudden with work after work upon *compensations*, proving to us that there is as much good as evil in this lower world, and telling the emperour that, during so great a reign, we must necessarily become acquainted with truth, and that God had chosen him to reveal it. He has attempted to shew us all this in a publick course of lectures, in which no body could understand a word ; and to this time we consider him as the greatest madman that could escape from Charenton or Bedlam. He has really the air of a prophet, and, as if he had been anointed from heaven, he is eloquent in the highest degree. No man can speak with more genius, nor be irrational with more charm.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

SOME ACCOUNT OF VENICE, AND THE SPLENDID ENTRANCE OF BUONAPARTE INTO THAT CITY,
in December, 1807.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

[Continued from page 92.]

OBJECTS of a commercial nature having been the principal inducements to our visiting Venice, we were to attend to those objects first ; and accordingly this afternoon we called upon some merchants to whom we had been recommended, and obtained from them such information and advice as related to our affairs.

Having been extremely pleased with the first impressions received on entering Venice, we determined to gratify our curiosity a little, and see as much of this celebrated city as the nature of our business and the short stay we proposed to make here would permit.

The first day of our arrival has been noticed ; we attended to business, past hastily through several parts of the city, and betook ourselves early to rest. The fatigue of the preceding night, spent in our carriage, prepared us for repose, and no malignant spirit was commissioned to disturb it. This was Wednesday ; and the remaining part of the week we devoted much of our time to visiting several places worthy of notice, examining with pleasure various objects in the fine arts, admiring the riches and elegance of the churches, and beholding altogether with wonder the tokens of splendour and magnificence to which this city and republick had formerly attained.

St. Mark's church is very curious for its Mosaick work ; all those figures and ornaments of colours and shades which in other catholick churches are paintings, and which appear like paintings here, are done in Mosaick. They are beautifully, they

are wonderfully executed; and one can scarcely believe that the fine art of painting can be so easily counterfeited by artfully arranging different coloured stones. In an alcove on the outside of the church, St. Mark is thus painted or figured in Mosaick as a corpse, surrounded by a number of saints and angels, all larger than life, and executed in a style to please and astonish the most elevated expectations. The inside is decorated with numerous pieces equally beautiful and surprising. The roof of the church is thrown into several arches; which are seen from the floor, and are filled, as well as the walls, with saints and angels in groups, a great many scriptural and some historical pieces, all in Mosaick. It would seem to require ages to collect and assort a sufficient number of these small stones to form so many and such variety of figures, without calculating the labour and ingenuity in setting them. The altar and its ornaments are rich in marble and the precious metals; but much of these last was taken away and converted to more active purposes by the French army, when they first took possession of the city, and overturned the republick of Venice. Round the altar are four pillars of alabaster, which, although near a foot in diameter, are beautifully transparent.

As in all Catholick churches, so in St. Mark's they pretend to have some very extraordinary and sacred relics, or objects of sacred regard, and religious veneration. The real body of St. Mark, the Evangelist, they tell you, is preserved in this church; and what is cherished with a still more holy adoration, a piece of the cross, upon which our saviour was crucified*. St. Mark is their tutelary saint, and has always been worshipped as the patron and protector of their city. One would suppose however, that they had offended him of late, for he seems to have withdrawn his patronage, and did not see fit to protect them against the general depredations of the conquerour of Italy.

The top of St. Mark's tower is a tedious elevation to attain, but from the balcony you enjoy a prospect which repays the toil of ascending. From hence we looked down on the city, could mark its shape and dimensions, its numerous canals and bridges, with the busy multitude of men which crowded the streets, had a view of the adjacent isles, a distant one of the Adriatick, and all the variegated charms which the fine bay and beautiful country on its borders could exhibit.

The Ducal palace is a noble edifice; those who see it must admire, but it is too large for me to examine with accuracy, and contains too many interesting objects to attempt to describe. The palace forms a square, and encloses a spacious court.

* On board of the vessel in which I afterwards embarked for Trieste, there was a devout sailor who had a small sliver from this piece of the holy cross. It was given him, he said, as a most precious donation by the priests of St. Mark; he had it fixed in a little locket in the form of a cross, and as the weather looked boisterous when we were about to go under way, he took this from his chest and very piously hung it about his neck.

Round the court in niches are a great number of statues, some in bronze, some in marble. Two ranges of Corinthian columns form the front of the palace, and ornament each side of the square; the first range supports a gallery, and the second a cornice. From the court or square we ascended a flight of marble steps to the gallery, and from the gallery, through other superb stair-cases to the upper apartments, we visited successively, the council chamber, the chamber of audience, the grand assembly room, &c. They are all in the most magnificent style, and ornamented by some of the first paintings in the world. The history of the wars of the republick, and the whole story of Barbarossa are told on canvass, and expressed in almost living characters. The stair-cases are very noble; they are wide, with a fine arch over head, and these arches are filled with sculpture, bas relief, and stucco, richly gilt. Round the walls in the court we observed the lion's mouths, which, from being channels of secret information, were wont to keep the Venetians in so much awe. The rear of the palace is washed by the waters of a canal. As we passed up this canal in a gondola, we observed several back doors which opened into the water, so that a boat might sail into a large entry, and land upon a large stair-case leading to the apartments above.

On the other side of the canal is the state prison, a noble building also, and from this to the palace was a communication by a covered bridge forming a fine marble arch over the canal. It was through this passage that the prisoners were conducted to the palace for trial, or to receive from the senate their sentence.

In more prosperous times, when Venice maintained an elevated rank as a naval power, the arsenal here was considered the first in the world. Since her fall it has been neglected, many of the magazines have been stripped and plundered; but like Marius in Carthage, it is great in ruins. Lately a little more attention has been paid to it; the French government are putting the works in operation, and particularly upon the occasion of the expected visit from the Emperour, every exertion is making that it may appear respectable. It is a most spacious enclosure for naval architecture and a vast deposite and laboratory of naval and warlike implements. In it is contained the work-shops for manufacturing every thing necessary for the constructing and completely fitting a ship of war. Here they are built and equipped for sea; and a ship of the line is completed, from the laying of the keel, until she is ready to fight an enemy upon her own element, without going beyond these walls for a single manufactured article. The cables, the anchors, the sails, are all made here, and the workhouses for these several objects are upon the largest and most convenient plan. The cannon are cast in this arsenal, and the muskets and smaller weapons are also manufactured on the same busy stage. The walls enclose two basons of water, and upon the margins of

these are about fifty vast workhouses, in which the ships are built; they are separated from each other by a thick wall of masonry, and these walls support lofty roofs: thus a ship of war is begun and completed for launching, in a workshop, where the workmen are always under cover. Let any one figure to himself the size of a workshop, large enough to contain a ship of one hundred guns, and he will have some idea of the magnitude of objects in the arsenal of Venice. The ropewalk is a convenient and handsome building; it is upwards of fifteen hundred feet long, two stories high, and the roof is supported by a superb range of columns nearly four feet in diameter.

The cannon foundry is also a spacious and convenient building; and in it we saw some fine brass guns under the operating hands of the workmen, and in various stages of the process, from melting the metal to the last polishing of the piece.

In examining the manufactures of such ponderous objects, one has a flattering idea of the ingenuity of man. It occasions a pleasant emotion, something like the sublime, to observe with what ease they perform operations which seem to require a powerful force. The application of suitable machinery will effect any thing, and effect any thing with ease. A cannon of any size is here suspended and whirled round in a kind of lathe, and thus wrought and polished with great ease and dexterity.

After being sufficiently elevated by viewing things upon such a grand scale, the mind is agreeably diverted in being directed to a beautiful display of smaller objects. We were conducted to the armory, where several adjoining halls are filled with small arms, muskets, pistols, swords, &c. They are kept clean and polished, and so ingeniously arranged and displayed, that on entering each hall a different and beautiful coup d'oeil is presented. Here also we saw some fine pieces of sculpture, and some weapons and pieces of armour, curious for their antiquity, and several trophies of war, which the Venetians are still proud of telling were borne in triumph from their vanquished enemies.]

Among the many churches which we visited, and which from their riches and elegance we viewed with pleasing admiration, there was one which we were principally induced to see on account of a fine piece of sculpture, among connoisseurs considered a master piece. It is a modern production, designed and executed by *Canova*, who is at present celebrated as the first sculptor of the age. It is a group, the principal figure of which is *Elmo*, a Venetian admiral, with ships, galleys, the sea, and a variety of naval emblems; the whole cut from one solid block of white marble, and executed certainly in a very beautiful style.

In this church there were also a great many very fine paintings; but what I saw with most surprise, though not with equal approbation, was a Grecian female statue in white marble, in a recumbent posture, and perfectly naked. The singularity of such a figure in a house of christian worship astonished me, and

I was shocked with what I thought the indecency of the thing. It might have merit for its true imitation of nature, but nature is not always to be exposed, and particularly in a place of public devotion. But whatever may be its value in point of workmanship, I am sure I had not the countenance to examine it, especially before an assembly in the midst of their religious exercises, and therefore shall not pretend to judge of its merits in that particular.

The author of *Elements of Criticism* says, "no picture is proper for a church that has not religion for its subject." I agree with him. But certainly the Venetians were not under the influence of this sense of congruity, when they placed within these sacred walls the image of a naked woman.

Among the iniquitous institutions which the present government supports, and which, with a mutual regard, in their turn help to support the government, are the gaming houses. There is one in this city upon a very superb and costly plan. Here we see the vices, as it were, marshalled and organized. This noble building, with its lofty and elegant apartments, is worthy of a better application. You enter it through large folding doors from a court-yard, ascend a fine flight of marble steps, which mount to the second story and open into a spacious hall, the ceiling of which is vaulted, and ornamented with fine paintings. The hall is about fifty feet by sixty, and is surrounded by four or five lesser apartments, though all of them large and elegant. In two of these rooms are large tables with a wheel of fortune, and in the others are a great number of faro tables.

This house is crowded every evening with a mixed company. All of them come here with the laudable design of winning other people's money, but the most of them go home with the mortification of having lost their own.

The wheel of fortune tables are long, each being divided into two parts, making double tables, with the deceitful goddess in the middle. She is a silver figure, and stands on a silver ball in the center of an horizontal wheel; a boy sets at the middle of the table to whirl the wheel round, and a man at each end to receive and pay out the money that is bet. These tables are so thronged and crowded with anxious faces, that it is difficult for one to squeeze in near enough to lay down his money. The wheel turns, each one at the table puts down his cash, as much as he chooses to adventure. The wheel stops, and he sees if he is to take it up doubled, or if it is gone for ever. The man at the end of the table scrapes up all the money upon the unfortunate squares, and throws down what is due to the fortunate ones, and the wheel goes round again. Thus it is continually going. I could not but view this table as an epitome of the world; some win, more lose, and all are looking for the favours of fortune.

The rooms are opened, and the games begin early in the evening, and they continue gaming till twelve o'clock.

The utmost order and regularity prevail in these apartments; all is still and quiet; no disputes, or any high words are to be heard, for there is a French centinel in each corner of every room, and these fellows are excellent incentives to peaceable demeanour. Upon the same floor there is a coffee-room, where you find all sorts of refreshments, and excellent in their kind. A man stands in a little apartment at the head of the staircase, and receives your hat, sword, cane, cloak, &c. gives you a ticket, which you present when you come out, and receive your hat, &c. again. This house, as was hinted before, is licensed by government, and the manager pays twelve hundred and fifty livres (about one hundred and twenty-five dollars) a day for the privilege.

There is an astronomical clock in St. Mark's place, the dial plate of which presents on its plane, within the hour circle, a ring, representing the zodiack with the twelve signs in gilt bass relief, which perform the apparent rotation with those in the heavens. The moon is also shewn in her several phases on the same plane. On the hour circle is marked twenty four hours, as the Italians always reckon the time from one to twenty four, without making the division at twelve as we do. The hours are sounded by two gigantick figures in bronze, which alternately strike on a large bell between them.

The shops in Venice are many of them very rich, particularly in gold and jewelry, gold and silver lace, &c. These articles are manufactured here in great abundance, and in a very handsome taste. The shopkeepers pay great attention to, and have a peculiar knack in dressing up their shops and exposing their wares to the best advantage. This is particularly remarked in the cooks' shops, which are very numerous; the windows and counters are crowded with all kinds of wild game, poultry, and butcher's meat, and displayed in such inviting aspects as almost to create an appetite where there was no previous disposition to eat. The fruiterers also present you a delicious view of their stock; their fruit is finely arranged in rising rows round the shop, in form of an amphitheatre, and beautifully ornamented and interspersed with flowers, nosegays, and gilt paper.

The streets are generally clean and well paved, but they are so narrow, that, as Sterne says of those of Paris, you have not the satisfaction of knowing on which side you are walking. There are few, if any, more than six feet wide, and the most of them not more than four; they are of course so thronged, that it is often difficult to get along. However, if you are a little incommoded in this way, you are never in danger of being run over by horses or carriages, for there is not one of these animals, nor any thing on wheels in all Venice. The Venetian coach is a gondola; and every person of note keeps one or more of these, with gondoliers in livery.

Venice is seven miles in circumference, contains four hundred canals, and twice as many bridges. They reckon one

hundred and eighty seven thousand inhabitants. The city is supplied with fresh water from rain, which is preserved in cisterns. These cisterns are common in every square. All the water that falls into the square is conducted into a large reservoir, from which it is filtered through sand into a cistern in the middle, and from these cisterns it is drawn out very clear and pure. The principal houses have each a cistern in the yard upon the same plan. When these fail, water is brought from the main in boats.

The canals which cut the city into squares have no side walks or margins, but the water washes the walls of the houses, and flows into their doors. The houses are built absolutely in the water, and their foundations laid two or three feet under its surface. They are at a great expense in preparing this foundation, which is done first by driving piles; these are settled to a sufficient depth, and on them they begin with massy hewn stone.

There are very few spots within the compass of the city which were originally above the surface of the sea. An extensive bed of shoals, five or six miles from the main land, was a curious scite for building, yet upon such an unpromising foundation has risen one of the first cities in Europe. The idea of an asylum suggested the choice of this spot to the founders of Venice. It was like the instinct which we discover in some cautious birds, which build their nests under precipices, or hang them upon the extremity of a rotten branch of a tree.

Harassed by invading armies, or frequently plundered by banditti of robbers, some few families fled from the main, and erected huts upon these flats. The security they here enjoyed led others equally harassed to join them; probably the facility with which they supplied themselves with food from the surrounding element, attached them to the spot; the necessity of being acquainted with navigation, though at first upon a small scale, led them to commerce; commerce enriched them, and thus Venice rose from a mud bank to a proud and flourishing city, and from the shelter of a few fugitive fishermen, she became mistress of the sea.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

FRENCH CRITICISM.

AS the Columbiad has occupied some pages in the two last numbers of the Anthology, the following extracts from a French criticism on that work are translated from the *Magazin Encyclopedique* for May 1809. The first extract is made, because the writer touches on a passage criticised in the Anthology, but on different ground; the second, because some of the remarks will apply to others besides Mr. Barlow.

"The justness of the poet's ideas may also be disputed, when he represents Washington wishing to pass the Delaware on the ice to attack the English as prevented by the genius of the stream. A poet, reading the future, should perceive the invisible chain which unites human actions to the will of the gods. It is not natural then to represent the genius of the Delaware attached to the English, ignorant of the future destiny of his country, and opposing a cause so noble as that of her independence. Washington, though a christian, and fighting in a christian cause, cries to himself like Mezentius, *Dextra mihi deus* ; aided by Hesper, he surmounts every obstacle, and flies to victory."

"We shall only speak here of the *Postscriptum* where the author defends with warmth the liberty of introducing new words: Every fixed language, says he, is a dead language. This is an error. A language is not dead till it is no longer in use among the people who first employed it. The Greek and Latin are still spoken in certain countries, but in so corrupt a manner and so different from that of the Greeks and Romans that they hardly resemble them. The ancient and classick manner of speaking being lost, these are called dead languages. But the Italian, the Spanish, the French are fixed, because their syntax is regulated: the French language is particularly so, since the days of Corneille and Pascal. In the course of the revolution, a crowd of new expressions sought to introduce themselves, but very few of them have survived the epoch of their birth.

"It is true that discoveries in the arts and sciences make it necessary to employ new words ; the intercourse and habits of society rarely exact it in a language in general use. If all authors had the privilege of introducing terms, it would be continually necessary to publish new dictionaries, and the number of these expressions would become infinite. Mr. Barlow sometimes employs in his poetry such words as he would not admit in his prose, which is always pure and correct. He perhaps abuses this license. A genius like his does not need such a little resource ; and the ironical advice of Voltaire,

Si vous ne pensez pas, créez de nouveaux mots.

is only applicable to mean and sterile talents."

LETTERS FROM HON. JOHN ADAMS AND MRS. ADAMS, TO
THOMAS BRAND-HOLLIS, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 110.)

VI.

New-York, June 1, 1790.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Nothing mortifies me more than the difficulty I find to maintain that correspondence with you which, when I left England, I thought would be some consolation to me for the loss of your conversation.

We proceed by degrees to introduce a little order into this country, and my publick duties require so much of my time, that I have little left for private friendship however dear to me.

By general Mansel, I send you a small packet which will give you some idea of our proceedings. The French seem to be very zealous to follow our example: I wish they may not too exactly copy our greatest errours, and suffer, in consequence of them, greater misfortunes than ourselves. They will find themselves under a necessity of treading back some of their too hasty steps, as we have done.

I am situated on the majestick banks of the Hudson, in comparison of which your Thames is but a rivulet, and surrounded with all the beauties and sublimities of nature. Never did I live in so delightful a spot. I would give,—what would I not give, to see you here?

Your library and your cabinets of elegant and costly curiosities, would be an addition to such a situation, which would in this country attract the attention of all. In Europe they are lost in the crowd. Come over and purchase a paradise here, and be the delight and admiration of a new world. Marry one of our fine girls, and leave a family to do honour to human nature when you can do it no longer in person.

Franklin is no more, and we have lately trembled for Washington. Thank God! he is recovered from a dangerous sickness, and is likely now to continue many years. His life is of vast importance to us.

Is there any probability of England's being able to carry off any of her distempers? I wish her happy and prosperous, but I wish she would adopt the old maxim, "live and let live."

Will there be a complete revolution in Europe both in religion and government? Where will the present passions and principles lead, and in what will they end? In more freedom and humanity, I am clear: but when? or how?

My affectionate regards to Dr. Price and all our good friends;
and believe me yours,

dum spiro,

JOHN ADAMS.

Rhode Island is to become one of us on the 29th May.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.
Chesterfield-street, Westminster.

VII.

New York, June 11, 1790.

DEAR SIR,

I have received your kind letter of March 29th and the packet of pamphlets, and I pray you to accept of my best thanks for both. I sent you lately by general Mansel some of our rough matters. The boxes of books you sent by captain Bernard arrived safely, I know.

You seem to suppose our coasts in danger from the African pirates. In this I presume you are deceived by the artifices of the London insurance offices, for we are in no more danger than the empire of China is.

The great revolution in France is wonderful, but not supernatural. The hand of Providence is in it, I doubt not; working however by natural and ordinary means, such as produced the reformation in religion in the sixteenth century.

That all men have one common nature, is a principle, which will now universally prevail: and equal rights, and equal duties will, in a just sense, I hope be inferred from it. But equal ranks and equal property never can be inferred from it, any more than equal understanding, agility, vigour, or beauty. Equal laws are all that ever can be desired from human equality.

I am delighted with Dr. Price's sermon on patriotism. But there is a sentiment or two which I should explain a little. He guards his hearers and readers, very judiciously, against the extremes of adulation and contempt. "The former is the extreme" he says, "to which mankind in general have been most prone."*

The generality of rulers have treated men as your English jockies treat their horses—convinced them first that they were their *masters*, and next that they were their *friends*: at least they have pretended to do so. Mankind have, I agree, behaved too much like horses; been rude, wild and mad, until they were mastered, and then been too tame, gentle and dull.

I think our friend should have stated it thus. The great and perpetual distinction in civilized societies has been between the rich, who are few, and the poor, who are many. When the

* "Discourse on the love of our country, delivered November 4, 1789," 4th edit. p. 22.

many are masters they are too unruly, and then the few are too tame, and afraid to speak out the truth. When the few are masters, they are too severe, and then the many are too servile. This is the strict truth. The few have had most art and union, and therefore have generally prevailed in the end. The inference of wisdom from these premises is, that neither the poor, nor the rich, should ever be suffered to be masters. They should have equal power to defend themselves: and that their power may be always equal, there should be an independent mediator between them, always ready, always able, and always interested to assist the weakest. Equal laws can never be made or maintained without this balance.

You see I still hold fast my scales, and weigh every thing in them. The French must finally become my disciples, or rather the disciples of Zeno: or they will have no equal laws, no personal liberty, no property, no lives.

I am very much employed in business, and this must be my apology for neglecting so much to write to you: but I will be as good a correspondent as I can—I hope you will not forget your old friend.

In this country the pendulum has vibrated * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

France has severe trials to endure from the same cause. Both have found, or will find, that to place property at the mercy of a majority who have no property is—*committere agnum lupo*.—My fundamental maxim of government is, never trust the lamb to the custody of the wolf. If you are not perfectly of my mind at present, I hereby promise and assure you, that you will live to see that I am precisely right.

Thus arrogantly concludes

your assured friend,

JOHN ADAMS.

*Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.
 Chesterfield-street, Westminster.*

VIII.

New York, November 3, 1790.

DEAR SIR,

By Mr. Broom, a worthy citizen of our states, I take the pleasure to inform you, that I have received your kind letter, and have sent the two packets to Dr. Willard and to Harvard college. As these packets have been delayed by their address to me, I beg the favour of you in future to address any favours of the kind, intended for the college, to the care of my son, "John Quincy Adams, counsellor at law, Court-street, Boston," who will think it an honour and a pleasure to obey your orders. Your favours to me, you will please to address to me at Phila-

delphia, to which city I am to remove with my family to-morrow.

Philadelphia is to be my residence for the future, and the seat of government. My address will be, John Adams, vice-president of the United States, Bush-hill, Philadelphia.

This country, sir, is as happy as it deserves to be. A perfect calm and contentment reigns in every part. The new national government enjoys as much of the confidence of the people as it ought to enjoy, and has undoubtedly greatly promoted their freedom, prosperity and happiness. Nothing can be more acceptable, than the little pamphlet you have sent me, and I pray you to accept my best thanks.

We are very anxious for the cause of liberty in France, but are apprehensive that their constitution cannot preserve their union. Yet we presume not to judge for them when will be the proper time, and what the method of introducing the only adequate remedy against competitions. You know what I mean. My family, your friends, are all well. Pray write as often as you can to him who is, for life,

with great esteem

your friend and humble servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.

TWO LETTERS FROM MRS. ADAMS.

I.

Portsmouth, Fountain Inn, April 5, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

There is something so disagreeable to one's feelings in taking a final leave of our friends, and thinking that it is the last time we shall ever meet, that I avoided placing myself in that situation as much as possible. On this account I neither bid my worthy friends Dr. Price or Mr. Hollis adieu; for those two gentlemen I have the greatest esteem and regard, and regret the necessity which deprives me of their personal acquaintance. I will, however, flatter myself that their friendship will extend beyond the spot where it was first contracted, and its kind effusions follow me to a distant land.

May I hope, sir, to hear of your welfare and happiness, in which I shall always rejoice, whenever an opportunity offers, after my arrival in America. The Hyde will ever be remembered by me; and the friendship and hospitality of its owner, as the most agreeable scene in my recollection. I designed to have requested a few of the flower seeds from the garden, that I might have planted them with my own hand, and nurtured them with my own care, whenever I arrive in America.

As you have been pleased to give a station to some of my family round your habitation, there can be no harm in my wish-

ing to transplant some of yours to a soil and climate equally salubrious, and perhaps more productive than their own native clime. We have been waiting here nearly a week for a change of wind, and as we have no acquaintance here, the time is rather heavy. Most of our books we sent on board the ship; and those we have with us, we have read. Good Dr. Wren! I always mourned his death, but never so sensibly felt his loss as now.

Pray remember me affectionately to our friend Mrs. Jebb. Mr. Adams is taking his daily walk. Was he here, I am sure he would bid me present his affectionate regards to you, and join me in every sentiment of esteem, with which I am,

dear sir,

your obliged friend
and humble servant,

A. ADAMS.

*Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.
Chesterfield-street, London.*

II.

New-York, September 6, 1790.

MY DEAR SIR,

You ask, in one of your letters to Mr. Adams, what is become of Mrs. Adams that I do not hear from her?

If my heart had not done you more justice than my pen, I would disown it. I have so long omitted writing to you, that my conscience has been a very severe accuser of me. But be assured, my dear sir, that I never fail to talk of you with pleasure, and think of you with affection. I place the hours spent at the Hyde amongst some of the most pleasurable of my days, and I esteem your friendship as one of the most valuable acquisitions that I made in your country:—a country that I should most sincerely rejoice to visit again, if I could do it without crossing the ocean. I have sometimes been suspected of partiality for the preference which I have given to England, but were I to live out of America, that country would have been my choice.

I have a situation here, which, for natural beauty, may vie with the most delicious spot I ever saw. It is a mile and half distant from the city of New-York. The house is situated upon an eminence; at an agreeable distance, flows the noble Hudson bearing upon her bosom the fruitful productions of the adjacent country. On my right hand are fields beautifully variegated with grass and grain to a great extent, like the valley of Honiton in Devonshire. Upon my left, the city opens to view, intercepted here and there, by a rising ground, and an ancient oak. In front, beyond the Hudson, the Jersey shores present an exuberance of a rich well cultivated soil. The venerable oaks, and broken ground, covered with wild shrubs, which surround me, give a natural beauty to the spot which is truly enchanting. A

lovely variety of birds serenade me morning and evening, rejoicing in their liberty and security, for I have as much as possible prohibited the grounds from invasion: and sometimes almost wished for game laws, when my orders have not been sufficiently regarded. The partridge, the woodcock, and the pigeon are too great temptations to the sportsmen to withstand. How greatly would it add to my happiness to welcome here my much esteemed friend. Tis true we have a large portion of the blue and gold, of which you used to remind me, when you thought me an Egyptian; but, however I might hanker after the good things of America, I have been sufficiently taught to value and esteem other countries besides my own.

You was pleased to inform us, that your adopted family flourished in your soil, mine has received an addition. Mrs. Smith, Mr. Adams' daughter, and the wife of colonel W. Stephen Smith, respecting the name of the great literary benefactor of her native state, and in grateful remembrance of the friendly attention, and patriotick character of its present possessor, has named her new-born son Thomas-Hollis. She desires me to present you her affectionate remembrance. Mr. Adams is absent upon a journey, or he would have written you a letter of a later date than that which Mr. Knox is the bearer of. This gentleman is a brother of our secretary of war, and is appointed consul to Dublin. He is intelligent, and can answer you any question respecting our government, and politicks, which you may wish to know; but if he should not see you, I know it will give you pleasure to learn that our union is complete by the accession of Rhode Island; that our government acquires strength, confidence and stability daily. That peace is in our borders, and plenty in our dwellings; and we earnestly pray that the kindling flames of war, which appear to be bursting out in Europe, may by no means be extended to this rising nation. We enjoy freedom in as great a latitude as is consistent with our security, and happiness. God grant that we may rightly estimate our blessings.

Pray remember me, in the most affectionate terms to Dr. Price, and to Mrs. Jebb, and be assured, my dear sir, that I am, with every sentiment of regard and esteem,

yours, &c.

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

SILVA, No. 55.

..... Jam glandes atque arbuta sacrae
Deficerent silvae.

Virg. 1. Georg. 149.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

RICHARD CROMWELL, in the decline of his life, was compelled by his daughters to appear in chancery, before Sir John Holt, chief justice, and first commissioner for keeping the great seal in the reign of Queen Anne. On that occasion, Holt desired Cromwell to sit with him on the bench, insisted on his remaining covered, and, after reprimanding the daughters, who wished to deprive their poor father of his property, made a decree in Cromwell's favour, to the great satisfaction of the court and her majesty.

IMMORTAL FAME

may be very short-lived. Dryden somewhere extols a nameless name, in strains like these :

Holmes, whose name shall live in epick song,
While musick numbers, or while verse has feet.

DR. FRANKLIN.

It is well known what hard thoughts and hard speeches were occasioned in some real and some pretended friends of republican liberty in this country, by the establishment of the society of the Cincinnati, which thirty years trial has proved as harmless as the Historical Society, or any charitable association. Dr. Franklin probably had his share of jealousy and dislike towards the institution ; but did not choose to give explicit judgment against a proceeding, which was generally popular and countenanced by a great part of the best citizens. The Marquis de la Fayette, with whom it was a favourite project, in company with the doctor, said, "Pray sir, what is your opinion of the establishment of the Cincinnati?" "Why truly, Marquis," said the doctor sily, "I have no opinion of it at all."

SIR HARBOTTLE GRIMSTON

Concludes his eloquent Epistle dedicatory of Croke Elizabeth to Charles II. with these words :

"I beseech your majesty to accept this poor oblation from the heart and hands of him who makes it his daily prayers that you may live long, and triumphantly reign ; and that your sceptre may, like *Aaron's rod*, bud and blossom, and be an eternal testimony against all rebels."

And of the three volumes of judge Croke's reports, Sir Harbottle, in his admirable preface, which immediately follows the epistle dedicatory, after the life and character of his illustrious author, says, "concerning the whole work itself, I may think and not immodestly use the words of the Roman Praeco, proclaiming the *Ludi Seculares*: *Venite et videte quod nemo mortalium vidit aut visurus est.*"

In the letters between Erskine and Boswell, published in London somewhere about the year 1763, is the following

ODE ON GLUTTONY.

Hail Gluttony ! O let me eat
 Immensely at thy awful board,
 On which to serve the stomach meet
 What art and nature can afford.
 I'll furious cram, devoid of fear,
 Let but the roast and boil'd appear,
 Let me but see a smoking dish,
 I care not whether fowl or fish.
 Then rush ye floods of ale adown my throat,
 And in my belly make the victuals float.

And yet why trust a greasy cook ?
 Or give to meat the time of play ?
 While every trout gulps down a hook,
 And poor dumb beasts harsh butchers slay.
 Why seek the dull, sauce-smelling gloom,
 Of the beef-haunted dining room ;
 Where D——r gives to every guest
 With liberal hand whate'er is best ;
 While you in vain th' insurance must invoke,
 To give security you shall not choke ?

UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF MR. HUME.

The following letter from Mr. Hume to Lord Hardwick, respecting King James' II. manuscripts in the Scotch college at Paris, and the character and conduct of Charles II. was translated for and published in the *Mercure de France*, for November 1807, No. 332. As Mr. Fox's masterly, though imperfect history of the reign of James II. is now published in this country, Mr. Hume's letter must be doubly interesting. The retranslation subjoined (for the original, as the French publishers say, was in the possession of M. Joncourt, librarian to the prince of Orange) is taken from the *Literary Panorama*, for August 1808. page 950.

Compiègne, 23d July, 1764.

My Lord, Soon after my arrival at Paris, I had the curiosity to consult the *Memoirs* of James II. They form about thirteen volumes in folio, all written with that king's own hand, without

being reduced into regular history. Such is, for instance, an account of the negotiations that preceded the second Dutch war; a point of history which has always appeared to me extremely obscure, and perplexed with a multiplicity of contradictions. Father Gordon, principal of the Scotch college, an obliging and communicative person, nevertheless made some difficulty of permitting me to peruse this passage; but after I had assured him of my having been employed in the office of the secretary of state, and that I was waiting for an authoritative permission to consult the French *Registers* which were expected to contain the treaty concluded between Charles II. and Louis XIV. all his scruples ceased, and I inspected the MS. I am about to mention its contents, by recollection, My Lord, for I have left at Paris the different extracts, that I made from it, for all of which I had the consent of Father Gordon.

The treaty was concluded at the end of 1669, or the beginning of 1670, the memoirs of the time have not assigned it a precise date. It was Lord Arundel, of Wardour, who signed it secretly, in a journey which he made to Paris for the purpose. The two principal articles stipulate the re-establishment of the Catholic religion in England, and an offensive alliance between the two powers against Holland. Louis promises to Charles an annual subsidy of £.200,000; with 6,000 troops in case of insurrection. As to Holland, that was to be divided according to the basis afterwards described by the Abbe Primi. England was to have Zealand, and the seaports: all the rest was to form the division of the king of France and the prince of Orange. Besides that, there was no mention made of establishing arbitrary power in Great Britain. Because, probably, the king regarded that event as a necessary consequence of the projected revolution, and that, moreover, it formed a part of his plans, as of his brother's, to combine that important undertaking with the affairs of religion. But Louis had also other views: to promote which he sent the duchess of Orleans to Dover, with instructions to persuade her brother the king, that it was necessary to begin with ruining the republic, before attempting the change of religion in England. These hints displeased the duke of York, who constantly opposed this deviation from the general plan. I must own to you, my Lord, that this MS. has convinced me that I had been often deceived in regard to the character of Charles II. I had, till that time, been of opinion that the careless and what may be called the indifferent disposition of that prince had rendered him incapable of devotion, and that he had all his life fluctuated between deism and popery; but I acknowledge that Lord Halifax had better developed the secret sentiments of Charles, than I had done, when he said that this monarch affected irreligion the better to conceal his zeal for the Catholic faith. His brother informs us, that immediately after the treaty was signed, he assembled his cabinet council, and that he spoke to them of the re-establishment of the Romish religion with so much earnestness

that the tears stood in his eyes. I have often been astonished at the blindness of the two brothers who suffered themselves to be carried away by their religious opinions, so far as to imagine, that on the slightest occasion they would be adopted by the clergy and the nobility, in which there can be no doubt but they were extremely mistaken, for the writings of the time make no mention of this disposition of mind. However that might be, the princes believed it, and trusted to it principally for the success of their undertaking.

I shall profit, probably, of a new edition of my history to correct my mistakes on this affair, as well as on sundry others of less importance. While waiting for that time, I am happy in an opportunity of gratifying your lordship's curiosity, and of expressing my acknowledgment for your obliging behaviour towards me ever since I undertook to write the reign of Elizabeth. I shall think myself extremely fortunate if your lordship will furnish me with frequent opportunities of this nature. I cannot at present answer the question which you have put to me, my lord, concerning the Gallery of Fortifications; but immediately on my return to Paris I shall have the honour of informing your lordship on the result of my inquiries.

I have the honour to be, &c.

DAVID HUME.

Louis de Joncourt,
Librarian to the prince of Orange.

SIR F. NORTON.

Upon Sir Fletcher Norton's appointment to be chief justice in eyre, Mr. Burke made him the following compliment: "Your dignity, sir, is too high for a jurisdiction over wild beasts; your learning and talents are too valuable to be wasted in gloomy pomp, as chief justice of a desert. I cannot reconcile it to myself, that you should be stuck up as a useless piece of antiquity."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

On seeing a White Rose, dry and faded, which the preceding evening
had been presented by a young Lady.

June 21, 1809.

1

Dear girl, it was only last night,
That you gave me this rose in its bloom;
How delicate then was its white,
How richly it breath'd its perfume!

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2

But alas ! in one night's little hour
 All its beauties are wither'd and dead ;
 Gone the delicate hues of the flower,
 And gone the sweet fragrance it shed !

3

This rose, late so blooming and fair,
 Can it e'er be an emblem of thee ?
 Last night it was what you now are ;
 What 'tis now, say, can you ever be ?

4

The bloom on your cheek, that now glows,
 The lustre, that beams from your eye,
 Shall that bloom ever fade like the rose ?
 Shall that lustre e'er languish and die ?

5

But the beautiful white rose of truth,
 Shall by charms never fading engage,
 It blends with the blushes of youth,
 And softens the paleness of age.

6

Oh let then this rose, dearest maid,
 O'er thy face all its sweetness diffuse ;
 To me then, thy cheek ne'er shall fade,
 Nor thine eye its blue radiance lose.

C.

 HYMN.

My God, I thank thee ! may no thought
 E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
 But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
 Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
 The sun shines bright and man is gay ;
 Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
 That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
 Is earth's pale wanderer doom'd to know ;
 But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
 Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ ;
 Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
 And mid the wreck of human joy
 May kneeling faith adore thy will.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I'll tell you, friend, what sort of wife,
Whene'er I scan this scene of life,
Inspires my waking schemes ;
And when I sleep, with form so light,
Dances before my ravish'd sight,
In sweet aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,
Nor yet the lily with them blend,
To captivate my eyes.
Give me a cheek, the heart obeys,
And, sweetly mutable, displays
Its feelings, as they rise ;

Features, where pensive, more than gay,
Save when a rising smile doth play,
The sober thought you see ;
Eyes, that all soft and tender seem,
And kind affections round them beam,
But most of all on me ;

A form, though not of finest mould,
Where yet a something you behold,
Unconsciously doth please ;
Manners, all graceful without art,
That to each look and word impart
A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm,
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,
And mind inform the whole ;
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,
Her voice, her beaming eye must show
An all-inspiring soul.

Ah ! could I such a being find,
And were her fate to mine but join'd
By Hymen's silken tye,
To her myself, my all I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious gloom oppress'd,
On the soft pillow of her breast
My aching head I'd lay ;
At her sweet smile each care should cease,
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace,
And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I'd soften all her care,
Each thought, each wish, each feeling share ;
Should sickness e'er invade,

My voice should sooth each rising sigh,
My hand the cordial should supply ;
I'd watch beside her bed.

Should gath'ring clouds our sky deform,
My arms should shield her from the storm ;
And, were its fury hurl'd,
My bosom to its bolts I'd bare,
In her defence undaunted dare
Defy th' opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend,
Together humbly would we bend,
I'o praise the Almighty name :
And when I saw her kindling eye
Beam upwards to her native sky,
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,
But on our years serenely glide,
And all to love be given :
And, when life's little scene was o'er,
We'd part, to meet and part no more,
But live and love in heaven. C.

If the following Ode be read with that enthusiasm, which, we think, it cannot fail to excite, its minute defects will escape observation. It was not until the third reading, that we found that the first line has no correspondent in rhyme or measure. We should be glad frequently to enrich our pages with the lines of a muse who can claim some kindred with him, of whom Horace says :

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore.

OCCASIONAL ODE.

First of all created things,
God's eldest born, Oh tell me, Time !
E'er since within that car of thine,
Drawn by those steeds, whose speed divine,
Through ev'ry state and ev'ry clime,
Nor pause nor rest has known ;
'Mong'st all the scenes long since gone by,
Since first thou op'd'st thy closeless eye,
Did its scar'd glances ever rest
Upon a vision so unblest,
So fearful as our own ?

If thus thou start'st in wild affright
At what thyself hast brought to light,
Oh yet relent ! nor still unclose
New volumes vast of human woes.

Thy bright and bounteous brother, yonder Sun,
 Whose course coeval still with thine doth run,
 Sick'ning at the sights unholy,
 Frightful crime, and frantick folly,
 By thee, presumptuous ! with delight
 Forc'd upon his awful sight,
 Abandons half his regal right,
 And yields the hated world to Night.
 And e'en when through the honour'd day
 He still benignly deigns to sway,
 High o'er th' horizon prints his burnish'd tread,
 Oft calls his clouds,
 With sable shrouds,
 To hide his glorious head !
 And Luna, of yet purer view,
 His sister and his regent too,
 Beneath whose mild and sacred reign
 Thou dar'st display thy deeds profane,
 Pale and appall'd, has frown'd her fears,
 Or veil'd her brightness in her tears.
 While all her starry court, attendant near,
 Only glance, and disappear.

But Thou, relentless ! not in thee
 These horrors wake humanity :
 Though Sun, and Moon, and Stars combin'd,
 Ne'er did it change thy fatal mind,
 Nor e'er thy wayward steps retrace,
 Nor e'er restrain thy coursers' race,
 Nor e'er efface the blood thou'd'st shed,
 Nor raise to life the murder'd dead.

Is't not enough, thou spoiler, tell !
 That, subject to thy stern behest,
 The might of ancient empire fell,
 And sunk to drear and endless rest ?
 Fall'n is the Roman eagle's flight,
 The Grecian glory sunk in night ;
 And prostrate arts and arms no more withstand ;
 Those own thy Vandal flame, and these thy conq'ring hand.
 Then be destruction's sable banner furl'd,
 Nor wave its shadows o'er the modern world !

In vain the pray'r. Still opens wide,
 Renew'd each former tragick scene
 Of Time's dark drama ; while beside
 Grief and Despair their vigils keep ;
 And Mem'ry only lives to weep
 The mould'ring dust of WHAT HAS BEEN.
 How nameless now the once fam'd earth,
 That gave to Kosciusco birth,
 The pillar'd realm that proudly stood,
 Propp'd by his worth, cemented by his blood.

As towers the Lion of the wood
 O'er all surrounding living things,
 So, 'mid the herd of vulgar kings,
 The dauntless DALECARLIAN stood.
 "Pillow'd by flint, by damps enclos'd,"
 Upon the mine's cold lap repos'd,
 Yet firm he follow'd freedom's plan ;
 "Dar'd with eternal Night reside,
 "And threw Inclemency aside,"
 Conq'rour of Nature as of Man !
 And earn'd by toils unknown before,
 Of blood and death, the crown he wore.
 That radiant crown, whose flood of light
 Illumin'd once a nation's sight,
 Spirit of Vasa ! this its doom ?
 Gleams in a dungeon's living tomb !

Where'er the frighten'd mind can fly,
 But nearer ruins meet her eye.
 Ah ! not Arcadia's pictur'd scene
 Could more the poet's dream engage,
 Nor manner's more befitting seem
 The vision of a golden age,
 Than where the chamois lov'd to roam
 Through old Helvetia's rugged home ;
 Where Uri's echoes lov'd to swell
 To kindred rocks the name of Tell :
 And past'ral girls and rustic swains,
 Were simple as their native plains.
 Nor mild alone, but bold, the mind,
 The soldier and the shepherd join'd ;
 The Roman heraldry restor'd ;
 The crook was quarter'd with the sword.
 Their seed-time cheerful labour stor'd ;
 Plenty pil'd their vintage board ;
 Peace lov'd their daily fold to keep ;
 Contentment tranquilliz'd their sleep ;
 Till through those *giant guards of stone*,*
 Where Freedom fix'd her "mountain-throne,"
 Battle's blood-hounds forc'd their way
 And made the *Human Flock* their prey !

Is it Fact, or Fancy tells,
 That now another mandate's gone ?
 Hark, e'en now those fated wheels
 Roll the rapid ruin on !
 Lo, where the generous and the good,
 The heart to feel, the hand to dare ;
 Iberia pours her noblest blood,
 Iberia lifts her holiest prayer !
 The while from all her rocks and vales
 Her peasant-bands by thousands rise ;

* The Alps.

Their altar is their native plains,
 Themselves, the willing sacrifice.
 While HE, the "strangest birth of time,"
 Red with gore, and grim with crime,
 Whose fate more prodigies attend,
 And in whose course more terrors blend,
 And o'er whose birth more portents lower,
 Than ever crown'd,
 In lore renown'd,
 The Macedonian's natal hour !
 Now here, now there, he takes his stand,
 The 'stablish'd earth his footsteps jar ;
 Goads to the fight his vassal-band,
 While ebbs or flows, at his command,
 The torrent of the war !

Could the bard, whose powers sublime
 Scal'd the heights of epick glory,
 And render'd in immortal rhyme
 Of Rome's disgrace the blushing story ;
 Where, form'd of treason and of woes,
 Pharsalia's gory Genius rose ;
 Might he again
 Renew the strain,
 That once his truant Muse had charm'd,
 Each foreign tone
 Unwak'd had lain ;
 And patriot Spain,
 And Spain alone
 The Spaniard's patriot heart had warm'd !

Then had the chords proclaim'd no more
His deeds, *his* death renown'd of yore ;
 * Who, when each ling'ring hope was slain,
 And Freedom fought with Fate in vain,
 Lone in the city, 'reft of all,
 While Usurpation storm'd the wall,
 The tyrant's entrance scorn'd to see,
 But died with dying Liberty.

Those chords had rais'd the local strain ;
 That Bard a filial flight had ta'en ;
 Forgot all else ; the ancient past,
 Thick in oblivion's mists o'er cast,
 Or past and present both combin'd
 Within the graspings of his mind ;
 In what now is, view'd what hath been ;
 The dead, within the living seen :
 Own'd transmigration's strange control,
 In Spaniards own'd the *Cato-soul* ;
 And wail'd in tones of martial grief,
 The valiant band and hero-chief,

* The younger Cato.

Who shar'd in Saragossa's doom,
 And made *their* *Utica*, their tomb.
 Bright be the am'ranth of their fame!
 May Palafox a Lucan claim!

That Bard no more had fill'd his rhymes,
 With Caesar's greatness, Caesar's crimes;
 Another Caesar wak'd the string,
 Alike usurper, traitor, king.
 Another Caesar? rashly said!
 Forgive the falsehood, mighty shade!
 'Mong'st Julius' treasons, still we know
 The faithful friend, the gen'rous foe;
 And even *enmity could see
 Some virtues of humanity.

But thou! by what accursed name
 Shall we denote thy features here?
 In records of infernal Fame
 Where shall we find thy black compeer?
 Thou, whose perfidious might of mind
 Nor Pity moves, nor faith can bind;
 Whose friends, whose followers vainly crave
 That trust which should reward the brave;
 Whose foes, 'mid tenfold War's alarms,
 Dread more thy treachery than thine arms.
 The Ishmaelite, 'mid deserts bred,
 Who robs at last whom first he fed,
 The midnight murd'rer of the guest
 With whom he shar'd the morning's feast,
 This Arab wretch, compar'd with thee,
 Is honour and humanity!

And shall that proud, that ancient land,
 In treasure rich, in pageant grand,
 Land of romance, where sprang of old
 Adventures strange, and champions bold,
 Of holy faith, and gallant fight,
 And banner'd hall, and armour'd knight,
 And tournament, and minstrelsy,
 The NATIVE LAND OF CHIVALRY!
 Shall all these "blushing honours" bloom
 For Corsica's detested son?
 These ancient worthies own his sway,
 The upstart fiend of yesterday?
 Oh, for the kingly sword and shield
 That once the victor monarch sped,
 What time from Pavia's trophied field
 The royal Frank was captive led!
 May Charles's laurels, gain'd for you,
 Ne'er, Spaniards, on your brows expire;

* Addis. Cato.

..... "His enemies confess
 The virtues of humanity are Caesar's."

Nor the degenerate sons subdue
The conqu'rors of their nobler sire.

None higher 'mid the zodiack-line
Of sovereigns and of saints you claim,
Than fair Castilia's star could shine,
And brighten down the sky of fame.
Wise, magnanimous, refin'd,
Accomplish'd friend of human-kind,
Who first the Genoese sail unfurl'd,
The mighty mother of an infant world,
Illustrious Isabel! Shall thine,
Thy children, kneel at Gallia's shrine!
No: rise, thou venerated shade,
In heaven's own armour bright array'd,
Like Pallas to her Grecian band;
Nerve every heart and every hand;
Pervious or not to mortal sight,
Still guard thy gallant offspring's right,
Display thine Ægis from afar,
And lend a thunderbolt to war!

God of battles! from thy throne,
God of vengeance, aid their cause:
Make it, conqu'ring one, thine own!
'Tis faith, and liberty, and laws.
'Tis for these they pour their blood;
The cause of man.....the cause of God!

Not now avenge, all-righteous power,
Peruvia's red and ruin'd hour:
Nor mangled Montezuma's head;
Nor Guatamozin's burning bed;
Nor give the guiltless up to fate,
For Cortes' crimes, Pizarro's hate!
Thou, who behold'st, enthron'd afar,
Beyond the vision of the keenest star,
Far thro' creation's ample round,
The universe's utmost bound;
Where war in other shape appears,
The destin'd plague of other spheres;
Other Napoleons arise
To stain the earth and cloud the skies;
And other realms in martial ranks succeed,
Fight like Iberians, like Iberians bleed!

If an end is e'er design'd
The dire destroyers of mankind;
O be some seraphim assign'd,
To breathe it to the patriot mind!
What Brutus, bright in arms array'd,
What Cordè bares the righteous blade?
Or if the vengeance, not our own,
Be sacred to thy arm alone;

When shall be sign'd the blest release
 And wearied worlds refresh'd with peace ?
 O could the muse but dare to rise
 Far o'er these low and clouded skies,
 Above the threefold heaven to soar
 And in thy very sight implore !
 In vain....While angels veil them there,
 While faith half fears to lift her prayer,
 The glance profane *shall fancy dare ?*
 Yet there around, a fearful band,
 Thy ministers of vengeance stand.
 Lo, at thy bidding stalks the storm ;
 The lightning takes a local form ;
 The floods erect their hydra head ;
 The pestilence forsakes his bed ;
 Intolerable light appears to wait ;
 And far-off darkness stands in awful state !

For thee, oh Time !
 If still thou speed'st thy march of crime,
 'Gainst all that's beauteous or sublime ;
 Still prov'st thyself the sworn ally,
 And author of mortality ;
 Infuriate earth, too long supine,
 Whilst demon-like thou lov'dst to ride,
 Ending every work beside,
 Shall live to see the end of thine,
 Her great revenge shall see !
 By prayer shall move th' Almighty power
 To antedate that final hour,
 When the archangel firm shall stand,
 Upon the ocean and the land ;
 His crown, a radiant rainbow sphere,
 His echoes seven-fold thunders near,
 The last dread fiat shall proclaim :
 Shall swear by *His* tremendous name,
 Who form'd the earth, the heavens, and sea,
Time shall no longer be !

June 30.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1809.

Librum tuum legi, et quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quae commendanda, quae eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.

PLIN.

ART. 9.

Report of the committee appointed by the general assembly of the state of Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations, at the February session, A. D. 1809, to inquire into the situation of the Farmers' Exchange Bank, in Gloucester, with the documents accompanying the same. Published by order of the general assembly, March sessions, 1809.

THE improvements of machinery in the arts, since the days when the nymphs of antiquity spun with a distaff, can only be surpassed by the modern system of exchange, compared with those times, when the skin and the flesh of an animal were given for each other, and both were bartered for the gifts of Ceres or Bacchus, as the rude wants of mankind demanded. The introduction of stamped bits of gold and silver was a noble improvement, and satisfied nations for a long period of time. But the love of money is a passion *that grows by what it feeds on*; and it became necessary to multiply, artificially, the pecuniary wealth of mankind, till a system of finance has been gradually matured into so vast a scheme, that much study is requisite to its comprehension, and converted into such a labyrinth, that none but the initiated dare to enter it. The business of banking has at last in this, as in another country, *come home to men's business and bosoms*; and it now behoves every one to attempt at least to gain some knowledge of the metaphysical, as well as the solid qualities of money.

The prodigious increase of commerce in Great Britain, consequent to the disasters of other nations, occasioned by the wars of the French revolution, brought into operation a great number of country banks, the establishment of which was encourag-

ed by Mr. Pitt. The same cause has produced a similar effect here, at a later period. Though founded on less real capital, the failures among our banks have been fewer, than among those of England; which is not owing to their having been better conducted, but to our unlimited confidence in paper money, and, till within these two years, a more steadily progressive prosperity. The distressed state into which the country was recently thrown, joined to the enormous abuses of some corporations, has rather tardily brought on a scene of confusion and distrust, that involves many of the innocent with the guilty. It will however produce eventual good, by confining the circulation of bills within their own district, and preventing for the future a corporation two hundred miles distant, with a fund of an hundred thousand dollars, from issuing bills to twice that amount, and fairly displacing in their own immediate market the bills of the banks in the metropolis, which are unable to circulate more than a tenth or a fifteenth of their capital.

The Farmers' Exchange Bank in Rhode Island, whose extensive impositions and failure first checked and turned the currents of bank bills back on their sources, was incorporated in 1804, to possess a capital of one hundred thousand dollars in two thousand shares. The committee report, that, when the bank commenced its operations, "the capital stock really paid in amounted to only the sum of three thousand and eighty one dollars and eleven cents." After some novel transactions in banking, the stock and the direction of its concerns were acquired by an individual, and we are informed, that "all his schemes and plans, however wild and extravagant, were carried into execution without reserve; that those of the directors who still pretended to superintend the concerns of the bank, took no care whatever to guard the interest of the stockholders, or the publick." The result may be easily imagined, and may be found in the words of the committee: "There is now in said bank eighty-six dollars and forty-eight cents in specie;" and "on the 9th of February, A. D. 1809, there had been emitted by said bank, six hundred and forty thousand eight hundred and forty three dollars of their bills, according to their books. That, owing to the extreme confusion in which their mode of keeping their accounts has involved all their transactions, it is impossible to ascertain with precision the amount of their bills now in circulation, but, from the inquiries and the examination made by the committee, they are of opinion, that the bills of said bank now in circulation amount to the enormous sum of five hundred and eighty thousand dollars."

The depositions and correspondence, annexed to the report, are curious documents; and shew the rude nature of the machinery and the bungling manner in which it was managed behind the curtain. Surely, after reading these, if the publick will continue to believe that every bit of printed paper, indiscriminately, is as valuable, as it pretends to be, merely because the words

bank and *dollars*, are printed on it, they would easily have believed what lord Peter required of his companions, that a *brown loaf was a shoulder of Leadenhall mutton*. The bills were at last signed fifty thousand at a time, and requested to be got ready at a stated *hour*; they were transmitted from the bank to Boston, packed up in boxes; and it is of a piece with the rest of the transactions, that in different instances the person who opens them in Boston finds a less amount than is forwarded by the cashier. This latter seems to have been a conscientious dupe, who occasionally made wry faces, but who, when he is harassed and sick, is gravely told, "that his natural piety of mind and regular habits will do more towards his recovery than any medical advice."

Our object in noticing this pamphlet was not so much the purpose of analyzing its disgusting details, as to offer a few remarks on a subject, which has carried distress and embarrassment, in a greater or less degree, into every dwelling in the commonwealth. We shall first make a few statements of the capital, specie, and circulating notes of the banks, at different periods, derived from the returns made to the secretary's office, and published semi-annually by order of the legislature; premising that as we have but few of the returns by us at the moment, we cannot make all the comparative statements that are necessary to an intimate knowledge of the subject. They will still be sufficient to furnish matter for some reflection. In doing this we shall drop all denominations below *thousands*, and abandon the hundreds, tens and units, as the Spaniards do the *Cahidae* of their fleeces, for the benefit of souls in purgatory, a state which, even in this protestant country, most men have a pretty good earnest of, while they are uncertain whether their notes have been discounted or renewed.

In 1804, the capital stock of our sixteen banks was five millions, four hundred and eighty three thousand dollars; their notes in circulation, three millions, one hundred and three thousand dollars; their specie, one million, five hundred and fifty nine thousand dollars, including seventy four thousand dollars in bills belonging to banks out of the state. Of the notes in circulation, one million, one hundred and ninety four thousand dollars were issued by the banks in the capital; and of the specie six hundred and six thousand dollars were in their possession; and their capital amounted to three millions, four hundred thousand dollars.

In 1809, the capital stock of twenty three banks, to which number they had increased, amounted to seven millions, four hundred and ten thousand dollars; their specie in June, 1808, one million, eight hundred and fifty five thousand dollars, including one hundred and forty five thousand dollars in notes of banks out of the state; their bills in circulation, one million, eight hundred and sixty five thousand dollars. The capital stock of the banks in Boston was three millions, eight hundred thousand dollars; their notes in circulation, three hundred and seven-

ty one thousand dollars; and their specie, including thirty three thousand dollars in notes belonging to banks out of the state, was eight hundred and sixty thousand dollars. In January 1809, the notes in circulation amounted to one million, four hundred and forty thousand dollars; the specie, including one hundred and ninety seven thousand dollars of notes belonging to banks out of the state, was one million, one hundred and eighty nine thousand dollars; being six hundred and sixty six thousand dollars less than it was six months before. At this period the notes in circulation of banks in the capital were equal to three hundred and ninety five thousand dollars; their specie, including thirty thousand in bills from other state banks, was equal to three hundred and thirty nine thousand dollars. We shall remark that the branch bank of the United States renders no account, but from being the place of national deposit possesses much greater power, and a commanding influence over the other banks. We are too ignorant of its situation to venture any estimate of its cash account, but the average deposit of specie is so much larger than in the other banks, that, if it was brought into view, it would greatly diminish the apparent disproportion which exists between capital stock of the banks and the specie in the state.

From these data it will be seen, that, when the aggregate of bank capital was five millions, four hundred and eighty three thousand dollars, the notes in circulation were equal to more than half this capital; that the specie amounted to more than half the amount of their bills; that the banks in Boston, possessing about three fifths of the bank capital, issued rather more than one third of the whole amount of notes, and possessed nearly two fifths of the specie.

When the capital of bank stock was increased to seven millions, four hundred and ten thousand dollars, at the latest return in January 1809, and the most unfavourable one for them, the notes in circulation amounted to about one sixth of the capital, and the specie to rather more than one seventh. At the same time the notes circulated by the Boston banks amounted to less than one tenth, and the specie they possessed to one eleventh of their capital.

It appears, that, in 1809, when the bank capital had been increased to seven millions, four hundred and ten thousand dollars, the notes in circulation were less by one million, six hundred and sixty three thousand dollars, and the specie less by three hundred and seventy thousand dollars; and that in five years, when the bank capital had been increased two fifths, the paper and metallick medium of circulation had been diminished two millions and thirty three thousand dollars! This decrease would have been still greater, if the distant country banks had not profligately forced into the market as many of their bills as possible. The conclusions are obvious.

From an examination of the returns it appears further, that the banks in the metropolis and the county of Essex, and two

or three others only, loan either less than their capital, or a sum exceeding it only by one fourth; while one of the Nantucket banks loaned more than double its capital, and the other, and the Lincoln and Kennebeck, the Hallowell and Augusta, and the Penobscot banks nearly double the amount of their capitals. The deposits in the Boston and Essex banks amount to one third, one half, and sometimes nearly equal their capital; the deposits in some of the country banks at the same period amounting to only a two hundredth part of their capital. The banks in Boston and Essex declare a semi-annual dividend of from three to four per cent. while the Nantucket banks and some others divide from five to five and an half per cent.

The limits of our work will not permit us to investigate minutely this intricate subject, but we shall add a few plain, general observations. It will be felt ere long, if it be not already, that to carry on the banking business, securely, honourably and profitably, something more is necessary, than merely copying from the statute book a form of incorporation, filling up the blanks at discretion, obtaining a little specie to cheat the law and begin with decency, signing bills and loaning money.

The introduction of banks is one of the most brilliant and powerful improvements of modern finance; and from the bank of Venice, established about the middle of the twelfth century, and which furnished the groundwork for all the others, every commercial nation has resorted to their agency. The bank of Amsterdam was long the wonder of Europe; but it has been eclipsed by the bank of England, a company of vastly more consequence and utility to the government, than the East India Company, and whose assistance indeed, in the present complicated system of their finances, they could not possibly forego.

Under different forms, the great public banks, in actively commercial countries in Europe, are founded on the principle of a discretionary power in emitting specie. Even Great Britain, with her astonishing resources, was obliged to adopt the same system, and, to relieve the nation from anxiety under a perpetual menace of ruin, to order a suspension of payments in specie at the bank. By this bold and wise measure security was at once given to the currency of the kingdom, and the paper of the bank formed a medium as valuable as gold, to support the operations of the private bankers. Without this measure, a sudden panic or groundless alarm would have produced immediate ruin. If the bank, as it has been observed, "in such a period issued only one million of one pound notes, they would be sufficient to drain it, in one month, of fifty millions sterling." This, if it was, considering the opinions of men, one of the boldest acts of Mr. Pitt's ministry, was certainly one of the wisest and most indispensable.

The banking system among us must, to insure stability, proceed on other principles, than those by which it has hitherto been conducted. The bank of the United States and the Mas-

sachusetts bank are beyond the control of the legislature ; but all the other establishments will fall in within the period of a few years. With a view to that period let a system be prepared, that shall be an object of state patronage. Let a capital, which the wants of commerce fairly demand, be established in the metropolis, with branches in four or five principal commercial towns. That this may not be invidious, the number of shares to be taken by original subscribers may be restricted, and the state, by deriving an annual income, or a *bonus* for the charter, should reduce its dividends to such a point, that the gentry, who have been dividing 5 per cent. semiannually, will not hanker for any concern in it. The property of corporate bodies and annuitants will always prefer such a stock. The charters of all other banks should only be granted on the condition, that all the stockholders, or at least the President and Directors, should be liable in their individual capacity, to the amount of their whole property, for the redemption of their bills. These they should be held to pay at sight, in specie or in bills of the State bank. Nor can this last regulation be esteemed unequal, or unnecessary. The State bank should have a capital decidedly within the real demands of the country ; its dividends should be so reduced, as to be principally coveted by corporate bodies, annuitants, or great capitalists ; while its regulated emission would afford a stable medium to facilitate the operations of smaller banks. The objection, that the bills of a bank, not obliged to pay specie, would be only a paper money, and without credit, is evidently unfounded ; since its payments or non payments of specie, according to the quantity existing in the market, would result from a useful and salutary discretion for the publick ; and being limited much within the real wants of the community and enjoying the protection of government, its bills would serve to prevent dangerous and violent vibrations in the specie market. By an institution of this kind, but, we repeat it, confined within moderate bounds, the security of the circulating medium would be greatly assured, and could only be shaken by an almost impossible event, a state bankruptcy. Without a system on these principles, every commercial community is subject to the most violent and sudden convulsions, particularly during a state of war, whenever fraud, folly, or rivalry, aided by circumstances, can create a jealousy, or spread a panic.

The great difference, and a vital one it is, between the country banks here and in England, is, that there the individuals are capitalists, who lend money and circulate notes no faster than they are able to redeem them, as the moment they get to the metropolis, they are sent back for payment. No complaints are made on this account, much less an indictment by a jury of the individual presenting them, as a public nuisance ; as happened not long since in the dominions of our sister Vermont, an occurrence, by the way, for profligate impudence, or gross simplicity, fairly unequalled. But here, the bankers themselves,

having placed a trifling stake in the institution, issue notes not in proportion to their capital, but to the utmost stretch of public credulity, and then borrow money themselves; and the only difficulty that arises is in apportioning the shares of plunder. If the bank fails, they lose the amount of their shares!

There is another evil, which under the present system takes place, and is a serious imposition on the publick, we allude to the circulation of bills under five dollars. By the last return, these amounted to 69,000 dollars, in bills of this state, and till lately, there was a very considerable addition in bills from other states. Many of these must be destroyed, and the publick of course defrauded; banks were never instituted to exchange their notes for a turkey, or a quarter of mutton. There are two remedies for this, within the resort of the national government. The first is, to coin only parts of dollars, as these are not sent out of the country. The standard of our silver being fine, our dollars are eagerly caught up in times of difficulty for exportation to Europe, and in ordinary times the China trade is a constant drain. There is another expedient; which even Great Britain with all her wealth was obliged to adopt, which is extremely simple, and may be readily discontinued, whenever the necessity for it ceases. This is the issuing of *metallick bank bills*. To supply the deficiency of her silver currency, she stamped Spanish dollars, with the king's head on one side, and the words Bank of England on the other. They were bought up at four shillings and four pence to four shillings and six pence sterling, and issued at five shillings, at which they were received as part of the currency of the kingdom by the government and the bank; the latter accounted to the former for the profit, and at a future convenient moment they will be redeemed. This scheme also avoids the fatal consequences of debasing the coin, and serves every purpose, as the increased nominal value prevents their being melted down, or exported. We think the issuing two or three millions of Spanish dollars in this way, at the bank of the United States, under the pledge and sanction of the government, would afford them a loan without interest, and add greatly to the publick convenience and gain by the expulsion of small bills.

Perhaps it would be a useful regulation under any new system of banking, to allow the directors a fair compensation, and to prevent them from obtaining any loans, or restrict them to the amount of their capital stock. Some clamour has been caused, whether justly we do not know, by the assertion, that some directors, who are not actively engaged in commerce, are large debtors to the banks, whose capacity in the discounting of notes is thus narrowed; and that individuals presenting notes for discount, are sometimes obliged to make sacrifices to raise money, which they obtain at extravagant premiums through the means of brokers from these same directors. We have been assured from the best authority, that practices still more censurable have been known in some parts of the country; that a

usury so grinding and enormous has been exercised, as would make even the tenants of *Change Alley* recoil and talk of their conscience.

We know this subject of usury is a delicate one, and from the number who practise it, with capitals of one thousand or one million of dollars, we might perhaps say it is a popular one. A practice that has been always denounced and proscribed in all laws human and divine must be an infamous one. It has, in every country but this, been confined to the outcasts of society. It has here been ripened into a disease that has gangrened the whole course of money transactions. Its advocates contend for leaving money to have its price like merchandise. This would be like a man's making use of his house, as well as his fuel, to light his fires, and a parallel to the conduct of a certain philosopher, who, in order to preserve his essential resources, made those resources his weapons of warfare, and when his head was attacked, thrust his hands into his pockets, and defended the noblest part with the part itself, finding a precedent in the *economies* of nature, in the wise practices of bulls and rams. No, usury should even less be suffered than publick brothels or gaming houses. We think however, that the rising indignation of the publick, and the increasing contempt of upright merchants and liberal men will eradicate the evil; and cowardice will operate on those, who are beyond the reach of all other feeling.

The vulgar have been clamorous against the money changers, and to suppose that they have not profited, some of them at least, unfairly, in the disgraceful scenes which have taken place, would be a great stretch of charity. But they are only excrescences generated on the surface by the disordered state of our banking system, which will drop off and perish of course, whenever health is restored by a moderate and free circulation. The liberality, or, more correctly, the rapacity of the traders and shopkeepers of Boston, by receiving and circulating every ragged bit of paper that was offered to them, has given a full trial to the system; and the ignorant or unprincipled directors of certain banks have lent money, issued notes, and divided ten per cent. but they have in their avidity, killed the hen that laid the golden eggs.

One other remark we had almost forgot. The banks should, in all cases, be held to pay the bills presented to them, purporting to be theirs, whether forged or not; because it is only justice that the people should not suffer from frauds, which would not exist but by their institutions, and as they derive a profit from a license to issue their paper, they ought to prevent the publick from experiencing any loss. Policy as well as justice requires this regulation. The business of police is fortunately incompatible with the nature of our government, and is always clumsily and ineffectually managed; individuals succeed better, and do not endanger constitutional principles. If the banks had been obliged to pay all forged bills, and the duty of detecting forgers.

made their immediate interest, we venture to say, that there would not be one existing without the walls of the state prison. If a man presents a forged bill at the bank in England, no matter what his appearance may be, the clerks say nothing, but delay him for a few moments between one and the other, till a police officer is brought to take possession of him. A reference to any respectable person, and an account of the manner of his receiving the bill, whose value is paid to him if he came by it honestly, forms the only trouble he encounters. The bank afterwards traces the affair, and generally nips felony in the bud. A provision of this kind is not only due to the security of the publick, but would ultimately promote the interest of the banks.

ART. 10.

THE NAVIGATOR: containing directions for navigating the Monongahela, Allegheny, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, &c. with an account of Louisiana; and of the Missouri and Columbia rivers. Cramer & Spear, Pittsburg, 1808, 12mo. Ed. 6. 156 pages.

"IN EST SUA GRATIA PARVIS." This little book, though designed only for "the use of those who navigate or trade on the Western waters," contains a great variety of original and authentic information, which cannot fail to render it very acceptable and interesting to all who wish to become acquainted with the geography of our country. The repute in which it is held by those who are best able to ascertain its correctness and importance, is evinced by its having gone through six editions since the year 1801. Besides a particular description of the noble RIVERS which flow through the extensive regions beyond the Allegheny mountains, from their sources to their discharge at New Orleans, the writer has given a circumstantial account of all the TOWNS and SETTLEMENTS in their vicinity; and interspersed occasional remarks upon the ANTIQUITIES discovered in the wilds, "the vestiges of a people of whom time has left no other memorial." The volume is also enriched with thirteen maps, engraved on wood, of the size of the page, very accurately delineated: "those of the Ohio taken from actual survey; and those of the Mississippi, partly from surveys, and partly from private charts."

Would our limits permit, we should be gratified with making large extracts, but must content ourselves with only a few as specimens of the work.

"The trade carried on between the lakes and the Ohio, by way of the Allegheny and its branches, is at this time very considerable, and must in a few years become of great importance. There are about 4000 or 5000 barrels, and sometimes more, of Onondago salt brought down to Pittsburgh annually, worth per barrel 9 dollars, making an average of about 40,000 dollars worth of traffick in this one article. Exclusive of the article salt, there are an immense number of boards, shingles, and lumber of different kinds,

floated down to Pittsburgh and the country below on the Ohio. The quantity of boards and lumber that arrive yearly at Pittsburgh from the Allegheny, is supposed to be about 3,000,000 feet, averaging about 9 dollars per 1000 feet, amounting to 27,000 dollars; this added to the amount of the salt, makes the handsome sum in domestick trade of 67,000 dollars.

In return the keel boats ascend loaded with whiskey, iron and castings, cider, apples, bacon, and many other articles of home production—and merchandize of foreign importation.—As long as the water keeps good, that is, neither too high nor too low, boats are ascending and descending continually, making a trip up in about 17 days, and down in 5 days."

"PITTSBURGH, is delightfully situated at the head of the Ohio river, on the plain or point of land formed by the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers; the former running from the Northeast, and the latter from the Southwest, making an angle where they unite of about 33 degrees. On the point stood the old French garrison known by the name of Fort Du Quesne, which was evacuated and blown up by the French in the campaign of the British under general Forbes in 1758. The appearance of the ditch and mound, with its salient angles and bastions are still to be seen."

"Fort Pitt, being included in one of the manors of the Penn family, was sold by the proprietaries, and now makes a part of the town of Pittsburgh, though its banks and ditches form a considerable obstruction to its being regularly built on, and very much spoil the beauty of the view from the head of Liberty and Penn streets to the Monongahela river."

"Fort Fayette, the present garrison, built in the year 1792, is also within the borough, and stands on the Allegheny river. It answers as a place of deposit, and for the convenience of stationing soldiers destined down the Ohio, and Mississippi; as a place of defence it is useless."

"In the year 1760, a small town, called Pittsburgh, was built near Fort Pitt, and about 200 families resided in it; but upon the Indian war breaking out in May 1763, they abandoned their houses and retired into the Fort."

"The bottom or plain on which Pittsburgh stands, would seem, from circumstances to have been *made ground*, and the Allegheny river to have once washed the base of Grant's hill; but through time and accident, found its way by small progressions, from that hill to its present bed. There are two rises, or what are called *first and second banks*, running parallel with that river, which would seem to have once formed its Eastern margin. These elevations make beautiful situations for either gardens or buildings.—In digging wells in the town, the various kinds of sand and gravel are found as appear on the beaches and in the beds of the rivers; pieces of wood and strata of dirt and leaves are also frequently discovered eight or ten feet below the surface. The Allegheny is now working itself back again. It has washed away about 50 or 60 feet of ground on its eastern bank within 30 years."

"This plain which is of a rich sandy loam, is about half a mile in width from the Allegheny to the point of Grant's hill, its widest part; thence up that river it gets narrower, until about four miles, where the hill closes to the river bank. But the town may extend as far as the Two Mile run; the bottom that distance is spacious, and well calculated for building on. It is now enclosed in orchards, meadows and grain fields, and produces fine crops of each."

"The present town of Pittsburgh was first laid out in the year 1765; it was afterwards laid and surveyed in May, 1784, by Col. George Woods, by order of Tench Francis, Esq. Attorney for John Penn, Jun. and John Penn. The beauty and very commanding situation of the place has increased its buildings, population and business, beyond all calculations. It now contains about 500 dwellings, the greater number perhaps wood, some stone, and many elegantly built with brick, two and three stories high. The publick buildings, are: A large and spacious court house handsomely built with

brick ; a large brick market house ; these are placed in the public square having market street running between them : a stone jail ; a bank, established here January 1, 1804, being a branch of the Pennsylvania bank, also of stone ; a large stone house on the bank of the Monongahela, four stories high, built by the Evans's of Philadelphia, for a steam grist and paper mill, not yet in motion ; a handsome octagon Episcopal church ; a handsome and spacious Presbyterian church ; a Covenanter's, German Lutheran, and a Roman Catholic church, and an academy, all of brick ; a large and convenient frame ware-house, for the storage of goods at the end of Wood street, on the bank of the Monongahela, built and owned by Mr. Thomas Cromwell."

"Pittsburgh is the seat of justice for Allegheny co. Pa. and has, with justice, been emphatically called the key to the Western Country. It is 300 miles W. by N. of Philadelphia, 252 from Washington city, about 335 from Lexington, K. and about 1100 from New Orleans by land, though 2000 by water. It is in lat. 40° 35' N. long 80° 38' W. being about five degrees Westward of Philadelphia."

"MARIETTA, is finely situated at the mouth of Muskingum, having about 90 houses on the upper and 30 on the opposite bank, where Fort Har-mar formerly stood. A bank was established here in the summer of 1807, capital 100,000 dollars, of which Rufus Putnam is President. Ship building is carried on here with spirit.—It has one printing office, a post office, 2 rope walks, a court and market house, and an academy. The inhabitants are principally New Englanders, whose industry is as proverbial as their system of life is economical, moral and religious. About a mile above Marietta and on the bank of the Muskingum are some curious remains of Indian fortifications. Marietta is the seat of justice for Washington county, Ohio, Lat. 39° 34' N. Long. 82° 9' W.—About 146 miles southwest of Pittsburgh by land."

"BLANNERHASSET'S ISLAND.—'On ascending the bank from the landing, (a quarter of a mile below the eastern end,) we entered at a handsome double gate, with hewn stone square pilasters, a gravel walk, which led us about 150 paces to the house, with a meadow on the left, and a shrubbery on the right, separated by a low hedge of privy-sally, through which innumerable columbines and various other hardy flowers were displaying themselves to the sun. The house is built of wood, and occupies a square of about 54 feet each side, is two stories high, and in just proportion ; it is connected with two wings, by a semicircular portico or corridor running from each front corner. The shrubbery well stocked with flowering shrubs, and all the variety of evergreens natural to this climate, as well as several exotics, surrounds the garden, and has gravel walks labyrinth fashion winding through it. The garden is not large, but seems to have had every delicacy of fruit, vegetable and flower, which this fine climate and luxurious soil produces. In short Blannerhasset's Island is a most charming retreat for any man of fortune fond of retirement, and it is a situation perhaps not exceeded for beauty in the world. It wants however the variety of mountain—precipice—cataract—distant prospect, &c. which constitute the grand and sublime.'

Tour from Philadelphia, &c.

An original work preparing for press."

From the same unpublished Tour is the following description of CHILICOTHE, the capital of the State of Ohio.

"CHILICOTHE, which signifies *town* in the Indian dialect, is most beautifully situated on the banks of the Scioto, about forty five miles by land, and nearly seventy following the meanders of the river from its confluence with the Ohio, which it joins between Portsmouth and Alexandria.—In all that distance, the river has a gentle current, and unimpeded navigation for large keels and other craft of four feet draught of water.—It continues navigable.

for smaller boats and batteaux upwards of one hundred miles above the town towards its source to the Northward, gliding gently through a naturally rich, level, and rapidly improving country. The situation of the town is on an elevated and extensive plain of nearly ten thousand acres of as fine a soil as any in America, partly in cultivation, and partly covered with its native forests. This plain is nearly surrounded by the Scioto, which turning suddenly to the N. E. from its general Southerly course, leaves the town to the Southward of it, and then forms a great bend to the Eastward and Southward."

"Water street, which runs about E. by N. parallel to the Scioto, is half a mile long and contains ninety houses—It is eighty four feet wide and would be a fine street, had not the river floods caved in the bank in one place near the middle almost into the centre of it. There is now a lottery on foot to raise money for securing the bank against any further encroachments of the river. Main street parallel to Water street, is one hundred feet wide, as is Market street, which crosses both at right angles, and in which is the Market house, a neat brick building eighty feet long.—The Court house in the same street, is neatly built of free stone on an area of forty five by forty two feet, with a semicircular projection in the rear, in which is the bench for the judges. It has an octagonal belfry rising from the roof, painted white with green lattices, which is an ornament to the town, as is the small plain belfry of the Presbyterian Meeting house, a handsome brick building in Main street; in which street also is a small brick Methodist Meeting house. These are the only places of publick worship in the town, if I except the Court house, which is used occasionally by the Episcopalians and other Sects."

"The whole number of dwelling houses as I counted them in Chillicothe is two hundred and two, besides four brick, and a few framed ones now building. I reckoned only six taverns with signs, which small proportion of houses of that description speaks volumes in favour of the place. There are fourteen stores, a Post office, and two printing offices, which each issues a gazette weekly."

"The scite of the town being on a gravelly soil, the streets are generally clean.—The houses are of free stone, brick, or timber clapboarded, the first of which is got in the neighbourhood, is of a whitish brown colour, and excellent for building.—They are mostly very good, and are well painted. On the whole, I think Chillicothe is not exceeded in beauty of plan, situation, or appearance by any town I have seen in the western part of the United States."

"There is here a remarkable Indian monument in Mr. Watchup's garden in the very heart of the town. Like that at Grave creek, it is round at the base, about seventy or eighty feet diameter, but differs from it, by being round instead of flat on the top, which has an elevation of about thirty feet perpendicular from the level of the plain. It is formed of clay, and though it has been perforated by the proprietor nothing has been found to justify the common opinion of these mounts having been barrows or cemeteries.—They talk of having it levelled, as it projects a little into Market Street, but I think it a pity to destroy any of the very few vestiges of aboriginal population which this country presents to the curious and inquisitive traveller."

"From a steep hill about three hundred feet perpendicular height, just outside the Western extremity of the town, is a most charming view, of the streets immediately below, under the eye like a plan on paper: Then the Scioto from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards wide, winding on the left, with some low hills about two miles beyond it terminating the view to the northeast; while to the eastward and westward, as far as the eye can reach both ways, is spread a country partly flat, and partly rising in gentle swells, which if cultivation proceeds in equal proportion to what it has done since Chillicothe was first laid out about ten years ago, must, in a very short time present one of the finest landscapes imaginable."

Referring to **BIG-BONE LICK** on the Ohio, it is observed that

"Animals' bones of enormous size have been found here in great numbers. Some skeletons nearly complete were not long since dug up 11 feet under the surface in a stiff blue clay. These appeared to be the bones of different species of animals, but all remarkably large. Some were supposed to be those of the Mammoth, others of a Nondescript. Among these bones, were two horns or fenders, each weighing 150 pounds, 16 feet long, and 18 inches in circumference at the big end; and grinders of the carnivorous kind weighing from 3 to 10 1-2 pound each; and others of the graminivorous species, equally large, but quite differently shaped, being flat and ridged.—Ribs, joints of the backbone, and of the foot or paw, thigh and hip bones, upper jaw-bone, &c. &c. were also found, amounting in the whole to about five tons weight.

These bones were principally discovered by Doctor Goforth and Mr. Reeder of Cincinnati, who sent them by water to Pittsburgh, with an intention to transport them to Philadelphia, and make sale of them to Mr. Peale, proprietor of the Museum of that city. They were however, while in Pittsburgh, discovered by an Irish gentleman, a traveller, who purchased them, reshipped them down the Ohio, and thence to Europe.

In the directions for navigating the Mississippi, with notices of the settlements, is the following description of the **CITY OF NATCHEZ**:

THE CITY OF NATCHEZ

Occupies a very handsome situation and one that is uncommon on the Mississippi. It is built on a hill nearly perpendicular of about 200 feet in height from the surface of the river. This hill, called the **Bluff**, affords a fine prospect up and down the river for two or three miles each way. The houses in Natchez are mostly frame, with a great many doors and windows, for the admission of the cool breezes in the hot months; they are low, being generally but one story high, and constructed principally for the convenience of business. The city contains about 300 houses. The **Bluff** on which the town stands is about 200 yards from the river, and the intermediate space, called the **Landing**, is covered with a number of dwellings, taverns, dram-shops, and trading houses. The bank being composed of a rich loose sand, the river is constantly making encroachments into this plain or bottom, and will in a few years, most probably, run close to the foot of the **Bluff**, and entirely annihilate this part of the city.

There is but one road from the **Landing** up the hill, along which are several **Orange** and **Liquor** shops, situated on the brink of the precipice. Though these shops might be undermined by a heavy rain, and precipitated down a steep of 100 feet, yet, such is the temerity of their holders that they do not seem to think of the danger they are in.

In the year 1805, a large portion of the **Bluff** on the lower border of the town sunk in to a considerable depth; some houses were destroyed, and others moved off with the earth without sustaining any injury.

Here are established several large **Mercantile Houses**, which are much engaged in the cotton business, and many others less extensive. The city has two printing-offices, issuing weekly gazettes, a number of publick inns, and many of the mechanick branches are carried on.

The staple commodity of this country is cotton, which is raised to great perfection, and with large profits to the Planters, who in fact accumulate immense fortunes to themselves by following it for a few years. Vast quantities of it is exported from Natchez yearly, to the different seaport towns in the United States, and to many of those in Europe; England particularly, whose manufactories of cotton indeed depend very much on the American cotton Planters for their supply of that article.

Indigo, rice, flax, tobacco, hemp, and pease, are cultivated here with great success, and some sugar is made. Black cattle and sheep thrive well. The Natchez country produces Maize or Indian corn, equal if not superiour to any other part of the United States; the time of planting it is from the beginning of March until the beginning of July. The cotton is generally planted in the latter end of February and the beginning of March. Wheat does not succeed well; Rye has been raised in some places with success. Plumbs, peaches, and figs are abundant; apples and cherries are scarce. The same kinds of vegetables raised in the middle states succeed here generally.

The same kind of mounds or tumuli found in different parts of the Western country bordering the Ohio, and indeed throughout the United States, are also discovered in the Natchez settlements. In all parts where new plantations are opened, broken Indian earthen-ware is to be met with; some pieces are in tolerable preservation, and retain distinctly the original ornaments; but none of it appears to have ever been glazed.

Natchez is a port of Entry, and vessels of 300 or 400 tons burden come up the river to the city, meeting with no other difficulty than the strength of the current and head winds. It is in Lat. $31^{\circ} 33' N.$ long. $16^{\circ} 15' W.$ and is about 300 miles above New-Orleans. It has a post-office which receives and discharges the Mail regularly once a week. It is said that a line of stages is soon to be established from Lexington to New Orleans for the purpose of carrying the United States mail.

It is observed that the wool of the sheep in the Natchez district is more hairy and less valuable than it is in the middle states; but that the mutton is well tasted. It is also observed that domestick animals generally are less tame and docile, owing perhaps to their being more able to get their living in the woods and swamps throughout the year, than is afforded them in the middle and northern states; and to their feeling less dependent on man for protection and subsistence.

The tract of good upland in the Natchez district is not very extensive, being about 130 miles in length along the Mississippi river, and not more than 23 in breadth. This tract is remarkably fertile, but the country being high, and much broken with hills, a few years washing will render the soil of the cultivated parts less productive.

The making of sugar from the cane does not succeed very well in the neighbourhood of Natchez; but from Point Coupee down to the Gulph of Mexico, it is manufactured to advantage and is the staple commodity of that part of the Mississippi—Sweet and sour lemons grow in great plenty on that part of the river.

The climate of Natchez is very changeable in winter, but the summers are regularly hot, being about 14° of permanent heat beyond that of Pennsylvania and New-Jersey.

The description of the Mississippi is a valuable article of several pages; as is also the history of the discovery, settlement, and transfer of LOUISIANA, with its geography, population, &c. but for these we must refer to the book, which appears to much greater advantage in its native unadorned simplicity, than in the prostitute frippery with which it has been bedizened by Thomas Ashe, esquire.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

ART. 3.

An historical account of the Small-Pox inoculated in New-England, &c. &c. by Zabdiel Boylston, F. R. S. The second edition corrected. London, 1726. Reprinted at Boston in N. E. 1730. pp. 53.

IT may, perhaps, be thought unnecessary, at this period to introduce to our readers a work on the inoculation of the small-pox. The advantages resulting from this practice have been established by the experience of a long series of years, the prejudices against its adoption have gradually disappeared, and the time probably is not far distant, when even the name of small-pox will no longer augment the catalogue of human miseries. Still, however, this pamphlet is interesting, as the production of an American, as an history of what may justly be considered as an epoch in medical science, and as a proof that truths derived from observation and experience will ultimately be acknowledged, though opposed by the clamours of the interested, the fears of the superstitious, and the obstinacy of the ignorant. These obstacles were encountered by Dr. Boylston, his practice was reprobated, and the inhabitants of the same town, which in 1793, voted in favour of a general inoculation, passed a resolve in 1721, that the practice of inoculation was accompanied with extreme danger to the patient, and followed by the most injurious effects on his person and constitution. "I hope the reader," says Dr. Boylston in his preface, "will excuse me for troubling him with some of the difficulties that I met with. I have been basely used and treated by some who were enemies to this method, and have suffered much in my reputation, and in my business too, from the odiums and reflections cast upon me for beginning and carrying on this practice in New-England."

The style of this work is simple, and consists principally of cases of inoculated small-pox, with observations on their progress and termination. The circumstance which first suggested to Dr. B. the possibility of communicating the disease by inoculation, was a paper on the subject, published a short time before in the Philosophical Transactions, and he gives the following history of its introduction into New-England.

"The small-pox, which had been a terror to New-England, since first it paid a visit there, coming into Boston, and spreading there in April, 1721, put the inhabitants into great consternation and disorder. Dr. Mather, in compassion for the lives of the people, transcribed from the Phil. Trans. of the Royal Society, the accounts sent them by Dr. Timonius and Pyllarminus

of inoculating the small-pox in the Levant and sent them to the practitioners in town, for their consideration thereon. Upon reading of which I was very well pleased and resolved in my mind to try the experiment ; well remembering the destruction the small-pox made nineteen years before, when last in Boston ; and how narrowly I then escaped with my life. Now, when my wife and many others were gone out of town to avoid the distemper, and all hope given up of preventing the further spreading of it, and the guards were first removed from the doors of infected houses, I began the experiment ; and not being able to make it on myself (such was my faith in the safety and success of this method) I chose to make it (for example sake) upon my own dear child and two of my servants."

The experiment was made, and though the result of it confirmed the belief of Dr. Boylston in the superiority of inoculated small-pox, "yet as the practice was new," says he, "and the clamour or rather rage of the people against it so violent, that I was put into a very great fright."

Notwithstanding, however, the success of his practice and the liberality with which it was conducted, particularly in the selection of his patients from his own family, the dangerous innovation, as it was denominated, produced a violent opposition in the whole "Esculapian tribe."

"They cavilled and said that Dr. Mather had not given a fair representation from Timonius and Pyllarinus's accounts. I prayed that they might be read ; but Dr. Douglas, who owned them and had taken them from Dr. Mather, refused to have them read, or even afterwards to lend them to the governour to read."

"And upon July 21st. 1721, being a third time called to an account for using this practice... I then gave a publick invitation to the practitioners of the town to visit my patients, who were under that practice, and to judge of and report their circumstances as they found them.....Instead of this and reporting their circumstances justly and fairly as it was their duty and the people's right, some of them made it their business to invent, collect, and publish idle, unjust, and ridiculous stories and misrepresentations of the people's circumstances under it and the practice.".....

"These were some of the difficulties and oppositions I met with in the beginning of this practice."

The subsequent pages of this little work are almost entirely occupied in detailing the cases with which he was intrusted. Notwithstanding the opposition from the "Faculty," the obvious difference in the degrees of violence in the natural and inoculated small-pox, gradually enlarged the sphere of his practice, and at length it included all the villages in the neighbourhood of Boston.

The comparative merits of the natural and inoculated small-pox are very concisely stated by Dr. Boyleston from the previous ravages of the disease and the result of his improved practice.

"In the year 1721, and beginning of 1722, there were in Boston 5759 persons who had the small-pox in the natural way, out of which number died

844, (this account I took from one of our prints published by authority) so that the proportion that died of the natural small-pox there appears to be one in six, or between that of six and seven.

"The following table will shew the difference between the success of the natural small-pox and that of the inoculated in New England."

Their ages.	Persons inoculated.	Had a perfect small-pox by inoculation.	Had an imperfect small-pox.	Had no effect.	Suspected to have died of inoculation.
From nine months to 2 years old. }	07	07	00	00	00
2 to 5	14	14	00	00	00
5 to 10	16	16	00	00	00
10 to 15	29	29	00	00	00
15 to 20	48	47	01	00	01
20 to 30	67	65	00	02	01
30 to 40	44	42	00	02	01
40 to 50	08	07	00	01	00
50 to 60	07	06	00	01	02
60 to 67	07	07	00	00	01
Total.	247	242	01	06	06
Inoculated by Doctors Roby and Thompson in Roxbury and Cambridge. }	39	39	00	00	00
Total.	286	281	01	06	06

From this statement it appears, that the whole number inoculated was 286, of whom 281 had the disease, one had it imperfectly, six were not infected, and six died; hence says he the proportion that dies of inoculated small-pox may be one in forty six or thereabout.

The following curious document may be contrasted with the vote of the town in 1793:

"At a meeting by publick authority in the town-house of Boston, before his majesty's justices of the peace, and the selectmen; the practitioners of physick and surgery being called before them, concerning inoculation, agreed to the following conclusion:

A resolve upon a debate held by the physicians of Boston, concerning inoculating the small-pox on the twenty-first day of July, 1721.

It appears by numerous instances, that, it has proved the death of many persons soon after the operation, and brought distempers upon many others, which have in the end prov'd deadly to 'em.



That the natural tendency of infusing such malignant filth in the mass of blood is to corrupt and putrify it, and if there be not a sufficient discharge of that malignity by the place of incision, or elsewhere, it lays a foundation for many dangerous diseases.

That the operation tends to spread and continue the infection in a place longer, than it might otherwise be.

That the continuing the operation among us is likely to prove of most dangerous consequence."

To Dr. Boylston undoubtedly belongs the merit of introducing this salutary practice into New-England at a period, when it was considered, even in most countries of Europe, as a subject rather of speculation than of practical utility. It was so little known at that time in England, that Dr. Boylston was solicited by the Physicians of London to give a statement of the result of his experiments in Boston. The difficulties, which were opposed to its introduction here, can be estimated only from a view of the limited knowledge of the "Esculapian tribe" and the narrow opinions of the inhabitants. To inoculate with small-pox, was to expose oneself voluntarily to a disease loathsome in appearance, and fatal in its effects. Among the well informed it was thought rash and unjustifiable; among the superstitious, who at that period of our history constituted the largest portion of the community, death from this cause was considered as suicide, and as an obvious indication of divine displeasure. The physicians were illiberal, the people ignorant, and the interested or unjust exertions of the former were warmly supported by the religious zeal of the latter. A new mode of practice which could thus rise superiour to these obstacles carries with it the conviction of its merit. Fortunately for the world, the controversies on this subject have subsided, they are almost forgotten in the brilliant discovery of Jenner; and we may be allowed to anticipate the time when the small-pox is to be found only in our systems of nosology.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

New-Haven, August 5th, 1809.

DEAR BROTHER,

. Since writing to you a letter in which I stated my general views of the necessity and advantages of a new dictionary of our language, it has occurred to me that the opposition to the publication of such a work in this country, and to some books of mine already published, demands of me some further explanations. Under this opposition I have long been silent; and this silence has probably been considered by many persons as an evidence of the justness of the cause of my opposers; or at least, as a tacit acquiescence on my part. A principal reason for this silence however has been, an extreme reluctance on my part to enter into discussions which are generally considered as unentertaining to the mass of readers, and not very interesting even to men of letters.—Another reason has been the political state of the country, which has absorbed all considerations of minor interest.

But as my opposers have undoubtedly done me essential injury, I have to claim the indulgence of my fellow citizens, for offering through the medium of the press a short vindication of my principles and designs, against the objections which have, in various ways, been suggested.

In the first place, it has been objected, that I am attempting to *alter the English language*. This objection is unfounded; and it seems to have its origin in the opinion that Johnson, Lowth, and English writers of a like character have given us the *real language*, in its true orthography, and with a just explanation of its principles and idioms. This is a great error, of which the learned in Great Britain, as well as America will unquestionably be disabused.—I once entertained a similar opinion. Placing great confidence in the English authors, whose works are in most repute, I labored to make myself master of the language, and once thought that I had nearly accomplished my purpose. I now find this is a great mistake. I had indeed, made very familiar the whole catalogue of names, and could repeat *article, noun, adjective and verb*, as readily as most of my contemporaries. But on further examination, I found that I had learnt names without understanding them, or names which do not describe the things intended—and it is a literal truth that it has cost me more time to *unlearn* “that which is naught,” than it did to learn the common principles of philology.

Upon laying aside the works of the great Johnson, and Lowth, and mounting to the earliest records of our language, I found the distribution of the parts of speech to be altogether wrong. This led me to attempt a new classification of words, and a new nomenclature of the parts of speech; of which the Reviewers in the Anthology complain, calling in to their aid a dogma of Dr. Johnson.

But the authority of no man living can make that true which is false. It signifies nothing to teach a child that *an* is the *indefinite article*, because the proposition, as a general one, is *not true*; the word being used indifferently before definite or indefinite nouns. When we say, "a star adorns the heavens," we speak of any star indeterminate—but when we say "Venus is a more splendid star than Mars," we use a noun with *a*, in the most definite sense imaginable.

When we teach our children that *if*, *though*, *si*, and the Hebrew *am* are conjunctions, we teach them that which is not true; the words are *not* conjunctions, nor have they the remotest relation to that class of words. They are verbs—they have indeed lost their inflections, but they retain their signification; nor can they be easily and correctly explained without the use of equivalent verbs. A boy may, like a parrot, repeat his rules—"if is a conjunction—and a conjunction connects sentences." But tell him to resolve this sentence—"if you ask, you will receive," and ask him how *if*, in this case, connects sentences; will he not feel himself confounded—or consider his understanding abused?

It may be said, and this is often said, that the present classification will answer the purpose—it *has* answered the purpose—it neither "picks our pockets nor breaks our legs"—our fathers have got along well enough with this arrangement—and so shall we and our children. This is the stale objection to every improvement—and it is urged with as much force by the rude savage who lives by hunting and fishing, against all improvements in agriculture, as it is, by the Reviewers in the Anthology, against a better system of grammar.

But the present systems of grammar do *not* answer the purpose of explaining language. Take the following example. The Greek word *oti* is called a conjunction, like *quia* in Latin, and *that* in English. In Matthew xvii. 13, we find this word correctly translated *that*. "Then the disciples understood *that* he spoke to them of John, the Baptist." Beza, in his Latin version, has given the sense, but with the use of the infinitive verb. But in a translation of Montanus, which accompanies the Greek text by Leusden, the verse is thus rendered, "Tunc intellexerunt discipuli, *quia* de Joanne Baptista dixit eis"—which in English, is—"Then the disciples understood, *because*, or *for that* he spoke to them of John, the Baptist;" and what sort of translation is this? This error occurs frequently in the same version of Montanus. The truth is neither *that* in English, nor *uti* in Greek, nor *quod* in Latin is ever a conjunction. Nor

are they in this, and the like cases, *pronouns*; they do not stand in the place of *nouns*, they are substitutes, or representatives of a *sentence, clause, or affirmation*. "The disciples understood"....What? Why *that* which follows, the fact stated in these words: "*he spoke to them of John, the Baptist.*" This is the true construction, and it cannot be explained by the usual rules of grammar.

In Romans viii. 20, 21, our translators have made a like mistake, rendering *oti* by *because*, and disjoining *hope* from the clause to which it belongs. The two verses, rendered according to the copy of Leusden, and the versions of Montanus and Beza, would stand thus:

20. "For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same;

21. "In hope *that* the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

These mistakes are entirely owing to the false or imperfect principles of our grammars, or the erroneous arrangement of the parts of speech. In my Philosophical and Practical Grammar, I have given a new distribution of words, with new explanations, supported by numerous authorities, with a view to correct errors of this kind.

This work has received a large portion of the censure which customarily marks American Reviews. Why are the editors of American publications bent on decrying every thing American? Do they treat publications from English presses with the same severity? When Murray published his Grammar, he introduced a series of tenses under the subjunctive mood; such as, *if thou loved, if thou had loved, if thou shall or will love*, to the amount of some pages; tenses which are certainly not English; which I presume were never inserted in a similar work before; and which the author himself, in his Syntax, Rule 19, condemned as bad English: yet he suffered these forms of the verb to run through the eighth edition, before he expunged them. Our American Reviewers were as passive as lambs under this outrage upon classical purity. We hear from them no censure....no alarms about innovation!

My Philosophical and Practical Grammar is highly approved in New York and New Jersey—it is used in some reputable colleges. How happens it that in the metropolis of New England, it meets with a different fate? Hear what that elegant classical scholar, President Smith, of Princeton, says on this subject. In a letter to me, dated July 31, 1807, he writes:

"I consider your Philosophical and Practical Grammar, as containing the *best analysis* of the language which has yet been given to the publick. It has happily improved the opening made many years since into that subject, by the ingenious Horne Tooke. I have often been surprised that his ideas have not been more highly appreciated than they seem to have been by English philologists. Your good judgment has made them the basis of your plan; and on that foundation, you have reared, in my opinion, a *more complete system of grammar, than any writer who has preceded you.*"

Is it probable that this gentleman has wholly mistaken the merit of my work? Or do Reviewers constitute the only legitimate *Board of Criticism* on this continent? It is desirable that scholars of candor should every where examine for themselves, and not rest their opinions on the decisions of Reviewers.

It can never be a matter of indifference in any art or science, whether we teach truth or falsehood. The usual classification of words does not comport with truth; it does not assign many words to the class to which they belong; it makes numerous contradictions between principles and practice; and leaves many words without a due explanation of their force and effect in sentences. I therefore have attempted to exhibit a better arrangement. Is this an alteration of the language? Is a new method or distribution of words a change of the language itself? Was any censure ever attached to Dr. Lowth for making a new distribution of verbs? Did any mortal ever think of blaming Linne for new classifications of plants and animals; or Latham for a new classification of birds? Is not the new nomenclature of chemistry far better than the old? Surely a science itself is not changed by the method of teaching it; and that method, which is the most simple, perspicuous, and most conformable to the truth of things, will always be the best.

N. WEBSTER.

HON. THOMAS DAWES, Esq.

LETTER II.

New-Haven, August 5, 1809.

DEAR BROTHER,

I am charged with an attempt to innovate, by changing the orthography of words. To this charge I plead not guilty; for whatever my wishes may be, I yield them to the public sentiment. In the few instances in which I write words a little differently from the present usage, I do *not* innovate, but *reject innovation*. When I write *fether*, *lether*, and *mold*, I do nothing more than reduce the words to their original orthography, no other being used in our earliest English books. And when it is just as easy to be right as wrong, why will men object? I write *hainous*, because it is the true orthography from the French *haine*, *haineux*; and this was the manner of writing the word till within an age. The modern orthography is as vitious as it is perplexing. I write *cigar*, because it is an anglicized word from the Spanish *cigarro*. I write *melasses*, because it is the Italian *melassa*, from *mel*, honey, or the Greek *melas*, black. Is this innovation? When authorities are found on both sides of a question, the Lexicographer is at liberty to prefer that orthography which is most simple, or most etymological.

But when I see a difficult and unnatural orthography, which originated in mere mistake, and which converts a word into palpable nonsense, which is the case with the word *comptroller*, no consideration shall prevent me from correcting it in my own practice. Those who wish for an explanation of that word, will find it in the preface to my Compendious Dictionary.

But in the few alterations of this kind which I propose, I am guided by fixed principles of etymology, and endeavour only to call back the language to the purity of former times, supported by the authority of Newton, Camden, Lhuyd, Davenant, Pope, Thomson, Gregory, Edwards, and a host of other writers.

I do not write *publick*, *republick*, because the introduction of *k*, was originally, a useless innovation, wholly unknown to the primitive English, and because the prevailing practice in Great Britain and America, has revived the primitive etymological orthography, from *publicus*. I do not write *honour*, *candour*, *error*, because they are neither French nor Latin. If we follow the French, the orthography ought to be *honneur*, *candeur*, *erreur*; if the Latin, as we ought, because they are Latin words, then we ought to write *honor*, &c. and this is now the best and most common usage.

In truth, there are some words whose orthography is unsettled, and the man who writes them in either manner for which he has authority, cannot be charged with deviating from any standard. This has ever been the case with the most eminent authors, and without a perfectly regular orthography, it must ever be the case.

But I am accused of introducing into my Dictionary *Americanism and vulgarisms*.

This is one of the most extraordinary charges which my opposers have ventured to suggest. I have indeed introduced into our vocabulary a few words, not used perhaps in Great Britain, or not in a like sense; such as *customable*, on the authority of a law of Massachusetts; *doomage*, on the authority of Dr. Belknap, and the laws of New-Hampshire; *fourfold*, as a verb, on the authority of the laws of Connecticut, and a century's usage; *decedent*, for deceased, on the authority of the laws of New-Jersey and Pennsylvania; and a few others, probably not twenty, noting them however as *local* terms. And is this an offense never to be forgiven? Such local terms exist, and will exist, in spite of lexicographers or critics. Is this *my* fault? And if local terms exist, why not explain them? Must they be left unexplained, because they are local? This very circumstance renders their insertion in a dictionary the more necessary; for as the faculty of Yale College have said in approbation of this part of my work, how are such words to be understood, without the aid of a dictionary?

But what have I done, that others have not done before me? Has not Johnson admitted *hog*, a sheep, and *tup*, a ram, upon the authority of local usage in England? Has he not insert-

ed many such words? And why does *he* escape the censure of our fastidious American critics? So far is he from being censurable for this admission, that his works would have had more value, if he had taken more pains to collect and explain local terms.

But I have admitted one or two cant words, such as *caucus*; and what are Johnson's *fishify*, *jackalent*, *jiggumbob* and *foutre*!! Let the admirers of Johnson's dictionary be a little more critical in comparing his vocabulary, and mine; and blush for their illiberal treatment of me! Instead of *increasing* the list of vulgar terms, I have *reduced* it, by expunging *two thirds* of such words inserted by Johnson!! Any person who will have the patience and the candor, to compare my dictionary with others, will find that there is not a vocabulary of the English language extant, so free from *local*, *vulgar*, and *obscene words* as mine! It was most injudicious in Johnson to select Shakspeare, as one of his principal authorities. Play-writers in describing low scenes and vulgar characters, use low language, language unfit for decent company; and their ribaldry has corrupted our speech, as well as the public morals. I have made it a main point to reject words belonging to writings of this character, and shall proceed as far as propriety requires, in cleansing the Augean stable.

I have rejected also a great number of words introduced by a species of pedantry very common a century ago; such as *adjugate*, *abstrude*, *balbucinate*. Of this species, and other words not legitimate, between two and three thousand will be rejected. On the other hand, I have enriched the vocabulary with such words as *absorbable*, *accompaniment*, *acidulous*, *achromatic*, *adhesiveness*, *adjutancy*, *admissibility*, *advisory*, *amendable*, *animalize*, *aneurismal*, *antithetical*, *appellor*, *appreciate*, *appreciation*, *arborescent*, *arborization*, *ascertainable*, *bailee*, *bailment*, *indorser*, *indorsee*, *prescriptive*, *imprescriptible*, *statement*, *insubordination*, *expensiture*, *subsidize*, and other elegant and scientific terms, now used by the best writers in Great Britain and America. The number of these is not exactly known; but of the terms now well authorized, Johnson's dictionary is deficient in five or six thousand words, or about a seventh part of the English vocabulary.

But I will trouble you and the public no farther. Enough has been said to satisfy the candid and liberal; and more would not satisfy men of a different character.

N. WEBSTER.

THE HON. THOMAS DAWES, ESQ.

POSTSCRIPT.

In the remarks prefixed to my letter in the Centinel of August 2, you mention that my omitting *a* in *read* (which by the way is a mistake) and in *breadth*, with a few similar peculiari-

ties, has probably had an effect in limiting the circulation of my *Elements of Useful Knowledge*. This may be true in Boston; but it is not true in all parts of the country, for the work is extensively used. For retrenching the *a* in *breadth*, I have however *royal authority*; and Massachusetts gentlemen should be the last to complain of that correction of error, for it is the orthography of the word in the original charter of the Colony. Hazard. Col. 1. 239, 240.

But I do not insist upon the correction. Men, who are fond of improvement, and desirous of correcting errors in every thing else, seem determined that no errors shall be corrected in language. No blunder, no irregularity, no absurdity, however enormous, in writing, if it has obtained a general currency, must now be disturbed! Not even a barbarism of the fourteenth century must now be violated by the unhallowed hand of reformation! Such is the spirit of critics, but such is not the sense of the community, nine tenths of whom would rejoice at a thorough reformation.

When a plain unlettered man asks why words are so irregularly written, that the *letters are no guide to the pronunciation*, and the noblest invention of man loses half its value; we may silence, tho not convince him, by saying, that such is the old practice, and we must not deviate from the practice of our grand fathers even when they have erred! But when I see such blunders as *comptroller* and *island* palmed upon a nation by the merest ignorance, I confess for myself I cannot repress my desire to correct them, as they disgrace the learning and criticism of the nation. See the preface to my Compendious Dictionary. A few such blunders I shall attempt to correct. The legislature of Connecticut have seen fit to adopt the correct orthography of *controller*, in their statutes, and I trust the example will be followed by others. But my proposed corrections are few, and my orthography differs from that of the English, not more than English authors differ from each other. The truth is a reformation of orthography might be made with few changes, and upon a plan so simple as not to require an hour's attention to be perfectly master of it; and it might be introduced in a tenth part of the time required to render general the practice of reckoning money by dollars and cents. But I shall not attempt it. If men choose to be perplexed with difficulties in language, which ordinary men are never able to surmount, I will not contend with them, by endeavoring to remove such difficulties against their will.

N. W.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

WE are glad to afford Mr. Webster room to expound and defend his principles in our pages. Discussion will confirm truth, and his answer shall be as widely diffused as our censure. We afforded some encouragement to perseverance in his labours, though we thought he needed little; and so far from intending to do him "*essential injury*" by our observations, we hoped he might profit by them.

The answer that Mr. Webster makes to the objection "that he is attempting to alter the English language," though we did not make the charge in such general terms, is very loose and indefinite. In the first part he seems to deny, that our language is to be learned from "authors whose works are in most repute," and to appeal from the decision of "Johnson, Lowth, and English writers of a like character" upon "the *real language*," its "*true orthography*," and "explanation of its principles and idioms." But we soon find that he did not mean to be so bold, but has only mistaken the grammar of our language for the language itself; and of the grammar itself, that he will not so much quarrel with things as with names.

The example, by which it is shown that *a* is not the indefinite article, may be easily turned, we think, like an Indian auxiliary, against its employer. It has, in that sentence, "a reference to more." If *Venus* were the only star more splendid than Mars, our definite article would be used.

In the next paragraph Mr. Webster thinks he has confuted the notion, that some words, there mentioned, are conjunctions. The sentence, "if you ask, you will receive" is triumphantly brought out as the *crux criticorum*. Yet if the order of the members be changed, the rule will be applied without difficulty by the merest school-boy. "You will receive, if you ask." It was said formerly, "the nominative case comes before the verb." Now this is not literally, but only substantially true in an interrogative sentence, "am I a grammarian?" where the verb comes first. But this is no great discovery.

Of what follows, relating to the conjunction *that*, we shall say only, that we agree with Horne Tooke in his resolution and explication of such sentences, though we are perfectly indifferent about the nomenclature of Mr. Webster; nor do we believe that mistakes like that of Montanus necessarily result from the "false or imperfect principles of our grammars, or the erroneous arrangement of the parts of speech."

We feel no compunction from the gentle insinuation that "we are bent on decrying every thing American;" nor should we now take notice of it but that it allows us to remind the publick, that our duty requires more attention to native than to foreign productions, and to assure Mr. Webster, that what we think irregular shall never escape the knife because it is of domestick growth.

On the second letter we shall make no observations, because it is not in answer to any particular remarks of ours; but on the whole subject in controversy, we shall appeal with confidence to the Review of Mr. Webster's letter to Dr. Ramsay, in our fourth volume, page 670, and to the Review of his Grammar, in our fifth volume, page 267. What expectations we have of the great work of Mr. Webster may be understood from the Review of his Compendious Dictionary, which we hope to publish next month.

☞ The Poem of Mr. Head, delivered before the Society of ΦΒΚ on their last anniversary, is promised for our next number.

INTELLIGENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

FROM FRENCH PAPERS, TRANSLATED FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

PICTURESQUE TRAVELS IN GREECE.

M de Choiseul Gouffier was unwilling to leave in an imperfect state a work, by which he early announced his taste for the arts, his passion for the fine monuments of antiquity, the views of a statesman, and the talents of a distinguished writer. The first volume appeared in 1782. That was an epoch when the love of the sciences and enthusiasm for the arts possessed the most illustrious missionaries; it was a time too when the minds of all were greedy of illusion. One of the dreams which charmed Voltaire the most, in his old age, that of seeing Greece restored to a state of civilization of which she had been the cradle, seduced many who possessed a lively and brilliant imagination. In reading M. de Choiseul Gouffier, they believed this fine dream was realized; it seemed already as if Greece was going to be repeopled with her heroes, her philosophers, her artists, and her poets, in so lively a manner did this young author express his wishes and his hopes, so well did he know how to animate the august ashes, and raise up their great monuments from their ruins. Perhaps we are nearer now to this marvellous event. One prodigy more may revive all the ancient prodigies. But we do not need even this sort of interest to visit with veneration and love the sacred soil of Greece, under the conduct of so ingenious, so faithful and eloquent a guide as M. de Choiseul Gouffier. The first number of the second volume of which we shall give a particular account offers researches equally precious for history, for the arts, and for policy, in fine every thing which makes us feel the charms of truth added to the brilliant gifts of the imagination. This number contains 175 pages of the most beautiful folio text, and twelve plates engraved in the most perfect style. The two following numbers will complete the second, and form the third volume of this beautiful work. Each number costs sixty francs, and they will complete the description of Asiatick Greece, and the islands of the Archipelago. The fourth volume which will appear afterwards, and separate from the others, will give a description of Constantinople, the Bosphorus, Attica, Peloponnesus, and Macedonia.

His imperial majesty has granted a pension of six thousand francs to Mr. Luce de Lancival, author of the tragedy of Hector, and professor of literature at the Imperial Lyceum. The work of Mr. Luce draws crowds to the Theatre Français, and constantly enjoys the most brilliant success. *Le Publiciste.*

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1809.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura. *Mart.*

NEW WORKS.

Remarks on the Brunonian System, by James Jackson, A. A. S. and M. M. S. Boston; Thomas B. Wait and Co.

A Biographical Dictionary, containing a brief account of the first settlers, and other eminent characters among the magistrates, ministers, literary and worthy men, in New-England. By John Eliot, D. D. corresponding secretary of the Massachusetts historical society. These were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times. *Son of Syrach.* Cushing and Appleton, Salem; and Edward Oliver, No. 70, State-street, Boston.

Volume X. of the collections of the Massachusetts' Historical Society, 8vo. Boston; Munroe, Francis and Parker.

Correspondence of the late President Adams, No. 2. Boston; Everett and Munroe.

A Grammar of the Greek language, in which declensions of nouns and the conjugations of verbs are explained in their most simple forms, with the rules of contraction and the syntax and prosody complete, to which is subjoined an appendix by John Smith, S. T. D. professor of the learned languages at Dartmouth college. Boston; John West. 1809.

Part 1st of vol. iv. Massachusetts Reports. By D. A. Tyng, Esq. Reporter. Newburyport; E. Little and Co. 1809.

The 19th No. of the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Magazine, containing a variety of interesting religious intelligence. Boston; Manning and Loring. 1809.

The Romance of the Pyrenees. By the author of Santo Sebastiano, in two volumes. Boston; Isaiah Thomas. 1809.

Christian Monitor, No. 11, containing seven Sermons on the education of children. Boston; Munroe, Francis and Parker. 1809.

American Law Journal, and Miscellaneous Repertory, No. 6. Vol. 2. By John E. Hall, esq. of Baltimore. Philadelphia; Farrand, Mallory and Co. 1809.

New York Medical and Philosophical Journal and Review, No. 2, for August, 1809. T. and J. Swords, printers

The Identity of Napoleon and Antichrist; completely demonstrated; or a commentary on the chapters of the Scripture which relate to Antichrist: where all the passages are shown to apply to Napoleon in the most striking manner; and where especially the prophetic number 666, is founded in his name, with perfect exactness, in two different manners. New York, 1809.

The Star in the East: A Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of St. James', Bristol, on Sunday, July 26, 1809, for the benefit of the "Society for missions to Africa and the East." By the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, L.L. D. from India. "For we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him." Matt. ii. 2. Philadelphia; Bradford & Inskeep.

Coelebs in Search of a Wife, comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits, and Manners, Religion, and Morals. From the second London edition. In two volumes. New York. 1809.

Bonaparte no Universal Monarch, and not proved to be favourably noticed in Prophecy. Boston; Hastings, Etheridge and Bliss. 1809.

Letters addressed to Clarinda, &c. never before published in America; with a choice Selection of Poems and Songs. By Robert Burns, the Scottish bard. To which is prefixed, a sketch of his Life and Character. Philadelphia; Jane Aitken. 1809.

NEW EDITIONS.

A Sermon preached July 22, 1807, at the funeral of the Rev. Alexander Macwhorter, D. D. senior pastor of the Presbyterian church in Newark, (N. J.) By Edward D. Griffin, A. M. surviving pastor of said church. Boston; C. Bingham. 1809.

The Mediator's Kingdom, not of this World, but Spiritual, Heavenly and Divine, Illustrated in remarks upon John xviii. 36. By an Inquirer. New York; Williams and Whiting. 1809.

Murray's Sequel to the English Reader. Boston; Lincoln and Edmands. 1809.

Letters from a late eminent Prelate to one of his Friends. Boston; Monroe, Francis and Parker. 1809.

The Child of Thirty-six Fathers, a Novel, translated from the French.

New Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Court of Common Pleas and other Courts, from Michaelmas Term, 46, Geo. III. 1805. to Trinity Term, 47, Geo. III. 1807—both inclusive. By John B. Bosanquet and Christopher Puller, Barrister at Law, vol. 5th. Boston; John West. 1809.

The Path to Riches. An inquiry into the origin and use of money, &c. By the late Governour Sullivan. Boston; C. Bingham.

The Minstrel; or, the Progress of Genius. By James Beattie, L.L.D. and the Shipwreck. By William Falconer, with a Sketch of the Life of the author. New York; Collins and Perkins. 1809.

The Speeches of John Philpot Curran, Esq. a new edition, with the addition of some celebrated Speeches, &c. New York; Robert M'Durmot. 1809. Ronaldsha: a Romance, 2 vols. in 1. By Mrs. Doherty. New York; D. Longworth. 1809.

A Series of Letters on Religious Subjects, 3 vols. in 1. New York; Williams and Whiting. 1809.

A Treatise on Febrile Diseases. By Philip Wilson, M.D. F.R.S. Ed. Boston; Thomas and Andrews. 1809.

The eighth edition of the English Reader. By L. Murray. Boston; Joseph Larkin. 1809.

Orton's Discourses on secret family Worship, and Religious Observations on the Lord's Day. Boston; Manning & Loring. 1809.

Select Reviews, and Spirit of the Foreign Magazines, for August, 1809. Philadelphia; E. Bronson.

Self Knowledge; a treatise shewing the nature and benefit of that important Science, and the way to obtain it. By John Mason. Boston; Farrand, Mallory & Co. 1809.

A dissertation on the Mineral Waters of Saratoga. Second edition, enlarged, including an Account of the Waters of Ballstown, embellished with a Map of the surrounding country, and a view of the Rock Spring at Saratoga. To which are added, Considerations upon the Use of the Mineral Waters, as prepared in this City, both as a Remedy in Disease, and an ordinary Drink. By Valentine Scamen, M. D. one of the Surgeons of the New York Hospital. New York; Collins & Perkins. 1809.

WORKS PROPOSED AND IN PRESS.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, propose to publish, The Philosophy of Rhetoric. By George Campbell, D.D. F.R.S. Edin. principal of the Marischal College, Aberdeen. 'Certo sciant homines, artes inveniendi solidas et veras adolescere et incrementa sumere cum ipsis inventis.' *Bac. De Augm. Scient.*

l. v. c. 3. A new edition, with the author's last additions and corrections. In two volumes.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, have in the press, *The works of Mrs. Chappone*: now first collected. Containing, I. Letters on the improvement of the mind. II. Miscellanies. III. Correspondence with Mr. Richardson IV. Letters to Mrs. Carter. V. Fugitive pieces. To which is prefixed, An account of her Life and Character, drawn up by her own Family. In 4 vols.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, have in the press, *Rules and Regulations for the Field Exercise and Manoeuvres of the French Infantry*, issued August 1, 1791. Abridged. And all the manoeuvres added, which have been since adopted by the emperor Napoleon. In two volumes. The second volume to consist of thirty-six plates.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, have in the press, *Lectures on Systematic Theology and Pulpit Eloquence*. By the late George Campbell, DD. F.R.S. Ed. Principal of Marischal college, Aberdeen.

Mathew Carey, Philadelphia, is preparing to publish *Wilkinson's Royal Quarto General Atlas*, with considerable additions and improvements.

Samuel T. Armstrong, of Charlestown, proposes to publish the *Sermons of Dr. Watts*.

Monroe, Francis and Parker of Boston, propose to publish a complete edition of the *British Essayists*, with prefaces, *Historical and Biographical*. By Alexander Chalmers, A. M.

Farrand, Mallory & Co. Boston, have in the press, *The Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement examined*, by John Taylor of Norwich. To which is added, candid remarks upon Mr. Taylor's Discourse, entitled *Scripture Doctrine, &c.* By George Hampton. M. A.

Thomas and Whipple, Newburyport, have in the press, *A Compendious System of Universal Geography*, designed for schools. Compiled from the latest and most distinguished European and American travellers, voyagers, and geographers. By Elijah Parish, D. D. minister of Byfield, Massachusetts. The second edition, with many improvements.

Thomas and Whipple, Newburyport, have in the press, *The Military Companion*; being a System of Company Discipline, founded on the Regulations of Baron Steuben, late Major General and Inspector General of the Army of the United States. Containing the Manual Exercise, Facings, Steps, Turnings, Wheelings, Miscellaneous Evolutions, and Firings. Together with the Duty of Officers and Privates. Designed for the use of the Militia. Third improved edition, ornamented with handsome Copper Plates of Company Evolutions.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

OCTOBER, 1809.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

REMARKS ON ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE ROMAN POETS.

No. 7.

IN the *Supplement to the Bibliographical Dictionary*, I find mention made of a translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* by *Arthur Gorges*, 4to, Lond. 1600. This is the only entire version, which appeared before that of May. The translation of Thomas May was published in 1627, and soon reappeared in a second edition. It was encouraged by the excessive panegyrick of Ben Jonson, in lines addressed to his "chosen friend, the learned translator of Lucan." But the notes of May are so unharmonious, that we, whose ears have been accustomed to the sound of smooth and polished numbers, wonder how they could ever be tolerated. The *Pharsalia* of Lucan was continued by May in a supplement consisting of seven books, published both in Latin and English. For his industry in producing such a work, and for his labour in translating, some commendation is due. Poetical translation at the period in which he lived, was almost a new art; and his efforts might have tended to encourage others in attempts of a similar kind, more successful, and in the result more gratifying to the learned. In his supplement to the work of Lucan, he resumes the history, where the poet left it, and embraces all the important transactions in which Cesar was engaged, from the restoration of the Egyptian king, to the assassination of the usurper in the Roman senate.

The version of Lucan's *Pharsalia* by Nicholas Rowe is a work on which the publick has not been so forward to lavish praise, as on many productions of inferior merit. But the unqualified commendation of Johnson has given it a degree of celebrity, which it does not appear to have acquired before his time. "The version of Lucan," he remarks, "is one of the greatest productions of English poetry; for there is perhaps none, that so completely exhibits the genius and spirit of the original." It is difficult some-

times to separate the defects of the translator from those of his author. It would appear at first sight, that Rowe was unreasonably diffuse in his manner, and had employed many more lines than were necessary, to give a complete transcript of the sense. In the very commencement of his work, sixty nine lines are used in translating thirty two. More latitude may be allowed to a translator of a declamatory writer, than of one highly poetical; for poetical beauties are similar in all periods; and where the image is distinct, the correspondence in the expression must be very considerable: but the language of declamation is as various as the characters of different communities, and is always changeable, even among the same people. This may sometimes be pleaded as an apology for Rowe, where his manner approaches to that of paraphrase.

The characters of Pompey and Cesar, drawn in the first book of the *Pharsalia*, are copied with no small degree of exactness by Rowe.

Nec cofere pares ; alter vergentibus annis
In senium, longoque togae tranquillior usu,
Dedidit jam pace ducem ; famaeque petitor
Multa dare in vulgus ; totus popularibus auris
Impelli, plausuque sui gaudere theatri :
Nec reparare novas vires ; multumque priori
Credere fortunae : stat magni nominis umbra.

L. I. 139. et seq.

Nor came the rivals equal to the field ;
One to increasing years began to yield ;
Old age came creeping in the peaceful gown,
And civil functions weighed the soldier down.
Disused to arms, he turned him to the laws,
And pleased himself with popular applause ;
With gifts and liberal bounty sought for fame,
And loved to hear the vulgar shout his name ;
In his own theatre rejoiced to sit
Amidst the noisy praises of the pit.
Careless of future ills, that might betide, }
No aid he sought to prop his failing side, }
But on his former fortune much relied. }
Still seemed he to possess and fill his place,
But stood the shadow of what once he was.

Rowe.

***** Sed non in Caesare tantum
Nomen erat, nec fama ducis : sed nescia virtus
Stare loco ; solusque pudor non vincere bello.
Acer et indomitus ; quo spes, quoque ira vocasset,
Ferre manum, et nunquam temerando parcere ferro.
Successus urgere suos ; instare favori
Numinis ; impellens quicquid sibi summa petenti
Obstaret ; gaudensque viam fecisse ruina.

L. I. 143. et seq.

But Cesar's greatness, and his strength was more
 Than past renown and antiquated power :
 'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
 Or tales in old records and annals seen ;
 But 'twas a valour restless, unconfined,
 Which no success could sate, nor limits bind ;
 'Twas shame, a soldier's shame, untaught to yield,
 That blushed for nothing but an ill-fought field.
 Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to stay,
 Where vengeance or ambition led the way ;
 Still prodigal of war whene'er withstood,
 Nor spared to stain the guilty sword with blood.
 Urging advantage, he improved all odds
 And made the most of fortune and the gods ;
 Pleased to o'turn whate'er withheld his prize,
 And saw the ruin with rejoicing eyes.

ROWE.

Each of these descriptions is followed by a laboured and formal simile, illustrative of the respective characters, which is here omitted on account of the length.

It will be readily perceived, that in these examples there is a considerable expansion in rendering what in the original is very sententious, and remarkable for brevity. But this is a liberty which belongs to translators ; a liberty that they always claim and exercise, and one that is frequently essential to elegance and perspicuity.

In the character of Pompey, Rowe has somewhat enlarged upon Lucan, and become minute, where the latter was general. *Disused to arms* is in some degree ambiguous : Pompey had enjoyed only an interval of peace, from which state he was suddenly drawn by the rivalry of Cesar.

In the description of Cesar, Rowe has made the most of his author, and has paraphrased in sixteen lines, what is contained in less than eight of the original. But he has succeeded so well, that we are unwilling to assume the language of censure.

Cato often appears in Lucan, both in description of character, and what he is made to utter, like something more than human. Rowe in this respect has seldom fallen below him, when exhibiting the severity of Cato's virtue, and the disinterestedness of his patriotism.

Justitiæ cultor, rigidi servator honesti ;
 In commune bonus : nullosque Catonis in actus
 Subrepsit, partemque tulit sibi nata voluptas.

L. II. 389.

From justice's righteous laws he never swerved,
 But rigidly his honesty preserved ;
 On universal good his thoughts were bent,

Nor knew what gain or self-affection meant;
And while his benefits the publick share,
Cato is always last in Cato's care.

Rowe.

In the translation of Pompey's dream, which commences the third book, and has its singular excellences, Rowe has been peculiarly fortunate. The appearance of Julia, *plena horroris imago*, and her terrifick description of the calamities of the civil war, he has drawn to the life; and has evinced that talent for tragick poetry, which he more completely manifested in the drama.

To the parting of Pompey and Cornelia, described at the end of the fifth book, Rowe has done ample justice. Cornelia's resolutions of constancy, mixed with momentary self-distrust, he has preserved with great felicity. Her grief on the occasion, and her subsequent distress are made to appear natural, and excite the emotion, that was intended to be raised.

The admirers of Lucan have celebrated the description of the battle of Pharsalia in the seventh book, as remarkably animated, and leading the reader almost to imagine himself a spectator of the scene. Rowe has not in this part been wanting in effort, nor in lively and glowing numbers, nor in warm and animated diction. The speeches of Pompey and Cesar, the advancing of their forces, the actual engagement, and Pompey's flight, furnish admirable examples of the fire of Lucan rekindled in Rowe. If the translator has failed in any degree in this part of his work, it is in modernizing the conduct of the distinguished personages, in magnifying the military improvements of Rome, and in not preserving a just view of the characters and warlike arts of the period, that the history includes.

Lest too many pages of our miscellany should be filled with comments on the translations of an author, whose praise has not been universal, and who has been celebrated chiefly for detached excellences, I shall forbear to add any further critical remarks, and shall select but one passage more from the version of Rowe. It is part of the answer of Cato to Labienus, when the latter urged him to inquire of the Oracle at Jupiter Ammon, concerning the event of the war.

Quid quaeri, Labiene, jubes? L. IX. 566.

Where would thy fond, thy vain inquiry go?
What mystick fate, what secret would'st thou know?

'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
And horned Ammon can no more unfold.
From God derived, to God by nature joined,
We act the dictates of his mighty mind:

And though our priests are mute, and temples still,
God never wants a voice to speak his will.

Canst thou believe the vast, eternal mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Lybian sands confined ?
That he would choose this waste, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,
And leave his truth in wilds and deserts drowned ?
Is there a place that God would choose to love
Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heaven above,
And virtuous minds, the noblest throne for Jove ?
Why seek we farther then ? behold around,
How all thou seest does with the God abound ;
Jove is alike to all, and always to be found.
Let those weak minds, who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling priests for oracles repair ;
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fixed, my certain soul from doubt has freed.

There is one fault in Rowe deserving animadversion, and which pervades his work ; not a defect in translating, but a fault in the verse : I mean the use of triplets, which very frequently occur in his version. They vex every reader of taste, and are no small interruption to him, in perusing a work, where, from the nature of the composition, they are not to be expected. They destroy the uniformity of metrical composition in rhyme, and deduct greatly from the melody of its numbers.

There has been no English version of Lucan since that of Rowe ; and from the character that his translation sustains, it is not probable that any attempt will soon be made to surpass him. Our language and versification seem no longer subjected to any rapid or violent changes. Should such changes hereafter take place, even the laurels of Rowe may wither.

Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt ; ita verborum vetus interit ætas.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ANECDOTES OF ROUSSEAU,

Translated from *Les Souvenirs de Felicie* of Madame de Genlis.

I KNEW Rousseau very well ; for more than six months I saw him every day. He dined with us, and commonly staid till ten o'clock in the evening. My first interview with him does not do much honour to my discernment ; but it was so comick and singular that I shall amuse myself in relating it.

J. J. Rousseau had been in Paris six months. I was then eighteen. Though I had never read a line of his works, I had a great desire to see so celebrated a man, who interested me particularly as the author of the *Devin du Village*. But Rousseau was very savage; he refused all visits, and made none; besides I did not feel courage enough to take the least step towards it. So I expressed my desire of knowing him, without thinking it would be possible for me to find the means.

One day M. de Sauvigny, who saw Rousseau occasionally, told me in confidence, that M. de ——— would play me a trick; that some evening he would bring me Preville,* disguised as J. J. Rousseau, and that he would present him to me as such. This made me laugh, and I promised to appear to be the dupe of the jest. I went very little to the Theatres; I had never seen Preville play but two or three times, and then from distant boxes. Preville, in fact, possessed the art of decomposing his face, and counterfeiting others. He was about the same height with Rousseau (for every body knows that J. J. was small) and M. de ——— had really had the project, which had been confided to me. But this notion soon went out of his mind. M. de Sauvigny forgot it also; and I alone remembered it.

I was three weeks without seeing M. de Sauvigny; and at the end of that time he came to tell me with great earnestness, in presence of M. de ———, that Rousseau was extremely desirous to hear me play on the harp, and that if I would be so complaisant, he would bring him the next day. Being very certain, that I should only see Preville, it was difficult for me to answer seriously; however I kept my countenance well enough, and promised I would do my best to play on the harp for J. J. Rousseau.

The next day, I expected with impatience the hour appointed, fancying that a Crispin travestied in a philosopher would be a droll scene. While waiting for him, my gaiety was of the wildest kind, at which M. de ——— was very much astonished, knowing my natural timidity. Besides, he could not conceive how the idea of seeing so grave a personage, could make this kind of impression; and I appeared to him perfectly mad, when he saw me laugh at the moment Rousseau was announced. Nothing could appear to me more amusing than his whole figure, which I considered a piece of masquerade. His coat, his stockings of chestnut colour, his little round wig, his whole dress and manner, only offered to my eyes a scene in a comedy, the best played and the most laughable. However, making a prodigious effort, I kept a suitable countenance, and after having lisped two or three polite phrases, conversation ensued, and fortunately for me of a gay kind. I said nothing, but from time to time I burst into laughter; but so naturally and so heartily, that this surprising gaiety did not displease Rousseau. He said many pretty things

* A very celebrated actor. Those who have not seen the French comedians, may think the anecdote here related improbable.

upon youth in general. I thought Preville possessed sense, and that Rousseau would not have been so amiable, because he would have been scandalized at my laughter. Rousseau addressed himself to me. As he did not embarrass me at all, I answered him very cavalierly with whatever passed in my mind. He thought me quite original; and I thought he *played* with such perfection, that I did not cease to admire it. Caricature never made me laugh; but what charmed me was the simplicity, the natural manner of him, whom I thought a comedian; and with this idea he seemed to me much more perfect in a saloon than on the stage. I thought however he gave Rousseau too much indulgence, goodness and gaiety. I played the harp, I sang some airs of the *Devin du Village*, and I laughed even to tears at the praises of Rousseau, and at all he said about his *Devin du Village*. Rousseau regarded me with a smile, and that sort of pleasure, which a natural playfulness always inspires; and at leaving us, he promised to return the next day and dine with us. He had diverted me so much, that the promise enchanted me, and I jumped for joy. I conducted him to the door, making many pleasant and extravagant speeches.

When he was gone, I ceased restraining myself, and burst into the most violent laughter. M. de ——— was stupified, and looked at me in a discontented and severe manner, which redoubled my gaiety. I see plainly, that you know at length, that you have not caught me.....you are vexed; but really how could you believe that I should be simple enough to take Preville for J. J. Rousseau?.....Preville!.....Ah! yes, deny it; you will persuade me..... Has your head turned?.....I confess that Preville has been charming, perfectly natural; he did nothing too much; it is impossible to play better; but I will bet that, except in the dress, he has not imitated Rousseau. He has represented a good old man very amiable, but not Rousseau, who certainly would have thought me very extravagant, and would have become formal at such a reception. At these words, M. de ——— and M. de Sauvigny, began to laugh so immoderately, that I began to be astonished..... we came to an explanation, and my confusion was extreme, at learning that I had in reality received J. J. Rousseau in this handsome manner. I declared I would never consent to see him again, if they told him of my folly.....they promised that they would never tell him, and they kept their word. What was the most singular in all this was, that this conduct, so silly and so inconsiderate, won me the good graces of Rousseau. He told M. de Sauvigny that I was the most natural young person, the gayest and the most free from pretensions of any he had ever known; but certainly without the mistake which had put me in such good humour, and so much at my ease, he would only have seen in me an excessive timidity.

Thus I owed my success only to an error, which it was impossible to be proud of. Knowing all the indulgence of Rousseau, I saw him again without embarrassment, and I have always been

perfectly at my ease with him. I have never seen a literary man less imposing and more amiable. He spoke of himself with simplicity, and of his enemies without any asperity. He rendered full justice to the talents of M. de Voltaire; he even said that it was impossible that the author of *Zaire* and *Merope* was born without a susceptible soul: he added, that flattery and pride had corrupted him. He spoke to us of his *Confessions*, which he had read to Madame d'Egmont. He said that I was too young to obtain from him the same proof of confidence. Being on this subject, he thought of asking me if I had ever read his works. I answered, a little embarrassed, that I had not. He wished to know why; which embarrassed me still more, particularly as he looked at me very steadily. He had small eyes buried in his head, but very piercing; and they seemed to penetrate and read to the very bottom of the soul of the person whom he interrogated. It appeared to me that he would have discovered immediately a lie or an evasion; therefore I had no merit in telling him frankly, that I had not read his works, because it was pretended that they contained a great many things against religion. You know, answered he, that I am not a Catholic, but nobody, he added, has spoken of the gospel with more conviction and sensibility. These were his own words. I thought his questions over; but he asked me again, with a smile, why I had blushed at telling him this. I answered at once, that I feared to displease him. He praised my answer excessively, because it was unaffected. It is indeed certain that nature and simplicity had a particular charm for him. He told me that his works were not made for my age, but that I should do well to read his *Emilius* in a few years. He talked to us a great deal of the manner in which he had composed his *Nouvelle Heloise*; he told us that he wrote all the letters of Julia upon pretty little letter paper, with vignettes; that afterwards he folded them into billets, and reperused them in his walks, with as much delight as if they had been from an adored mistress. He recited to us standing, and making some motions, his *Pygmalion*, and in a just, energetick and perfect manner, in my opinion. He had a very agreeable smile, full of sweetness and meaning. He was communicative, and I always saw him gay. He reasoned in a superiour manner upon musick, and was a real connoisseur. Yet, among a great number of airs, of his composition, and copied by him, which he gave me, there was not one pretty, or even *chantante*. He had made a very bad air to his *imitation of the sonnet of Nice*, of Metastasio, which one of my friends (M. de Monsigny) has set to musick for me. The air is now worthy of the words, which are charming.

Rousseau came to dine with us almost every day, and I had never remarked in him, during five months, either irritability or caprice, when we were near quarrelling on a trifling subject. He was very fond of a kind of *Vin de Silery*, of a colour like skins of onions; M de — asked leave to send him some, adding that he himself received it, as a present from his uncle. Rousseau

answered, he would give him great pleasure, if he would send him *two bottles*. The next day, M. de — sent him a basket containing twenty five bottles of the wine ; which shocked Rousseau to such a degree, that he sent back the whole basket, with a strange little billet of three lines, which seemed insane, for it expressed with energy disdain, anger and implacable resentment. M. de Sauvigny completed our astonishment and consternation, by telling us, that Rousseau was really furious, and that he had protested, he would never see us again. M. de — astonished that so simple an attention could be so criminal, told me that since I was not an *accomplice* in his impertinence, Rousseau, perhaps, in favour of my innocence, would consent to return. We loved him, and our regret was sincere. I wrote him rather a long letter, which I sent with *two bottles* presented by me. Rousseau became placable, and returned to us ; he was very gracious with me, but was dry and icy towards M de —, whose conversation till that moment had pleased him ; and he could never entirely regain his good will.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

SOME ACCOUNT OF VENICE, AND THE SPLENDID ENTRANCE OF BUONAPARTE INTO THAT CITY
in December, 1807.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

[Concluded from page 166.]

After this short acquaintance with Venice, and having seen her as it were in a plain and ordinary attire, we have to behold 'her in a more splendid dress, and decked out in all her trappings and tinsel ornaments, to receive a royal and imperial visitor.

On Sunday the 30th November, the telegraph announced the approach of the Emperour Napoleon, and that he would arrive in the course of the day at Fusine, where the boats which had been preparing were to meet him, and conduct him to the city.

Many of these boats were dressed and ornamented in a very fanciful and pretty style, and when they formed a procession on the canal, made a most beautiful appearance. In order to give some idea of the beauty and splendour of this scene, I shall attempt a description of some of the boats which made the principal figure in it.

The dressed and ornamented boats were of two kinds, called by the Venetians, *Piotes* and *Bissones*. One of these *Bissones* represented the car of *Aurora*, driving up the morning. A beautiful figure of the goddess stood erect on the stern of the boat, with flowing robes, and holding in her hands the silken reins of two foaming horses, which formed the bow of the boat, and ap-

peared as rising out of the water. The boat was lined with flame-coloured silk, and a curtain of the same, festooned and fringed with silver, depended from the gunwale, and played on the surface of the water. The rowers were dressed in silk of the same colour with silver lace, and their oars were finely painted and striped with silver leaf.

Another represented the chariot of war; the figure of Mars was on the bow, clad in armour, with trophies of war under his feet, and on the stern Bellona, with other terrifick emblems. A cluster of swords and shields was placed on each side a-midships, and various warlike implements were displayed on different parts about her. The inside of the boat was lined with blue silk, which was continued over the gunwale, then fringed with silver, and hung in festoons to the water's edge. The rowers were also dressed in blue silk with silver lace, and appeared as in armour with shields and helmets.

Opposed to this was another dressed with the emblems of peace, a female figure stood erect on the bow, vested in a loose robe of blue silk with a white cestus, holding the dove in her hand, and on the stern followed plenty, another female figure in the same style, with a large cornu copiae: implements of husbandry were ranged in clustres round the sides. This boat was also covered with blue silk, with a curtain of the same fringed with silver, and falling in festoons to the water. The rowers were dressed in blue silk, with silver lace and fringe, and their hats and bosoms decked with flowers.

Various other tastes and fancies not less pleasing and appropriate were displayed in a great number of these boats; some of them were without figures upon the stem and stern, but in place of them, they had large branches of Ostrich feathers, of different colours, which at a little distance appeared like small trees with foliage and flowers. These were also lined and hung round with silk and silver fringe, and the oarsmen in silk vests of the same colour, generally either blue or pink. In each boat there were six oarsmen, who all stood up, and their attitudes and movements, as they rowed the boat swiftly along, were uniform and pleasing.

The Piotes were a larger kind of boat, and distinguished principally from the Bissona by an elegant canopy or pavilion erected in the middle of them. One of these represented commerce and navigation; she was gaily ornamented all round with silk curtains and silver fringe as the Bissones. On the top of the canopy was placed a small ship full rigged, it was beautifully painted and had all her streamers flying in the wind; she was about six feet long and appeared as setting in the water, the top of the canopy being painted to represent the sea. On the bow of the Piota was the hull of another ship on the stocks ready for launching, and about the gunwales were disposed bales, casks, and packages of merchandise. The canopy was supported by six standards entwined with wreaths of flowers and gay coloured ribbons, a deep curtain

of blue silk fringed with silver hung in folds from the top and was festooned with large silver tassels. There was a company of ladies under the canopy, which contributed not a little to ornament and beautify the whole.

Another Piota, which was fitted out by a Russian lady at Venice, represented a Russian cottage; the boat was stuck round with small trées, and green branches; and in the midst of these you saw the cottage, thatched with straw, and appearing as in a forest. There was a gay company in the cottage, and they had musick. The rowers were clad in skins and furs, and represented Russian boors.

But the most fantastick appearance was that of a sea monster. The Italian poets have a fabulous fish or monster of the main, which they call *Orca de Marine*, which makes a considerable figure in their poetick fictions, and here we had the *Orca de Marine*. The bow represented a monstrous head covered with shining scales; the mouth was wide and discovered large teeth, from which depended leaves of kelp, and locks of sea weed; his eyes were wild, and from his nose and monstrous jaws he seemed to eject water. From the stern the tail curled up in a lofty volume, and crossing itself branched into forks; the whole was covered with well represented scales, and in their proper places, fins. You saw nothing but a huge fish, with a marine grotto, and dancing tritons upon his back. Neptune sat on his tail holding the trident, and the tritons played the oars which moved the monster along. The grotto was covered with all kind of marine productions, such as branches of coral, cockles, pearl, scollops, rock-weed, &c. Galatea was in the grotto, and several small figures of nereids appeared peeping about the cliffs.

A numerous collection of these and other boats formed a gay and beautiful squadron, which moved off about ten o'clock, under a discharge of artillery, and left all the city prepared to see and hail their return.

As the procession with the Emperour was to proceed along the grand canal, the gentleman to whom I had been recommended by my friends at Trieste, was so attentive as to procure us a situation where we might have a full view of it. We repaired to our station about one o'clock; and now whilst we are waiting the splendid entrance of his imperial majesty, let us take a cursory view of the house to which we have been invited to see it. It is a very stately and elegant building on the grand canal, having five lofty stories, three of which are accommodated with balconies fronting the canal. From the balconies we see the Rialto rising over the canal on one hand, and the water of the canal winding out of view on the other, whilst the crowded windows and balconies on the other side afford a lively and beautiful scene in front. We are in a large room on the third story, and the gentleman of the house, who has a taste for the fine arts, has hung it plentifully with prints and pictures: among them I see the most celebrated works of our countrymen, West and Copley,

such as the death of lord Chatham, the perilous situation of Brook Watson, the death of Wolfe, the drowning of the Duke of Brunswick, &c. There is also Trumbull's death of general Warren, and battle of Bunker's hill. These are only some of the more modern and familiar pieces, but there are a great variety of others, in the choice of which no respect has been paid to decency of subject or situation. Nature, life, and expression have been preferred without regard to modesty; and though I was aware that custom allows these things in this country, yet I was astonished to see the gentleman lead ladies to view and admire the expression, as they called it, in a picture, which I should have thought too indecent to be seen by any body.

Adjoining to this room was a smaller apartment, but more richly furnished; the walls were hung with blue satin with gilt mouldings; the chairs were gilt frames with blue satin bottoms, but the piece of most beauty and value in this room was an elegant statue of Hebe in white marble, by Canova; it is much celebrated here, and really I was delighted with it. She stands lightly on a cloud in a most graceful attitude, with a thin robe flowing from the waist to the small of the leg; the arms are raised with the cup in one hand and vase in the other; and, altogether, she displays certainly, a highly finished and most beautiful figure. It is placed in the middle of the room upon a turning pedestal, and the front of the room being a large mirror reaching from the floor to the ceiling, the reflected image in the mirror has a fine effect as you turn the pedestal round, and view the statue in all the different aspects.

Whilst we were admiring this delightful figure the cry of the Emperour! the Emperour! called us to the balcony, and the ringing of the bells and rattling of cannon announced the approach of the procession. And now behold a rich and superb spectacle! The canal was alive with boats; the houses on each side were ornamented with rich tapestry, and the crowded assembly of gay dresses in the balconies added variety and beauty to the prospect. The Gondolas were all occupied and spread from one side of the canal to the other. The line of Bissones glided along the middle with all their rich ornaments waving round them; they were led by the car of Aurora, and accompanied by several bands of musick. The Píotes followed the Bissones, and the richness and beauty of the scene increased. And now the vessel of the Emperour appears; and she appears in all the pride and pomp of Cleopatra's. On this little bark the Venetians had lavished their money, taste and loyalty. It was rich and elegant, and cost, it was said, thirty thousand florins. The outside was gilt all round with a profusion of light and tasteful flowers, and some regal emblems in bas relief. In the middle was erected a rich pavilion, the sides of which were glass with gilt panels; the inside was lined with white satin with satin curtains fringed with gold; the top of the pavilion was a dome of white satin, spangled with gold stars, and surmounted with a gold eagle. From the stern

rose a large gilt scollop shell convexing aft, and in the concavity of which stood the helmsman; on the top or arch of the scollop stood a gilt female figure representing Victory, with arms extended, holding a silk flag, and the eagle on the dome caught the fly of it in his beak. On the bow stood Fame, another gilt figure as large as life; she was in a vaulting attitude, and held in her hands two trumps with their mouths erected to the skies.

This vessel was rowed by sixteen oarsmen, in rich dresses of white satin, trimmed with broad gold lace, and gold laced hats; their oars were covered with silver leaf, and glittered in the water like lightning.

The Emperour was accompanied by the King and Prince of Bavaria, the Vice King of Italy, the grand Duke of Berg, &c.— These were seated round in the Pavilion, but the Emperour himself stood up, and with his hat off bowed very civilly on each side as he passed along, whilst the balconies rung with shouts of joy and peals of *viva l'Emperadore*.

A numerous train of dressed boats followed, as well as preceded the Emperour, and the line was closed by the *Orca de Marine*, and *Gondolas* without number.

This splendid procession entered the grand canal at its western extremity, where, in the middle of the canal, was erected a triumphal arch in honour of the Emperour under which he passed, and where he was met by the magistrates of the city, with the ceremony of delivering the keys, &c. Thence they proceeded along the whole length of the canal, through the city, and landed him at an open square from St. Mark's place to the quay, on the bay; from the place of his landing he was escorted to the palace of the Procuratore in St. Mark's square, which had been fitted up for his reception.

The next day the Emperour visited the islands in the harbour, and went into the arsenal; and on the second of December the entertainment was given at the theatre. The same day also, there was a frigate launched in the arsenal, when he and the other royal and princely guests attended. On this occasion there was a number of ladies in company; the Emperour appeared to be pleased, and was very civil and attentive to the ladies; one of which he took under his arm when he returned out of the arsenal, and was so gallant as to walk with his hat in his hand all the while he accompanied her.

On the evening of the second of December, as mentioned above, an exhibition in honour of the Emperour, was given at the theatre, at which his imperial majesty was present. It being the anniversary of his coronation, they made choice of this particular time with the view of making the compliment the more flattering to the royal visitor. The theatre, upon this occasion, was fitted up in the most superb style; silk, and gold, and purple, were the rich ornaments which decorated all parts of the house; and as the boxes filled with the proud dames of Venice, whose elegant dresses displayed a profusion of taste and wealth,

the whole scene was uncommonly beautiful and splendid. In the centre of the boxes, fronting the stage, a rich and magnificent pavilion was erected for the sovereign; it was covered with purple velvet, and very richly ornamented with gold fringe, over the front of it the crown, and on the top the imperial eagle.

As the company who was to have the honour of being present at this exhibition was to be select, it was necessary to have considerable interest to procure a place; we had a pleasing instance of the influence which our friend had in court matters, in his obtaining tickets for us, so we had only the additional expense of getting a costly court dress, (without which no person was admitted) and our desire of seeing this splendid entertainment was gratified.

The company was all assembled, and the house was completely filled an hour before the Emperour arrived, and when he came suddenly into the elegant lodge erected for him, the theatre resounded with acclamations, and the boxes waved with white handkerchiefs, and sparkled with the diamonds upon the fair hands that displayed them. The Emperour bowed and the acclamations were continued, he bowed again and they were renewed; these mutual compliments continued some time, at length he seated himself, and took up the piece to be performed which lay upon the front of the box, before him; after having run his eye cursorily over it, he laid it down, and the curtain was drawn up. The stage decorations were equally beautiful with those of the other part of the theatre, and the first scene was elegant indeed. The piece performed was composed for this particular occasion, was a fulsome piece of flattery, and as far as my knowledge of the Italian language would enable me to judge, was entitled to as little merit for its composition as for the justness of its adulation. The subject was a dispute between Valour and Clemency, which were entitled to pre-eminence. They were to be heard in a publick assembly of the gods, and Jove was to decide the question. The first scene presented Olympus, with a splendid convocation of deities, with their appropriate ornaments and emblems. Jove sat enthroned on high and awed the senate. Clemency with graceful step and female softness first came forward and enumerated her claims to preference; and then came Valour, who, in warlike guise and haughty air, despised her claims, and declared his right. To make short work of it and end the dispute, Jove says, they shall be united; but say the gods, where shall we find mortal, or immortal, in whom can combine these two exalted virtues;—why to be sure it is difficult, and this dispute has long been agitated without finding a subject to end it; but go to the shores of the Adriatick, there shall you find the exalted hero who is worthy of their union. Who! who! Napoleon the Great! Such was the fable, plot, and moral of the piece.

If Louis XIV. was accused of uncommon vanity, when, in a performance composed for his entertainment, he suffered himself to be called the greatest monarch on earth, what must we think of the subject of this ridiculous and constrained adulation.

After this exhibition at the theatre, the next amusement was a *Regatta*, which was followed by fire works and an illumination. The *Regatta* is a race performed by boats, in which the skill and dexterity of the Venetian boatmen is finely exhibited. It is an entertainment that is usually given to any illustrious stranger, and upon which occasion the spectacle on the water is always highly pleasing and beautiful.

The next evening there was a ball given, for which we were offered tickets, but as we had already spent more time here than we expected to have done, we could not think of prolonging our stay.

Accordingly on Thursday the fourth of December, about two o'clock, we left Venice, after having dined and paid an enormous reckoning. However, as we had had the satisfaction of seeing the great Napoleon, as well as this singular and celebrated city, and being present at all the splendid scenes which had been devised for his reception and amusement, we did not much repine at paying three or four dollars a day for entertainment. We engaged a Gondola, in the morning, to call at our lodgings at half past one o'clock, to take us over to Mestre, and it was at the door at the time; so we stepped into her and were off; not however without being surrounded by a host of domesticks, half of whom we had never seen before, and the other half had rendered us no services, yet they all expected presents, and by their clamorous wishes of *bon voyage*, *Iddio voi conserve*, extorted from us ten or twelve livres after we had calculated our expenses at an end.

We passed through two or three small canals, and then entered the grand canal, proceeded on this a considerable way through the city, and then struck off into another which led us to the bay, over which we had to cross to Mestre.

On our way over this bay we met the Emperor and his suite, who had been reconnoitring the coast, and amusing himself on the water. He was in a rich barge, rowed by eighteen men in elegant uniform: the barge was painted with a clear white bottom, above which was a bright red streak, then a wider streak of sky blue, and on this blue ground was the waves of the sea in bas relief, gilt, extending quite round the boat, with a variety of emblems, as Neptunes, Tritons, Mermaids, sea nymphs, gallees, &c. also in gilt bas relief. This chain of emblems formed the lower edge of the blue streak, and on the upper edge was a gilt moulding; above this another narrow red streak and a gold moulding forming the gunwale; the rowlocks were in this streak, and ornamented with gilt edges. The bow of the barge turned forward in a large gilt scroll, on which stood a gold eagle with wings raised, and holding in his beak a medallion of the Emperor. The looms of the oars were fluted, the recesses of the flutes gilt, and the prominent parts blue; the blades were silvered, with a gilt sea nymph on each side. Over the stern was erected a superb canopy of rich purple velvet festooned at the

aides, and fringed with gold; the canopy was supported by gilt standards, and under it was the Emperour and King Napoleon the great.

When we arrived at Mestre, we landed at the post-house, where we left our carriage; and here we learned that all the horses were in requisition for the Emperour, and that it was impossible to get a horse of any kind, either private or post. We had some reason to fear this, knowing that the Emperour was to take his route for Udine, when he leaves Venice, but as we understood he would not start till Sunday, we were in hopes to have got on before this requisition of horses took place; here we were however, under the shed of the post-house, reduced to the alternative of seeking some house of entertainment in Mestre, or returning to Venice to wait his majesty's movements. It rained very hard, the street was muddy, and it was a mile, they told us, to the Albergo. We waited some time under the miserable shelter we had taken, and as we were very impatient to get back to Trieste, the idea of being detained three or four days did not console us in our unpleasant situation. These delays and disappointments frequently occur to travellers, and he gets on best in the world who meets them with cheerfulness, and without repining. We did not long brood over our misfortunes, but as soon as the shower abated took up our march and waded through the mud and water to the tavern; here we were introduced to a neat and cleanly apartment, with one large bed and other decent furniture, where we are to content ourselves until the sovereign shall have gone on, and left the horses at liberty for others.

SILVA, No. 56.

Incipiant silvae cum primum surgere.

Virg. vi. Ec. 39.

BUTLER.....JOHNSON.

"NO man," says Doctor Johnson, concluding his remarks on Milton's answer, published in 1651, to Salmasius's *Defensio Regis*, "forgets his original trade; the rights of nations and of kings sink into questions of grammar, if grammarians discuss them." This observation Doctor Johnson has ventured to adopt, and laboured to enforce as a maxim, without acknowledging his obligation to Butler, who has the same thought upon the same subject. The great author of *Hudibras* in the fragments of his intended second part of the *Satire upon the imperfection and abuse of human learning*, referring to the controversy between Salmasius and Milton has the following lines:

—Some Polemicks use to draw their swords
 Against the language only and the words;
 As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius
 Engaged with nothing but his style and phrases,
 Wav'd to assert the murder of a prince
 The author of false Latin to convince;
 But laid the merits of the cause aside,
 By those that understood them to be try'd;
 And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing
 More capital than to behead a king,
 For which he has been admired by all the learned
 Of knaves concerned, and pedants unconcerned.

ELEGY.

I doubt whether the death of any sovereign has been lamented in strains more simple and affecting, than are employed in the opening of a poem in honour of queen Elizabeth, entitled England's Mourning Garment, written above two centuries ago.

Colin, thou look'st as lagging as the day,
 When the sun, setting towards his western bed,
 Shews that, like him, all glory must decay,
 And frolick life with murky clouds o'erspread
 Shall leave all earthly beauty 'mongst the dead:
 Such is the habit of thy new array.
 Why art thou not prepar'd to welcome May,
 In whose clear moon thy younglings shall be fed
 With night's sweet dews and open flowers of day?

M. HENNET.

A *Poetique Anglaise* was published by this gentleman at Paris, in three volumes, 8vo. in 1806. It is a work of considerable merit, and contains a short account of most of the English poets, and copious extracts from those who are most celebrated, with literal translations into French at the bottom of the page. In the list there are some names almost unknown, while some of considerable celebrity of the present age, such as Cowper, &c. are not mentioned. He is a great enthusiast for English poetry, and what is very rare for a Frenchman, appears to understand it perfectly; he has even given one or two translations of French poetry to imitate the different styles of Thomson and Pope, in which he has succeeded, particularly in the latter. He quotes some of the criticisms of Doctor Johnson with much admiration of his talents and works. He seems even to have entered so much into the spirit of the poets, that he takes an interest in their political opinions, and shews some bias towards those who were *torics*, as he avows indeed his dislike to the party of the *whigs*. His

favourite author is Pope, and he ranks the *Rape of the lock* as the finest poem that modern times have produced. In shewing the many advantages which the English poets possess over the French from the genius of their language, he mentions among others the *monosyllabick lines*. In English poetry, he says, four or five lines in every hundred will be found of this kind, while in French poetry it is hard to find one in a thousand. Great force and great beauty are sometimes produced by these. He cites the famous stanza ;

“ And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.”

and from Eloisa and Abelard

No ! fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole,”

the effect of which, he remarks, it is impossible to render in French verse. There is a passage in Milton which he might have quoted as a remarkable instance of this kind of verse. In the second book describing Satan's journey through chaos, there are three monosyllabick lines together, with the exception of one word ;

.....“ the fiend
O'er bog or steep, thro' strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.”

GRAMMAR.

In a little treatise upon the Greek *Accents*, published in 1629, by Master R. Franklin, of the University of Cambridge, is the following imprimatur ; at the time thought, no doubt, a *new thing* ; and in which the author must be allowed to have hit upon a curious conceit.

Evolvi hunc libellum *πρὸς Ορθογραφίας* inscriptum. Quod alii in eo approbarunt, comprobo. Tractatus quidem *acutus*, auctor *gravis* ; labor *circumflexus*. Quare in communem Graecae linguae studiosorum usum et utilitatem

Imprimatur

EDVARDUS MARTIN.

GOV. BELCHER.....DR. WATTS.

Upon the appointment of his excellency Jonathan Belcher, Esq. by his majesty, George II. to the government of New England, Dr. Isaac Watts addressed to him an adulatory poem, rank with the grossest and most nauseating praise. The concluding paragraph, which follows, is in a strain of panegyrick, so extravagant as to border on impiety.

Go, Belcher, go, assume thy glorious sway ;
Faction expires, and Boston longs to obey.

Beneath thy rule may truth and virtue spread ;
 Divine Religion raise aloft her head,
 And deal her blessings round. Let *India* hear
 That *Jesus* reigns, and her wild tribes prepare
 For heavenly joys. Thy power shall rule by love ;
 So reigns our *Jesus* in his realms above.
 Illustrious pattern ! let him fix thine eye
 And guide thy hand. He from the worlds on high
Came once an Envoy, and returned a King ;
 The sons of light in throngs their homage bring,
 While glory, life and joy beneath his sceptre spring. }

The first part of the entire line in italicks alludes, through the irreverent simile which closes with this line, to the capacity of agent in which Mr. Belcher went to England ; the second to the character of governour in which he returned to Massachusetts. The date of this poem, in writing which the pious Dr. Watts seems to have been possessed "with all the soul of dedicating prose," is March 31, 1730.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

[In a former number of the Anthology, we gave some account of the explosion at Leyden in the beginning of the year 1807, from a vessel laden with gun-powder adjoining the Bapenburg canal. Great part of the city was laid in ruins ; considerable property was destroyed, but the most deplorable part of the catastrophe was the death or mutilation of a great number of the inhabitants ; although some were extricated with little injury, hundreds were hurried by this visitation to a premature grave. Among the most distinguished of the victims was John Luzac, the subject of the following biographical sketch, which we have translated from the *Journal de l'Empire*, for the readers of the Anthology.]

ED. ANTH.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN LUZAC.

In a period of great calamity, it is the duty of the humane to be interested in all the victims, and not too hastily to excite the publick sympathy on account of the loss of an individual. This observation applies with peculiar force to those disasters, happily rare, which suddenly affecting a multitude of families, call forth the sorrows of a whole nation. Whilst humanity laments almost without consolation so deep a wound, it would little become us to speak of losses, which science and letters have individually received ; and friendship itself might be accused of egotism, if it were surprised shedding tears over a solitary tomb. Thus, after that deplorable eruption of Vesuvius, which in the first century of the christian era demolished whole cities, Tacitus was not eager to inquire for the details of the deplorable catastrophe of that great writer, who had been involved in the ruin. It was not until after he had shared in the general grief, and permitted it to subside, that he interrogated his friend Pliny on the subject, and

obtained from him the recital, which we still read with so much interest, seventeen centuries after the event.

The labours of the writer of whom I am now speaking were not brilliant, like those of Pliny, the naturalist, but they were various; they were all useful, and I have seen men of all nations seeking for his acquaintance in his modest retirement, and expressing their gratitude. His virtues, still more than his knowledge and talents, would have deserved for a panegyrist a writer as distinguished as Pliny the younger. In speaking with simplicity of his life, and of his services, I shall render the most agreeable homage to his memory, and the most worthy of the friendship by which we were united.

John Luzac, born at Leyden the second of August, 1746, and who died the 12th January, 1807, a victim of that explosion, which suddenly destroyed a great part of that city, belonged to a family of French origin, which had been expatriated at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantz. Retiring into Holland, they there found resources in that commerce, which is ennobling in its object, and which, aiding the progress of science and letters, is associated in a manner with their glory. Son of a father, who from his rank was acquainted with the most distinguished men of Holland, Luzac received the advantages of the best education. He applied himself to studies different in their nature; to the mathematicks, to the learned languages, and the science of the law. He commenced with great éclat his career at the bar, so attractive to men of genius in all countries, and especially in republicks, where it is often a school for statesmen and the road to honour. Luzac already saw a brilliant perspective of fortune, numerous clients, friends and even glory, when he was obliged to sacrifice these hopes to the desires of his family, who called him to a service of a different kind. One of his uncles, Stephen Luzac, confided to him the care of the Leyden Gazette, of which he was afterwards a long time the proprietor and editor.

From 1770, John Luzac was the sole writer of the paper so well known in Europe, entitled *Nouvelles extraordinaires de divers endroits*. All the world are acquainted with the reputation it enjoyed. It was truly the European and diplomattick gazette.

There was no ambassador, no statesman who did not prefer it to all others. It was translated at Constantinople for the divan, and I have seen at the house of Luzac, travellers from America, from India and from China, testifying to him their satisfaction at having read his gazette in those distant countries, from which alone they could derive any correct information of the political state of Europe. It will always be sought after, as the most certain and abundant repository of facts, relative to the thirty years war, and particularly the time anterior to the invasion of Holland.

Luzac had frequent opportunity of displaying the excellent disposition which animated him both as a man and true philan-

thropist, as a Batavian and patriot in its true sense, and in fact as one of French origin, and making profession of an enlightened attachment to the political system, which united the two countries. The American revolution and war were a brilliant epoch for his paper, in which it rose infinitely above ordinary journals. It is needless to say to which side Luzac most inclined. The American Congress, acknowledged throughout all Europe, gave M. Luzac, through their minister at the Hague, an honourable testimony of their esteem, I had almost said of their gratitude*.

In M. Luzac's zeal for liberty there was nothing immoderate, nothing indiscreet. He was too sincere a friend, and too much of a real philosopher, not to be in opposition to all hypocritical pretenders to patriotism and philosophy. Learned and impartial in every thing which proceeded from his pen, he did not the less acutely feel, "that vigorous hatred, which vice ever excites in virtuous souls." This was sufficient to rouse against him those animosities, which great merit is always certain to meet, *vitium parvis magnisque civitatibus commune, ignorantiam recti et invidiam*. There are certain doctrines, with which no man ought to compound; and it was his character, more than his writings, which brought upon him persecutions, at a very critical epoch for all truly independent minds. The most deplorable event was not that which compelled Luzac to give up the periodical work to which he was indebted for a great part of his fortune and his reputation, but that which deprived him of his young men and his numerous disciples. He had for a long time occupied two chairs in the University of Leyden, one of history and the other of Greek literature, in which he had proved himself the worthy successor of the celebrated Valckenaer. As soon as the voice of justice could be heard in his country, he was reinstated in both offices, and the remainder of his life was wholly devoted to letters. They soothed the sadness occasioned by the remembrance of the injustice, which he had experienced; they prevented him from being overwhelmed with grief in the loss of an amiable and dearly beloved wife.

The duties of his two professorships; the obligation which he felt himself under to be accessible at all hours to his pupils; in fine, his attention to the education of his children would have been amply sufficient to have occupied all the days of a man, less laborious than his, or of a mind less active. But wishing for no other relaxation than the passing from one labour to another, he found time, not only to prepare and publish an edition of the posthumous productions of Valckenaer, but also to compose a work, which will be soon published, entitled *Lectiones Atticae*, in which we shall find the result of his laborious inves-

* We fear that the American Congress have here the credit of grateful remembrance to which they are not entitled. We have carefully looked over the journals, and can find no such testimony as is alluded to.

tigation, or rather an epitome of the learned labours of this able Grecian. Luzac was employed in completing this work, when the disaster at Leyden snatched him from his family and friends, who will long lament him; from his disciples, to whom he was as dear as a father; from the celebrated school, whose just renown he contributed to support with honour; from his country, who valued him among her most distinguished citizens.

Luzac, previous to his death, had the happiness to enjoy flattering hopes for his country, grounded on the character of the prince, the most capable of endearing royalty to the Batavians. I shall not dissemble, that Luzac was sincerely attached to the ancient constitution of his country; but he was not one of those restless republicans whom certain words and forms could terrify and disgust. With exquisite discrimination and correct judgment he dived to the bottom of things; and he believed the Batavians much more free under their present king, than under a factious directory, or under the government of the house of Orange. The character, the manners, the whole conduct of a republican like Luzac would have been proper to have rendered Montesquieu's doctrine *accredited*, which makes virtue the principle of a popular government. Virtue was not with him a vain name, or a simple theory. He gave examples, and made her beloved. In the greater part of his labours, we see, that the cultivation of letters was united to the cultivation of virtue. Among many dissertations which appeared under his auspices, I shall mention only two, entitled, "*Observationes in loca veterum precipue quae sunt de vindicta divina.*" We have beside two harrangues, which he delivered at the university of Leyden, the one as professor, the other as rector, entitled, "*De Socrate cive,*" and "*De eruditione altrice virtutis civilis, praesertim in civitate libera.*"

To the soundest philosophy and the most various knowledge he added a simplicity, an amenity, which rendered his conversation equally amiable and instructive. Associated with him for some time in a part of his labours, I knew the whole charm of his conversation; I sometimes fancied myself in the presence of one of the sages of antiquity. I forgot my exile and proscription, and the most severe losses were mitigated. His death has been most feelingly deplored in the midst of the general grief diffused through the nation by the horrid catastrophe which caused his destruction. His productions will perpetuate his memory, and this portrait may assist in contributing to it, if in giving an idea of his talents and services, I have succeeded in painting the virtues of his heart.

A. B.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

To the REV. SAMUEL KENDALL,
HON. OLIVER FISKE, and
WILLIAM S. SHAW, ESQ., Committee of the Society of Φ B K.

GENTLEMEN,

To you it is not necessary now to state as an apology for the numerous imperfections of the following Poem, that it was written after a long recess from literary employments, upon a notice unusually short, and that, did I feel at liberty to consult my own inclination, it would be entirely suppressed. But in compliance with the vote of the Society, I now commit it to you for publication, relying on the benevolence of the fraternity and the liberality of general criticism.

ENTHUSIASM.

AN OCCASIONAL POEM,

WRITTEN BY APPOINTMENT OF THE SOCIETY OF

Φ B K,

AND DELIVERED AT CAMBRIDGE, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR INSTITUTION,

August 31, 1809.

BY JOSEPH HEAD, JUN.

Its track

Glory pursues and generous shame,
The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

Grey.

Hail to this festive day, whose light recalls
Fair friendship's votaries to these hallow'd walls.
Freed from the cares of gain, the Forum's strife,
The thousand crosses of laborious life,
Hither our steps long absent friends inclining,
A band of brothers round the altar joining,
While grateful transports in each bosom burn,
Auspicious day, we greet thy glad return.
To joys refin'd thy laughing hours give birth,
To chasten'd wit, gay hope, and temperate mirth,
And all that Virtue's cheerful away allows,
And all that Science's liberal hand bestows.
Nor does the present bound their magick power;
Sooth'd recollection to the mind portrays,
As pencil'd tints preserve the fading flower,
The faded pleasures of departed days.
Rich with the mellow hues its rays impart,
They glow with primal influence on the heart.

10

Though not a stranger now his fear avows,
Nor first the Muses' fillets bind my brows,
Yet with a stranger's step, a stranger's awe,
Towards the long unwonted springs I draw.

20

Ver. 19.—*Neque enim Aonium nemus advena lustrò**Nec mea, pūne primis albescent tempora vittis.*

Stat.

Perennial honours that their banks adorn,
 By others cull'd, have hail'd this festal morn :
 For these bright wreaths that other years have grac'd,
 Call'd forth by genius and matur'd by taste,
 Accept the humble offering I bestow
 Of flowers that wither in the day they blow.

To chase the gloomy shadows that annoy
 The stagnant mind and all its powers destroy, 30
 Wake genius' force, and prompt its boldest aim,
 What power the proud prerogative can claim ?
 In forms of light the enchantress Hope in vain
 Arrays each brighter image of the brain ;
 Entwines the laurel with the Queen of flowers,
 The emblematick wreath of future hours :
 E'en while her fair creations charm the eye,
 In disappointment dark they fade and die.
 Does Reason's voice to excellence inspire,
 And the warm breast with love of glory fire ? 40
 Experience sad attests the truth severe,
 Doubt urges doubt and fear succeeds to fear,
 Cold prudence hence with leaden sceptre sways,
 And exil'd feeling silently obeys.
 Enthusiasm pure, indignant of control,
 The joy, and health, and vigour of the soul,
 To this high province vindicates its claim,
 Etherial guardian of the paths of fame.
 Man but for this no generous deed would dare,
 The child of weakness and the prey of care ; 50
 His name, no charm to rouse, no power to save,
 Lost with his bones, would moulder in the grave.
 This bids the hero grace the "*storied urn* ;"
 The poet's song with deeds of glory burn ;
 The patriot sage foul slander disregard ;
 The true philanthropist disdain reward.

The kindling power, where'er it rears its throne,
 Infuses joys to all beside unknown ;
 In souls that nature's nobler gifts disclose
 Like Vesta's fire imperishably glows. 60
 For nature, govern'd still by equal laws,
 Bestows not blessings blindly without cause ;
 Not to the owl is given the eagle's eye,
 That hails the splendour of the noontide sky.

The varied charms of nature's changeful face
 The enthusiast's eyes with livelier interest trace.
 Their tribute of delight the seasons bring :
 The fragrance, bloom, and musick of the spring,
 The vegetable gold of summer's sheaves,
 The motley colours of the autumnal leaves, 70
 E'en the wild storms that own old winter's sway
 Sublimest pleasures to his soul convey.

Of far remote from Commerce's crowded mart,
 Wandering where nature scorns the guise of art,
 Skirted by hills that fade along the sky,
 Unbidden prospects greet his ravished eye,
 With potent spell his straying steps detain,
 While fancy, roving o'er the fair domain,
 The lasting image to reflection dear
 On memory's tablet writes with rapture's tear.

90

If nature's forms inanimate impart
 Such vivid pleasures to the Enthusiast's heart,
 How strong her power where life and beauty join,
 And in her "most replenished" work combine!
 That impulse sweet on every heart imprest,
 The master passion of the human breast,
 When softer thoughts disturb the living snows,
 And beauty's eye yet more bewitching glows,
 Who has not felt? Exists the savage soul,
 But owns and blesses her benign control?
 Though over all the sweet enchantment steals,
 New hopes infuses and new joys reveals,
 Enthusiasm's heightening power on Love display
 The ancient legend and the pastoral lay.
 Of Fancy's hall the most delightful court,
 Here Fiction with the Muses loves to sport;
 The days of chivalry the mind entrance,
 And all the wonders of the old romance.
 Hence too Arcadia's shades the heart engage,
 And the pure pleasures of the golden age.

90

100

From walks that Fiction's fairy footsteps grace
 We turn, Enthusiasm's power on life to trace.
 The social virtues, from its glow benign,
 With stronger warmth and brighter lustre shine.
 Philanthropy, with active force endued,
 Pursues its thousand purposes of good.
 Not the vagary of the sophist train,
 A cold inactive phantom of the brain,
 But that which Christian principles impart,
 Warm as the ruddy current of the heart,
 That seeks where'er its influence may be spread,
 To clothe the naked, give the hungry bread.
 In every bosom though a grateful guest,
 Its loveliest mansion is the female breast.
 If joyful seraphs wake their harps of gold,
 When one reclaim'd attains the heavenly fold,

110

Ver. 73.—N'avez vous pas souvent, aux lieux infrequentes,
 Rencontre tout a coup ces aspects enchantes
 Qui suspendent vos pas, dont l'image chérie
 Vous jette dans un douce et longue reverie.

De Lille.

Ver. 84.—The most replenished sweet work of nature,
 That from the prime creation, e'er she form'd,

Shak.

Ver. 115.—There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

St. Luke.

What bliss divine, what blessings must attend
The fostering kindness of the Orphans' friend,
That spreads to victims else of sin and strife
The calm asylum of domestick life.

120

To Howard's worth we bow ; whose toilsome days
Claim the just tribute of immortal praise.
To climes remote his noble ardour led,
Where want and sickness bow'd the languid head ;
His soothing voice dispell'd the gloom of grief ;
His skilful hand afforded kind relief ;
From sorrow's couch he bade the sufferer rise,
Breathe the pure air and hail the genial skies ;
Gave to the wasted form its wonted grace,
Health to the frame and beauty to the face.

130

Enthusiasm, with philanthropy combin'd,
Inspires sublimest courage in the mind.
This Pliny led, in ancient days, when first
The burning torrent from Vesuvius burst,
When the strong earthquake clave the groaning plain,
And heav'd the billows of the frighted main,
When burning rocks swift through the air were driven,
And the loud thunder shook the vault of heaven,
While darkness brooded o'er the fated land,
To guide his galley to the crowded strand.
Alas, he sunk ! But, while the mountain towers
Above the level of the neighbouring shores,
His name shall still be reverenc'd by the just,
And living laurel deck his honour'd bust.

140

But lo ! a holy band burst on the sight,
Robed in the radiance of celestial light ;
The conqueror's palm their better hands sustain,
The badge of triumph o'er the fiery pain ;
Unfading crowns around their temples shine,
The martyr champions of truth divine.
Their matchless zeal and constancy attest
Enthusiasm's influence on the faithful breast.
Though England's poet with indignant breath
Reproves the cold narrator of their death,
Far other than the historian's frail record,
Eternal meeds the suffering saints reward,
Ambrosial garlands that all sorrows flee,
The healing leaves of life's immortal tree.

150

Though higher scenes Enthusiasm's powers swell,
Its cheering lustre gilds the scholars cell.
Neglect nor want his generous ardour damp,
He courts coy Science by the midnight lamp.
Then, while his eye the glowing page explores,
And classick learning spreads its richest stores,
Sages and bards the studious spell shall raise,
The venerable sons of ancient days ;

160

Or, by earth's narrow limits unconfin'd,
 To other worlds transport the raptur'd mind.
 His pages, hence with inspiration fraught,
 Give force to virtue, energy to thought, 170
 Aid slighted truth in falsehood's darksome strife,
 And mark with light the varied shades of life.
 Such is Enthusiasm's deep entrancing power
 O'er his calm mind at Science's hallow'd hour;
 But when through barren wilds remote he roams,
 From social joys and hospitable domes,
 Her austere front where savage nature rears,
 And in her rudest majesty appears,
 The mountain forests gloom perpetual keep,
 And the hoarse torrent thunders from the steep, 180
 His thoughts sublime in awful grandeur roll,
 And all the poet rushes on his soul,
 A voice mysterious breathes in every sound,
 And shadowy forms gleam through the glooms around.

Such joys Enthusiasm to the scholar yields;
 Nor less its force in senates or in fields.
 By genius rais'd above the fawning tribe,
 Its favour'd children empire's fate prescribe.
 In the strong sense of native worth too proud
 To flatter passion, or to court the crowd, 190
 Their manly hearts with love of country glow,
 And independence frowns upon their brow.
 When dark corruption publick virtue stains,
 And spreads its poison through the nation's veins,
 Though no red comet, blazing from afar,
 Portend destruction, pestilence and war,
 Their warning voice awakes the slumbering state,
 Proclaims the danger, and averts the fate.
 So when in Gaul the lawless phrenzy reign'd,
 The palace plunder'd and the church profan'd, 200
 Through neighbouring states its baneful influence spread,
 And o'er each mind its fascination shed,
 While from deluded thousands paeans rose,
 Burke nobly dar'd the danger to expose,
 Strip the false angel of his borrow'd guise,
 And point the *Spectre* to their straining eyes.
 Nor less applause that statesman firm commands,
 Who freed his country from delusion's bands,
 Explor'd the mazy labyrinth of deceit,
 And drag'd to open light the hidden cheat; 210
 Although by alien flatterers upborne,
 The chief of party meets a nation's scorn.
 Now fall less frequent on the insulted ear
 The pompous address and the rabble's cheer;
 The present age, ere yet he finds the tomb,
 Anticipates impartial history's doom.

What lasting honours on their names await,
 The patriot rulers of our native state;
 Like the bold barons of our mother land,
 Despotick power undamnt they withstand;
 Their guardian care, though faction lawless range,
 New-England's birthright shall secure from change.

220

When nations struggle in defence of right,
 Enthusiasm strong displays its giant might.
 Its power of old the Grecian annals tell,
 Where Athens conquer'd or the Spartan fell;
 And later days confess its flame sublime,
 That gilds the current of descending time.
 So when Iberia's sons indignant rose,
 Oppression's thronging legions to oppose;
 When usurpation seising on the crown,
 Despoil'd their monarch's honours and their own,
 What gallant deeds the patriot passion wrought,
 Where Saragossa's band immortal fought.
 In martial state while her fam'd bulwarks frown,
 And emulate the days of old renown,
 Its fairest rays consenting glory throws
 In dazzling splendour round her chieftain's brows.

230

But soon, by strong calamity distrest,
 The iron sceptre of Napoleon prest
 The unconquer'd few. All hope of succour lost,
 The British banner seeks the guarded coast:
 The foe repuls'd, while Victory o'er him bends,
 Accomplished Moore his life of honour ends.
 Each ray of hope now sinks in deep despair—
 Whence swells the shout that rends the ambient air?

240

Its thundering sound the tyrant's ear appals,
 His conquering myriads from their prey recalls.
 The patriot prince, by veteran hosts ador'd,
 With arm unshackled draws the avenging sword:
 Reviving Austria leads her long array
 To die or conquer on the battle day.

250

To crush reviving Austria, advance
 The conquering legions of imperial France.
 Shrouded in sulphurous clouds the armies close,
 And equal valour, equal fury glows.
 Dark rolling Danube! by thy blood-stain'd wave
 Though every age has heard the battle rave,
 Though northern hordes here rais'd the savage yell,
 And here in blood the Turkish crescent fell,
 No rival fight thine annals can display
 To that which mark'd this memorable day.
 The struggling hosts in closer conflict reel,
 And chiefs illustrious sink beneath the steel.

260

Ver. 319.—"Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari."

Ver. 226.—Battles of Thermopylæ and Marathon.

Ver. 302.—The Battle of Aspern.

The Austrian shouts victorious fill the skies,
Th' imperial eagle blanches, falters, flies.
The trumpet's voice exults in loudest strains
And prostrate nations struggle in their chains.

Thou setting sun, whose rays serenely bright,
With crimson tinge the sinking clouds of fight,
Yet shalt thou see oppression's conquest cease,
And rescued Europe bless thy beams in peace.
But if the carnage of yon reeking plain,
A hecatomb to freedom, must be vain,
Through every age, while lasts thy central flame,
The world shall hail the blameless victor's name.

270

O may that Power, in whose supreme dispose
Lie all events, whose eye the future knows,
Command destruction's banners to be furl'd,
And with his mercy heal a warring world.

280

Enthusiasm mark'd amid the patriot host
His country's father, human nature's boast;
In darkest hours his confidence supplied,
And "*flam'd amazement*" on the Del'ware's side.
Here from dismay the dawn of hope arose,
And Freedom triumph'd o'er her giant foes.
Illustrious shade! could ever grief molest
The sacred mansions of eternal rest,
How must thy soul have felt the pang severe,
And from thine eye have burst th' indignant tear,
When faction sought, regardless of her groan,
To chain thy country to the conqueror's throne.
Yet as thy genius, lent erewhile to earth,
Gave all our fairest institutions birth,
So may'st thou shield them as their foes increase,
The guardian angel of thy country's peace!

290

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

OCTOBER, 1809.

Librum tuum legi, et quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quae commutanda, quae eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.

PLIN.

ART. 11.

"A Compendious Dictionary of the English Language. In which five thousand words are added to the number found in the best English compends; the Orthography is, in some instances, corrected; the Pronunciation marked by an accent or other suitable direction; and the definitions of many words amended and improved. To which are added for the benefit of the merchant, the student and the traveller. I. Tables of the moneys of most of the commercial nations in the world, with the value expressed in sterling and cents. II. Tables of weights and measures, ancient and modern, with the proportion between the several weights used in the principal cities of Europe. III. The divisions of time among the Jews, Greeks and Romans, with a table exhibiting the Roman manner of dating. IV. An official list of the post-offices in the United States, with the states and counties in which they are respectively situated, and the distance of each from the seat of government. V. The number of inhabitants in the United States, with the amount of exports. VI. New and interesting chronological tables of remarkable events and discoveries. By Noah Webster, esq. From Sidney's press. For Hudson and Goodwin, Book-sellers, Hartford, and Increase Cook & Co. Book-sellers, New-Haven, 1806." pp. 408. 12mo.

WE have heretofore devoted so large a portion of our Review to the etymological labours of Mr. Webster, that the publick will never accuse us of neglecting him. At the time of writing the remarks on his "Letter to Dr. Ramsay," and on his Grammar we had not seen the Dictionary at present before us; and we might now pass over its merits without examination, as it is only a specimen of what is to come, were we not desirous that Mr. Webster should review some of his principles and many of his examples, and fearful that the opus magnum of philology, with

which our language is threatened, unless materially altered from the present work, may confound our unsuspecting fellow citizens by the influence of great physical weight, as a giant is always respected by pigmies. The bulk of Ajax terrified the whole host of Troy.

Τρῶας δὲ τρομακτός αἶνος ὑπελθε γαῖα ἰκασόν,
Ἑκτόρι τ' αὐτῷ θυμός ἐνι στήθεσσι πατασσών.

IL. VII. 215.

All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man:
Ev'n Hector paus'd.

What simple reader therefore can be expected to withstand the authority of a folio?

The periodical sittings of a learned society are, it is said, devoted to the pages of Mr. Webster's expected work, but the principles of it, we presume, may be found in the duodecimo under review. The English language is not indeed to be corrupted by a single writer, or undermined by a whole fraternity. It will continue in its present state as long as the rock-rooted seat of our forefathers is venerable for genius, learning, arts, liberty, religion and law, and until these are forgotten by their descendants. But a temporary departure from the standard may be produced in a small part of our country by men, whose justification of the vulgar will procure them adherents, and whose pride will be engaged to extol their exertions, since they have so long digged in the rubbish of antiquity, that every thing discovered is thought to be a treasure. In fifty, or perhaps a hundred of our village schools this Compendious Dictionary of Mr. Webster is insinuating suspicions of the definitions of Johnson, justifying ridiculous violations of grammar, and spreading hurtful innovations in orthography.

The preface of twenty three pages contains a full exposition of Mr. Webster's principles. We shall therefore give it most of our attention, since the publick cannot be surprised at our confession, that we have not compared every word, or every fiftieth word in this book with the same in Johnson.

We first find some remarks on the improper definitions and grammatical distribution of certain words by Johnson and Lowth, arising from their ignorance of the Saxon, on some of which we made comments in our review of the "Grammar."

Mr. Webster's researches will hardly tend to make our syntax more simple. He quarrels with the usual explication of one of our most frequent forms of speech in this way:

"Says Lowth, 'the prepositions *to* and *for* are often understood, chiefly before the pronoun, as give *me* the book; get *me* some paper, 'that is, *to me, for me.*' But in truth these expressions contain the true dative case of the Saxon; *me* is in the dative, like the latin *mibi*, and no preposition was ever used before the pronoun in these and the like phrases."

Yet Mr. W. in his "Grammar" allows our language but two cases, the nominative and possessive. We do not need a dative,

either Saxon or English. Our transitive verb has an object, and its object is one. If there be an adjunct in the same sentence, it must be governed by something else. In the phrases, give *him* the book, get *me* the paper, the objects of the verbs are evident enough; and why should a new case be introduced to explain the relations of the pronouns? By changing their place in the sentence, the propriety of Dr. Lowth's principle becomes as striking as its simplicity, give the book *to* him, get the paper *for* me. The dative vanishes, and the preposition succeeds.

In the next paragraph our language is enriched with a *genitive* and an *accusative* case, which we can do very well without.

In the course of these grammatical remarks, Mr. Webster exclaims, sneering at an observation of Dr. Johnson,

"How would the elegant Addison, that pre-eminent writer of unadulterated English, smile, were he to rise from the grave, and see this genuine idiom in the Spectator, stigmatized, by a hypercritical Editor, as *bad grammar*, and printed in italics!"

But in one year, a little year after this well-deserved compliment to Addison, he seems to have lost all his credit with the philologist of Connecticut, who, in his "Letter to Dr. Ramsay," affirms, that "in the course of thirty years reading, he has not found a single author who appears to have been accurately acquainted with the true import and force of terms in his own language." Vide Anthology, vol. 4. p. 673.

After explaining the corruptions which have sprung from the best of our grammars, composed by men who have not qualified themselves by previous investigation of the original of the English language, Mr. W. gives us a very pleasant note.

"From the censure implied in this remark, I am not myself wholly free, having relied too much on certain modern authorities of eminent literary attainments. Since I have explored the more remote sources of our language, so many mistakes in our present systems of grammar have been detected, that I have declined to alienate the copy right of my own grammar, and shall not consent to a republication of it, until revised and amended.—The grammars of our language, now taught in our seminaries of learning, are rapidly banishing from books, some of its best established and most legitimate idioms."

O that there had never been a grammar of our language! cries Mr. Webster, and many a little urchin, who smarts daily for his stupidity or his indolence, will echo the exclamation.

Next we come to a criticism on some words, of which the meaning was totally misunderstood by Johnson, whose errors have been usually followed by subsequent compilers. Mr. Webster detects such errors with acuteness; but these are chiefly technical words, to learn the precise meaning of which no lexicon will ever be relied on. A legal antiquarian will hardly give him much praise for his correction of the definition of *murder*, whilst he neglects to explain *recreant*; and the mistake of Johnson in *misnomer* will be more tenderly treated by our author, when he compares *defend* in his dictionary with the language of

Blackstone, book 3, p. 296. *Trover* is found in this work, but we are deprived of our action of *detinue*. After all we ought to consider our language without reference to technical words, as much as possible. They must be applied metaphorically, if brought into conversation on polite subjects, and will either be understood from their connexion with other words, or must be studied in the shops appropriated to their use.

.....Quod medicorum est
Promittunt medici.

He that turns over Mr. Webster's leaves for an explanation of the words *bobstay*, *buntline* and *halliards* will not violently condemn the writer for their omission, because he did not "know every rope in the ship."

Another defect in Johnson is thus pointed out :

"But the instances in which Johnson has wholly mistaken the sense of words, are far less numerous than those in which he has failed to explain the appropriate senses of words apparently synonymous. Thus *abdicate* and *resign* may, by negligent writers, be used in nearly the same sense. But in strictness, each has a distinct appropriate and technical sense—*abdication* denoting the abandonment of an office or trust without formality, and *resignation*, the voluntary surrender of a commission or office to the constituent.

"*Alleviate*, says Johnson, is to "make light, to ease, to soften." True ; but what is its appropriate sense ? to what objects does it apply ? a ship is *made light* by unloading, and a guinea is *made light* by clipping ; but neither of them is *alleviated*. A metal is *softened* by fusion, tho it is not *alleviated*. The appropriate sense of the word is to make lighter or diminish an *evil*, or *burden*, as pain, grief, cares and the like ; and a principal use of dictionaries is to mark this particular application of words.

"To exemplify this word, Johnson cites from Harvey the following passage. "The pains taken in the speculative will much *alleviate me* in describing the practical part." Here *alleviate* is used for *relieve* ; or the words *my task* ought to have been used insted of *me*. To *alleviate me*, is hardly English ; and this is one of a multitude of instances, in which Johnson has cited as an authority what he should have condemned as an error.

Acquire, says Johnson, is "to gain by one's own labor, what is not received from nature, or transmitted by inheritance." Yet Blackstone writes with accuracy that "an heir *acquires an estate by descent*," B. 2. Ch. 14 ; And a plant *acquires a green color* from the solar rays, which is the work of nature and not of its own labor. Johnson has therefore wholly mistaken the appropriate sense of the word, in deducing it from the *manner* of obtaining, rather than from the *nature* of the thing obtained. *Acquire* is to get or obtain something which becomes *permanent* or *inherent* in the possessor. We *acquire* titles to property, rights, qualities, &c. but the chemist who *obtains* spirit by distillation does not *acquire* it ; nor do we *acquire* a book which we borrow.

"This species of imperfection is one of the principal defects in all our dictionaries ; it occurs in almost every page, defeating, in a great degree, the object of such works, and contributing to a want of precision which is a blemish in our best authors."

The distinctive use of words, which have *acquired* a new signification by adoption from a foreign language, or by a change from a simple to a metaphorical sense, until the latter becomes most common, is rather to be learned by reading many volumes for many years, than by turning to a dictionary at the moment of

need. No dictionary can ever be what Mr. Webster intends, as we shall shew directly, if his own deficiencies in this respect may be quoted. But we shall first warn the reader of this preface, that Dr. Johnson has an example from Bentley of the word *alleviate*, which will prevent any error from trusting our old standard. But as to the cause of the uncertain use of words, without referring to many good observations in Locke's *Treatise on the Understanding*, we may quote from the Doctor an extenuation, which was perhaps written in contemplation of exactly such censure as Mr. Webster's. "The original sense of words is often driven out of use by their metaphorical acceptance, yet must be inserted for the sake of a regular origination. Thus I know not whether *ardour* is used for *material heat*, or whether *flagrant*, in English, ever signifies the same with *burning*; yet such are the primitive ideas of these words, which are therefore set first, though without examples, that the figurative senses may be commodiously deduced." In conformity with Johnson the present work has both of these definitions of *ardour* and *flagrant*, though to explain words in a sense in which they are never used must, on Mr. Webster's principles, mislead the student.

As to the "appropriate sense" of words, we fear Mr. Webster will object to the authority of his own law. He indeed defines "Alleviate, v. t. to ease, lessen, allay; *used of evils*;" but when he comes to *mitigate* he forgets his rule, and writes thus: "Mitigate, v. t. to alleviate, lessen, ease." But "to what objects does it apply?" An ass may be *eased* of his load, though he is not *mitigated*. A miser's wealth will be *lessened*, but not *mitigated* by his heir. Again, Mr. Webster defines "Salubrious, a. wholesome, healthful, salutary." We say *wholesome* food, *healthful* children, *salutary* example; but the "appropriate sense" of *salubrious* would prevent any well-read scholar from using it in either of those combinations. *Salubrious* is applied only, we think, to air or water. *Lickerish* is here defined *nice, delicate*, but we are not cautioned, that it is only taken in *malam partem*. *Combination* means, we are told, *an association*; but it would be inconsistent with the settled propriety of speech to say "a combination for the diffusion of religious knowledge." Again, Dr. Johnson declares *addict* to be used commonly in a bad sense; but Mr. Webster is satisfied with teaching the learner of our language, "Addict, v. t. to devote, dedicate, give up, apply." Almost every reader knows, that a man is said to be *devoted* to piety, but *addicted* to vice; he may *dedicate* himself to heaven, or be *addicted* to bad company. We shall not mention any more examples, in which Mr. Webster has failed to mark the "appropriate sense" of words; nor have we inserted these for the purpose of shewing the uselessness of his Dictionary more than others, in this respect. Some of these very words are, indeed, thus distinguished by Johnson, and perhaps some hundred others, had we leisure to look for them, might be found better explained by the English than by the American lexicographer, although the American

had the opportunity of copying what he chose. We do not expect so much from Mr. Webster, as he has censured Johnson for not attaining; and although we would not deter him from attempting more than he can perform, we hope his own ill success will teach him not to exult over the miscarriages of others.

Over the ORTHOGRAPHY of our language Mr. Webster, in his twenty years warfare, has triumphed more frequently than the many millions who have written it for nearly a century and a half. If we may recur to his former heresies, we should declare him the wildest innovator of an age of revolutions; but we feel some pleasure in informing the publick that he has abjured many of his first errors. Still his plan is injudicious and even impracticable; for who will follow him who declares that nobody should be followed, who forbids us to walk as the countless majority of our predecessors have walked? He says, that the orthography of our words ought not to be settled; but lest our readers should think we have mistaken his meaning, we will quote his words.

"The unavoidable consequence then of fixing the orthography of a living language, is to destroy the use of the alphabet. This effect has, in a degree, already taken place in our language; and letters, the most useful invention that ever blessed mankind, have lost and continue to lose a part of their value, by no longer being the representatives of the sounds originally annexed to them. Strange as it may seem, the fact is undeniable, that the present doctrine that no change must be made in writing words, is destroying the benefits of an alphabet, and reducing our language to the barbarism of Chinese characters instead of letters."

He would not, however, overturn the whole spelling of our language in an instant, but concedes that

"No great changes should ever be made at once, nor should any change be made which violates established principles, creates great inconvenience, or obliterates the radicals of the language. But gradual changes to accommodate the written to the spoken language, when they occasion none of these evils, and especially when they purify words from corruptions, improve the regular analogies of a language and illustrate etymology, are not only proper, but indispensable."

Yet immediately after this our author complains of the corrupt spelling of many words, and wishes to change it, in order to exhibit more perfectly their etymological deduction. But after such a change, shall we be permitted to change again, if the pronunciation varies? or shall we be confined within the limits of what we inherit from our Saxon ancestors? If we obey etymology, the spelling becomes immutable, for who can deny his own father? But who can predict the wars that will ensue between orthography and pronunciation? Let us hope that in those days of confusion, a second Webster will arise to control the chaos and restore to order the jarring atoms of lexicography. But our readers shall judge for themselves.

"From this error, [of the fixed orthography of our language] or perhaps from a total inattention to the history of our language, has originated another mistake which now governs public opinion on this subject; this is, that the pre-

sent state of our orthography exhibits the true etymology of words, and that every alteration would tend to obscure it. There are some classes of words of which this is true; but let it be noted that no small part of the anomalies in the spelling of words, are egregious corruptions of the primitive orthography. Thus the present orthography of leather, feather, weather, stead, wealth, mould, son, ton, wonder, worship, thirst, &c. is corrupt; having been vitiated during the dark ages of English literature, under the Norman princes. The true orthography from the first Saxon writings to the 12th century, was lether, fether, wether, sted or *stede*, welga, mold, suna, tunna, wundor, wurthsceipe, thurst.

"*Broad*, was written *brade*, *brede*, and *braed*. We have preserved the first in the adjective *broad*, but the pronunciation of the noun *breadth* we take from the second, and the orthography most absurdly from the last.

"*Tongue*, was in Saxon written *tung*, *tonge* or *tunga*, which we pronounce correctly *tung*, omitting the last letter as in other Saxon words, and yet we write the word most barbarously *tongue*. *Launch* from *lance*, is a corruption introduced at a very early period, with *daunce* for *dance*, *auncient* for *ancient*, *maister* for *master*, *plaister* for *plaster*, and numerous similar corruptions which mark the barbarism which succeeded the Norman conquest.

"*Heinous* from the French *haine*, which is correctly pronounced *hainous* as it was formerly written, is such a palpable error that no lexicographer can be justified in giving it his sanction.

"*Though* is also a vitious orthography; *tho* being much nearer to the original word.

"*Drought* and *height* are corruptions of *drugoth*, *heatho*; which the Saxons formed from *dryg* and *heh* or *heah*, *dry* and *high*, by adding the termination *th* as in *length* from *leng*, *strength* from *streng*, and as we form *truth* from *true*, *width* from *wide*, *warmth* from *warm*. The Saxon termination *th* is universally preserved in the popular pronunciation of this country; and so far is it from being an error or corruption, that it is the very essence of the nouns, *drouth* and *highth*. Men therefore who use this pronunciation, *tho* chargeable with "a zeal for analogy," as Johnson observes of Milton, and *tho* they may not imitate Garrick as Walker does, will still have the honor to be correct, and to preserve the purity of the original orthography. They will further have the honor of conforming to what is in fact the national pronunciation, and has been, from the earliest records of our language. *Height* is an innovation comparatively modern; and *drought* is the Belgic dialect of the Teutonic; but neither of these words existed in the Saxon, the parent of our language."

Through is not mentioned in this black catalogue, but we presume Mr. Webster wishes us to write it, as Mr. Joel Barlow does, *thro*. Augustus, to be sure, the emperour with unlimited power, was unable to introduce one word into the Latin vocabulary; but the mere spelling of a single monosyllable in the English language may surely be changed by the united influence of a poet and a lexicographer. The enemies of reform may indeed say, that the word will not admit of composition in its new form. *Throughout* would look awkwardly, and might lead to mistake in pronunciation, if its middle letters *ugh* were expunged.

"The use of *k* in the end of words after *c*" is next reprobated; but the argument goes precisely as well to show that we ought to write *blac*, *rac*, *chec*, *fec*, *bric*, *kic*, *knoc*, *coc*, *buc*, *struc*, &c. through the whole family.

Mr. Webster forbids the use of *u* in *candour*, *honour*, *favour*, &c. and of *e* final in *opposite*, *exquisite*, *determine*, *medicine*, &c. and hopes, but not very confidently, that the day will come, when

we may show our veneration for etymology by the expulsion of *b* from *doubt* and *debt*; and of *e* from *vineyard*. Surely, we shall not be charged with harshness, if we say these are idle speculations, inopes rerum, nugaeque canorae. The spelling of *heinous* is to be changed, because it comes from the French *haine*, *haineux*. Mr. Webster says it was spelt *hainous*, "till within an age." Vide his letter in the Anthology. Now this must mean that such was the common and authorized spelling, or it is trifling with us to bring it forward. We next desire to know the meaning of the word, *age*, as used by Mr. Webster. He could not be so disingenuous as to employ it, like the Latin *seculum*, to express a century or hundred years, because this sense is not justified by our good authors. But it will be generally understood to refer to a succession or generation of men, usually computed about thirty years; and therefore we boldly assert, that the observation is erroneous. We agree with Mr. Webster in spelling *cigar*; and rejoice that in his letter he finds so near a connexion between *melancholy* and *molasses*.

In the greatest part of the orthography of Johnson, the world has indeed, as Mr. Webster laments, implicitly followed him without a wish for independence; and in the two classes of words, from which *u* and *k* have been expelled by many, we hope his supremacy will once more be established. But with the exception of these two changes, the authority of Johnson has fixed the standard of spelling to the whole community who write English; and it has been even more conclusive than his definitions. Yet if we were put to the question, we might confess, that *sceptick* would be more agreeable than *skeptick*; and that one or even two but, we dare not say more, words might change their orthography for the better.

After all, he who is fatigued, as we fear many of our readers are by this time, with speculations on this subject, to which

"The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord,"

will be refreshed and contented with the remarks of Johnson. "There have been many schemes offered for the emendation and settlement of our orthography, which, like that of other nations, being formed by chance, or according to the fancy of the earliest writers in rude ages, was at first very various and uncertain, and is yet sufficiently irregular. Of these reformers some have endeavoured to accommodate orthography better to the pronunciation, without considering that this is to measure by a shadow, to take that for a model or standard which is changing while they apply it. Others, less absurdly indeed, but with equal unlikelihood of success, have endeavoured to proportion the number of letters to that of sounds, that every sound may have its own character, and every character a single sound. Such would be the orthography of a new language to be formed by a synod of grammarians upon principles of science. But who can hope to pre-

vail on nations to change their practice, and make all their old books useless? or what advantage would a new orthography procure equivalent to the confusion and perplexity of such an alteration."

PRONUNCIATION affords Mr. Webster much room for exhibiting his admiration of the vulgar. The subject cannot here be treated of with advantage, on many accounts, chiefly because it would exclude what we think of greater consequence. Walker's dictionary seems to us best calculated to teach pronunciation; yet it should not, for that purpose, be so confidently followed as the orthography or definitions of Johnson. Yet we cannot wholly pass over the peculiar notions of our author. "*Angel* and *ancient* the English pronounce *anegel*, *anecient*, contrary to every good principle." "In these and many other words, the pronunciation in this country is more correct than that of the English; and it would be reprehensible servility in us to relinquish a correct practice and adopt an English corruption." Thus far Mr. Webster; but surely his "ears were dull of hearing" before he wrote thus. The soft sound of the first syllable in each of those words is almost universal among our country-people, whom he thinks the best masters of pronunciation, and school-boys only have introduced the new one that pleases the reformer. We therefore need no caution against relinquishing correctness and adopting corruption. But we shall give our readers an extract, to show the illumination that may be expected on this branch of philology.

"Real improvements in pronunciation arise from a popular tendency to abridge words which are of difficult pronunciation; to soften or reject harsh letters and syllables; and to give to letters and syllables such sounds, and to words such a disposition of accent, as best suit the organs of utterance and of hearing. Any alteration in pronunciation which is not recommended by these advantages, will never become general.

"Men who offer their court and stage refinements for adoption, should contemplate the insuperable difficulty of changing established national practice. Two instances, of a multitude which are within my knowledge, will exhibit this difficulty in its true light.—The Saxon preterit tense of the verb *come*, was the same as the present tense, *come*. *Came* is a modern word, introduced long after the conquest, but for some centuries, has been constantly used in books. Yet this manner of writing the word, and even its use in the vulgar translation of the bible, which our people read or hear every week or every day, have never brought the word into common use, nor made the least impression on popular practice. Nineteen twentieths of our nation still use the primitive word *come*, as the preterit of the verb, pronouncing the word as it was written and pronounced in the days of Alfred. And where is the critic who can impeach the practice?

"Another fact is witnessed in the word *ask*, which our common people pronounce *aks*. The latter is the true pronunciation of the original word; the Saxon verb being written *acsian* or *axian*. The transposition of letters which gives the present orthography and pronunciation is a modern innovation of writers; but it has not changed the primitive pronunciation among the body of our people, and it is doubtful whether a complete change can ever be effected.

"Facts of this sort refute the idle visions of the theorist, and should appall the courage of the innovator."

What "critick can impeach the practice?" Who will waste words in arguing with such perversity? Of such a man Horace would despair, and say

Nescio an Anticyram ratio illi destinet omnem.

But **ETYMOLOGY** is the field, in which the American lexicographer revels, like a happy spirit in the paradise of Mahomet. "His headstrong riot hath no curb." Etymology is, however, a guide to be followed with much caution; and he that observes the wild aberrations of Junius in pursuit of etymons, of which the preface to Johnson's dictionary affords laughable specimens, will be more solicitous to ascertain the force of words in our living language from its standard authors than to ransack all the tombs of our Celtick ancestors.

This branch of the subject ought not, however, to be undervalued; especially as it is likely to be laboured with the most success. We may allow Mr. Webster the triumph of proving Dr. Johnson to be wrong in his derivation of *comptroller*, and even, though with no little hesitation, in that of *island* and *acre*; yet we shall most assuredly continue in the old orthography of the two latter, and respect that of the former too much to let it willingly pass out of remembrance. Such, it will be said, are the charms of ancient error! From this part of his inquiries the publick expect much; and Mr. Webster will be pardoned for attributing greater value to his discoveries than most of his readers, and for desiring to introduce that mode of spelling some words, which he may prove to be more consistent with their pedigree than the present. He will be always assiduous, though his labour will not always be successful; very often ingenious, though subtilty may very often lead him astray; frequently plausible, though what is specious will frequently be false; and sometimes convincing, for every man by devotion to a single pursuit may produce some improvement in practice and some extension of science. Our censure on some parts of the present work may not have the effect desired, of changing some of his opinions; but we shall look with some impatience for the promised dictionary, and hope he will neither be discouraged by difficulties nor deterred by expense. Yet we shall boldly resist innovation in every shape, from the humble alteration of a letter in spelling to the higher offence of introducing counterfeit words into the currency of language, whether of our own manufacture, or imported from abroad.

Mr. Webster has added, he assures us, to Entick's list of words, "*which is the most complete*" "about FIVE THOUSAND others." What a fund has our language acquired! of words not found in any former vocabulary five thousand,

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa.

Our admiration would never have allowed us to go two pages further for a solution of this unexampled appearance of affluence suddenly acquired. We should have sat, fixed to our chairs, like the unhappy companions of Willoughby in his voyage to the north pole :

In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he, with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

But we were soon relieved by finding the origin of this host of new levies, that are drafted into the service.

The terms of those arts and sciences, which have been much enlarged, or, in some sense, newly discovered, as mineralogy, chemistry, botany, vaccination, &c. afford Mr. Webster a considerable part of his additions. His observations on the unsettled orthography of these words are judicious ; but we have not room to extract them, nor to offer our remarks on the change of some of the terms by giving them English terminations, which we do not approve. The great swelling of his list is, however, chiefly caused by his use of a license, assumed with greater or less modesty by all lexicographers, but by Mr. W. with no modesty at all.

"Adjectives, formed from names of places and persons, I have ventured to introduce, without the authority of any precedent ; for I see no good reason why they should be omitted. *Newtonian*, *Athenian*, *Lybian*, *Parisian*, are words in constant use ; and even when the name is foreign, the adjective is formed according to English analogies, and is really an English word. Besides, many words of this sort, really require explanation, as in cases where the original name is no longer used or generally known—instances of which we have in *Balearic*, *Adriatic*, *Belgic*, *Belgian*, and *Ligurian*. In all cases, the orthography and pronunciation require that they should have a place in dictionaries, for the use of those who are learning the language."

We confess, we have not examined every word of this class, nor have we marked all the omissions. So many, however, are inserted, and so many omitted, the latter being perhaps five times more numerous than the former, that we hope the plan will be changed. We will notice some of the omissions, and if it appear that the book will be increased in price more than utility by their insertion, we hope the more favoured names will be compelled to recede. *Boston*, *New York* and *Philadelphia*, with the adjectives derived from them are mentioned, and, we believe, no other cities or towns in our country. "*Kenucky*, a state and a river on the south of the Ohio," is found in this compend ; but *Ohio*, which is the name of another state, and of a much larger river, is not inserted. Honourable mention is made of "*Cumberland*, a river and mountain," &c. for which not one in ten thousand of the readers of English cares a farthing ; but *Hudson*, the most important river, in some respects, in America, is left unnamed to

assert its own merit. Mr. Webster ought to be informed that we shall never turn to his dictionary as a gazetteer, any more than we should consult a gazetteer to learn the definition or syntax of any common word. Who does not observe, that of gentilitical names and adjectives of similar formation there can be no end? Mr. Webster admits *Carlesian*, *Ciceronian*, *Jennerian*, *Saracenic*, *Icelandic*, *Newtonian*, and *Sandemanian*; but the adjectives of as frequent use, *Johnsonian*, *Hesperian*, *Bakerian*, *Virgilian*, *Horatian*, *Dudleian*, *Addisonian*, *Vinerian*, *Amharick*, *Chesterfieldian*, *Priestleian*, *Quixotick*, *Websterian*, and thousands more are omitted, of which, should they rise up before him in a body, he might well exclaim with Macbeth, "What! will the line last to the crack of doom?" Petty ingenuity is employed to multiply them even by the aid of another language; so that we have *Brownian* and *Brunonian*. Every wrong-headed religionist makes us a new adjective, as well as a new sect, if he is either able to write, or lucky enough to be written about. That the insertion in our dictionaries of party names in religion or politics will be of little use to the republic of letters, is the natural conclusion from Mr. Webster's ill success in the explanation of the names of two leading divisions in the Christian church. "*Arminian*, *n.* one who denies predestination, and holds to free will, and universal redemption." To the justice of this we have nothing to object, but its brevity is necessarily unsatisfactory. "*Calvinism*, *n.* the doctrines held by Calvin." "*Calvinist*, *n.* a follower, &c. of Calvin." What satisfaction does this afford? Yet this is the strict definition of those terms, and *Arminian* should have had a similar explanation. No information is acquired from the explication of the terms *Arian* and *Socinian* in this book; but its imperfection might lead the reader to conclude them. But knowledge on those subjects is to be sought in an Encyclopaedia, and not in a dictionary. Johnson's rule is the limit of practicable utility.

We shall, in justice to Mr. Webster, extract the concluding paragraphs of his preface.

"With these extensive views of this subject, have I entered upon the plan of compiling, for my fellow citizens, a dictionary, which shall exhibit a far more correct state of the language than any work of this kind. In the mean time, this compend is offered to the public, as a convenient manual. No person acquainted with the difficulties attending such a compilation, will flatter himself or the public, that any thing like perfection is within the compass of one man's abilities. Nothing like this is here promised. All that I have attempted, and all that I can believe to be executed, is a dictionary with considerable improvements; a work required by the advanced and advancing state of science and arts. The dictionaries of a living language must be revised every half century, or must necessarily be erroneous and imperfect.

"I am not unapprized of the objections which have been made to this design, even by good men and sincere patriots. But it will readily occur to a candid mind, that a person, who has never turned his attention to this subject, may entertain views of it very different from those of a man who has directed his investigations to it for some years, and not satisfied with mo-

dern criticisms, has mounted to higher sources of knowledge. Candid men however will not differ much on the subject, when they have the advantage of the same evidence; and that the great body of my fellow citizens are of this character, is beyond a question.

"From a different class of men, if such are to be found, whose criticisms would sink the literature of this country, even lower than the distorted representations of foreign reviewers; whose veneration for trans-atlantic authors leads them to hold American writers in unmerited contempt; from such men I neither expect nor solicit favor. Men who take pains to find and to exhibit to the world, proofs of our national inferiority in talents and acquirements, are certainly not destined to decide the ultimate fate of this performance.

"However arduous the task, and however feeble my powers of body and mind, a thorough conviction of the necessity and importance of the undertaking, has overcome my fears and objections, and determined me to make one effort to dissolve the charm of veneration for foreign authorities which fascinates the mind of men in this country, and holds them in the chains of illusion. In the investigation of this subject, great labor is to be sustained, and numerous difficulties encountered; but with a humble dependence on Divine favor, for the preservation of my life and health, I shall prosecute the work with diligence, and execute it with a fidelity suited to its importance.

On this preface we might have been more minute in our criticism, and could have enumerated many more examples in confirmation of our remarks. We believe, however, our readers will be fatigued, if not convinced. We have, at every step, found Mr. Webster in pursuit of some novelty inconsistent with the settled grammar and orthography of our language, or carrying his correct principles too far to be useful. We are completely satisfied, that he must change many more of his original views before his work will be worth relying upon; and we believe that diffidence of the value of his own discoveries and a decent estimation of the knowledge of his predecessors is more necessary to his success, than the most laborious researches in etymology. The English language is to be learned from the authors since the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, who have made it immortal. From that period the authority of each writer, supposing his learning and taste to be equal to that of any one of his predecessors, constantly and almost regularly increases, till we come down to about the period of the accession of George II. Since that time it is unnecessary to say how it has been debased, or how it has been improved; for he who inquires about its general character, and has not leisure to peruse hundreds of volumes for information, will probably never attain his object without confidence in Johnson. Our American philologist ought not to be flattered into the hope that his work will succeed to the place, which his predecessor has so long held. His friends know less of the subject perhaps, than he does, and encourage him in vain with the expectation of becoming paramount in the realms of language. To resist the temptation of vanity, which will make him ridiculous, and the promises of renown, which will be delusive, he should adopt the modesty of Lycidas:

.....Me quoque dicunt
 Vatum pastores ; sed non ego credulus illis.

For, we fear, that otherwise the criticks of our mother country and the next generation of our own would quote for him the remaining lines :

Nam neque adhuc Vario videor, nec dicere Cinnâ
 Digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores.

The first general observation we have to make on the body of the Dictionary of Mr. Webster is of much importance. He has assumed the right of dismissing from our vocabulary some words in frequent use among the purest writers of the Augustan age of English literature, as Addison, Pope, Swift, Prior and Arbuthnot, and many others found in some of our most popular authors, and of which an explanation is indispensable, as Dryden, Butler, Milton and Shakespeare. Still more numerous are his offences in this respect against Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, Bacon, Drayton, Hooker and others, of the age of Elizabeth and James. Yet Mr. Webster holds our common version of the bible, made in that very age, in the greatest esteem ; and will give us abundant quotations from it as the highest authority for the meaning of words. What an inconsistency ! We hold it to be an incontrovertible principle, that every word used by those writers, which can be explained without offence to modesty, ought to find a place in a dictionary of the English language. They are most of them living authors ; living in a state hardly exposed to corruption ; and they will be read and admired long after Mr. Webster and ourselves are forgotten. There is only one book in our language oftener reprinted than Shakespeare ; the Bible alone has more readers. What then shall the scholar do, if five hundred words of his favourite author are not found in his dictionary ? Mr. Webster may say, it should be published with a glossary. But it is often without one ; and if a glossary is made, who would insert in it words, that he finds explained in Johnson with precision, and by the highest authority in our world of letters received as elegant. But the purest writers in our language....must they all be published with a glossary ? and who shall make it for them ? The printer would be thought insane, who should print Addison, Swift, or Pope, with such an appendix. Much more reasonable would it be for Mr. Webster to omit the barbarous terms he has introduced from the statutes of several of the United States ; for it has long been a proverb, that law has no connexion with elegance. We do not hesitate to declare, that, unless all such words as are used by the authors abovementioned, especially those of the two first classes, and which are explained by Johnson, shall be admitted by Mr. Webster in his great work, it will be so far from deserving the patronage of the publick, that subscribers may justly refuse to receive their books.

The right of marking words, as obsolete, is exercised in this work without judgment, for many of them thus marked are in constant use. Of this, and the preceding observation, we shall give ample proof. We have carefully compared the words beginning with the letter *D*. in the respective vocabularies, and have noted with surprise the frequency of Mr. Webster's departure from his predecessor. We premise, however, that all words in Johnson marked *Dictionary*, or admitted on the authority of Spenser, Sidney, or Bacon, were passed over by us, and sometimes those, for which only a single example was quoted from Shakespeare or Hooker. These would have swelled our list too much; and if Mr. Webster is convicted by us of high treason against the majesty of letters, he may be allowed to escape punishment for petty offences. The catalogue of WILFUL OMISSIONS follows: *Daggledtail*, used by Swift; *Dan*, a very common poetick appellative in Shakespeare, Prior, Pope, Gay, and other authors sometimes read in our country; *Deathful*, which will live forever in Milton and Pope; *Deathsdoor*, which is common enough every where; *Deathman*, by Shakespeare used for an executioner; *Deathwatch* in Gay, Watts, Pope and a hundred others; *Deceptibility*, of as easy formation as any word of equal length in the language; *Decumbiture*, in Dryden; *Depasture*, a law term of perpetual recurrence; *Detracture*, used by Addison; *Devote*, an adjective, in Milton; *Dewlaft*, a poetick term in Shakespeare and Gay; *Didactical*, in every day's use; Mr. Webster has *didactic*, but does not allow the adjective to appear in its old shape. We might here observe, as in a thousand other places, that the intent of a dictionary should be to explain, not to make a language. *Dilute* is used by Newton for an adjective; *Disaccommodation*; *Disacknowledge*; *Disafavour*; *Disimprovement*; *Disingenuity*; *Disorderedness*; *Dissolubility*, and some others made by prefixing our negative particle *Dis*, noctes atque dies patet atri janua *Dis*, and which are perpetually found in "the wells of English undefiled;" *Distractive*, by Dryden and almost every body else; *Distressful*, by all the poets and most of our prose writers; *Distributer*, by Addison and many others. Should Mr. Webster reside in Boston, he might be chosen a *distributer of votes*. *Ditation*; *Dog-bolt*; *Dog-cheap*, as common as buying and selling; *Dogmatick*, dogmatically omitted; *Dole-some*, good enough for Pope and others. Such is the tedious catalogue of some of the omissions under a single letter of the alphabet in a dictionary, that professes to have supplied the omissions of Johnson, and to have added five thousand words to our vocabulary.

In the same part of the alphabet the words stigmatized as obsolete are, among many others thus unworthily traduced, *Degenerous*; *Degenerously*; *Depauperate*; *Deport*; *Desecrate*; *Designment*; *Discomfort*; *Discongruity*; *Discrepance*; *Disobligation*; *Dispose*, the noun; *Divineness*; *Dizen*, which are often heard in polite conversation, or found in the most modern writers

of our language. *Desecrate*, which, we hope, is not thus branded by Mr. Webster, because it is used by Johnson, has notoriously been in use every hour since the commencement of the French revolution; and Dr. Paley, the most popular author of the last twenty years, has, in his "Evidences," a chapter upon "the *discrepancies* between the several gospels." *Despairful* is not thus marked by Mr. Webster, though it is by Johnson, who quotes only Sidney and Spenser for its use; while *despatchful*, that meets our eye in Milton and Pope is branded in our new dictionary as obsolete. Mr. Webster seems to have thought that every word, unpleasant to him, might be struck out of use. *Gallimaufry*, which is, to be sure, a cant, ludicrous word, he marks obsolete; but it is not more obsolete than *rigmarole* or *booby*, which are of equal dignity.

The American lexicographer may think to repel our censure of these faults by his improvement in the spelling of *Discriptible* and *Discerptibility*, from which he has banished the middle *t*; or by his discovery of some words, as *Disception*, *Divinipotent*, and *Do*, as a noun, of which, if he has done wisely not to mark them as fallen into desuetude, we hope to be told also by whom they were ever used.

We shall next take notice of a few omissions, casually observed in different parts of the book, on which, having been probably occasioned by inadvertence, we shall not bestow the censure justly deserved when such faults arise from design. Humana parum cavet natura. *Acute*, sharp, is not inserted, nor could we find its familiar substitute, *'cute*. *Relick* is not allowed in the vocabulary, where Mr. Webster writes "*Relics. n. pl. remains,*" &c. yet in the preface to the dictionary, speaking of *e* final, he denominates it "*a relic of barbarism,*" and his definition of "*en-shrine*" is "*to preserve as a holy relic.*" *Expediency* is omitted, though it is at least as common as *expedience*; and as this sounds like the plural of *expedient*, we ought to preserve the former. *If*, that important particle, on which Horne Tooke expended so many hours of study and so many quarts of ink, is forgotten. The author must remember the imprecation of the royal bard, *If I forget thee!* *Mean*, that which is between two extremes, deserves a place, as does the adjective *Moot*. *Designate* is a word of such respectable use, that we hope Mr. Webster will admit it, though it has either, like *appreciate*, sprung up since the time of Johnson, or was overlooked by him.

Some imperfect definitions are also observable. *Americanism* is described thus: "*Americanism, n. love of America and preference of her interest,*" but it usually means an expression peculiar to our side of the Atlantick, not admitted in elegant English; and the alteration by Mr. Webster is preposterous. He says in his letter he has been censured for introducing *Americanism* into his work, and proceeds to justify his conduct. But he surely means to speak as a philologist, and not as a politician. "*Chaise, a riding carriage*" should have some words, as in Johnson, to

distinguish it from other riding carriages. Of *Corps*, a body of soldiers, he says, it is "an ill word." We feel no partiality for the naturalized phrase; but the author must be cautious how he gives the military "an ill word." But the definition is imperfect. *Importance*, in the sense of importunity, should be respected by the lexicographer, who will find it in a more important passage of Shakespeare than that which Johnson has quoted, and also, we believe, in Tillotson. *Remember*, to remind, is constantly recurring in Shakespeare. *Resent* and *Resentment* are indifferently used by our old writers in a good or bad sense, but we find in Mr. Webster only the latter.

Mr. Webster will also correct the explanations of some words, whose obsolete meaning is given by him, as well as the usual one, as *Knave*, a servant, and *Villain*, a slave. *To wax*, in the sense of to grow, Johnson says has almost wholly fallen into disuse.

An idle attempt is made to exhibit a distinction between the sense of some words in England and this country, as *Constable*, *Packet*, and *Starve*. Of the last this book says, "Starve, *v.* to perish or kill with hunger, [with cold, Eng.]" This applies to conversation only; but books are the best evidence of the propriety of language, and the same books will always be read on each side of the Atlantick.

We find however more to blame in the frequent changes of spelling, which Mr. Webster permits or requires. He writes *Accouter*, *Accouterments*; in violation of etymology. He gives "Appraise, *v. t.* to value goods by authority, to set a price on, *see* *apprise*, a more correct spelling." But *appraise* is one word; *apprize*, another; and our language will not acknowledge *apprise*. "Epitome, better written Epitomy." He might as well insert *School*, better written *skool*. "Fashion, more correctly Fashion." "Negro or Neger." When Mr. Webster, in his great work, gives authorities for all his improvements, he must not forget our popular ballad: Who burnee barn? Neger. "Tung, the instrument of speech." The Chamberlain of Denmark offers good advice: "Give thy thoughts no tongue." "*Versal*" is the only word, we think, discommended by the author on account of its vulgarity. We approve his modesty in following Johnson, and hope to see more instances of it. "Wimmen, *n. pl.* of winman, the old and true spelling."

That no departure from the standard of polite English may go without justification, he gives us the inelegant participle "lit" for *lighted*. He fixes the accent of *obdurate*, *obdurately* and *obduracy* upon the first syllable, contrary to the usage of the best of our lexicographers and the universal authority of the poets. Mr. Walker has both; and if both were given here, we could hardly blame the opinion, which prefers analogy to law. The quantity that best pleases us is in Milton:

Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.

But the fault of most alarming enormity in this work, is the approbation given to the vulgarisms of some of our illiterate writers, and the unauthorized idioms of conversation. Mr. Webster seems to have expected to ingratiate himself with the ignorant by admitting their perversions of our tongue to an equal rank with the pure offspring of standard authors; and this will make his book a most dangerous guide for our young scholars, and forever prevent it from being quoted as of any authority. He has been lavish enough of marks of reprobation upon words found in some of our greatest moralists, poets and critics, but has afforded no warning against such as discover a man's origin and acquaintance with certainty of disgrace. We have examined them with regret, for we deprecate every instance of diversity between the language of conversation in England and this country. Except a very few anomalies, which sometimes intrude themselves into the composition of some of even our most careful scholars, we believe the English language is preserved with as much purity among us as in the mother country. It is indeed here in less danger of being depraved by commerce, because few foreigners come among us; and the small number of those, who know French and other living languages well enough to do them into English, will preserve us from the unavoidable corruptions of frequent translations. Within a few years too, we believe, these vulgarisms have lost many of their admirers. We are less afraid of undermining our national independence by speaking pure English, and are becoming satisfied with the copiousness of our native language.

Of these impurities the greatest part are admitted by Mr. Webster without comment, or any mark to distinguish them from the best words in our vocabulary. He gives "*Appreciate*, *v.* to value, estimate, rise in value," yet this third signification, being neuter or intransitive, is not, we believe, found in a single English author, and in the United States is only admitted into genteel company by inadvertence. "*Applicant*, *n.* one who makes request." This is a mean word, and by Mr. Webster is not explained in the most common sense, a hard student. "*Advocate*, as a verb, is unauthorized by respectable usage. *Congressional*, *Presidential* and *Departmental* are barbarisms, in common use, we allow; but one of the same class, *Governmental*, which is equally worthless, is omitted. "*Improve*, *v.* to make or become better, to advance, In N. England, to cultivate or occupy." This word, in this latter sense, has not often disgraced our written language; and we hope Mr. Webster will stigmatize it at least, if not reject it in his subsequent works. *Crock* is indeed common enough in this section of the country, but it is not an English word, and our Southern brethren ridicule us for using it. *Obligate* is unnecessary, and has no respectable support. It was probably introduced from the law; yet the form of a bond is "hold-en and stand firmly bound and obliged." "*Sappy*, *a.* full of sap, juicy, young, simple." We never saw this word but once used

in this last sense. *Sley*, being a vehicle in common use with us and unknown in England, has a claim, we confess, to a place in an English Dictionary; but we insert it here to remark, that we have commonly, we believe always, seen it spelled *sleigh*, as a word of correspondent sound is written *weigh*. "*Slump*, *v. i.* to sink or fall into water or mud, through ice or other hard surface, [N. E.]" This word is certainly unworthy of a place in such a work. *Stry* is a word which has neither use nor dignity. "*Lengthy*, *a.* somewhat long, applied chiefly to writings or discourses." This is the worst of the whole catalogue of Americanisms. We might as well make *strengthy* to mean strong, or somewhat strong, and *breadthy*, somewhat broad. If of so low a word it were necessary to show the precise meaning, we might say that Mr. Webster has mistaken it, for the vulgar usually employ it to mean *long even to tediousness*, as his discourse was very lengthy. *Test* is a verb only in writers of an inferior rank, who disregard all the landmarks of language. *Tote* is marked by Mr. Webster *Virg.* but we believe it a native vulgarism of Massachusetts. *Whop* never fell under our notice before.

Of this base class of words some are forgotten, with which a Columbian dictionary might be enriched, such as *Illy*, *Approbate*, *Dabster*, *Chunky*, *Composuist*, with *keep*, *span*, and *spunk* in their perverted meanings. Perhaps there are many others; but we dare not mention them, lest Mr. Webster, to shew his impartiality, should advance them also to an honour they can never retain.

We have now completed what we proposed to ourselves; and perhaps our readers will not regret that we have attempted no more. We have marked with candour the most prominent faults in this work; and if it be asked why so little is said in commendation of it, we shall desire every one to compare it with Johnson. That some words of real value and importance are found in it, which are not in the standard Lexicon of our language, is readily admitted; but so many dangerous novelties are inserted, that no man can safely consult it without comparison with others. From the future labours of Mr. Webster we expect some amusement and some advantage in explaining our language, so far as its Saxon derivation is concerned; but he must remember that a volume of the Augustan age of our literature is of more value than all the play-things of etymology.

ART. 12.

Sketch of a plan and method of education, founded on an analysis of the human faculties and natural reason, suitable for the offspring of a free people, and for all rational beings. By Joseph Neef, formerly a coadjutor of Pestalozzi, at the school near Berne, in Switzerland. Philadelphia, printed for the author. 1808. pp. 168. 12mo.

Mr. Neef, the author of the work which we have undertaken to review, professes himself to be a disciple of Pestalozzi, who

has rendered himself known in Europe, not only by his peculiar mode of instruction, but likewise by giving his pupils the accomplishments of gentlemen, as well as the knowledge of scholars. From the reputation of Pestalozzi, we took up this work with no common degree of interest, and with a strong prepossession in its favour; but we had not read many pages, before we discovered, that, whatever talents and science might belong to the master, the disciple was only an empirick.

Mr. Neef proposed opening a school in the vicinity of Philadelphia, to be conducted upon the principles of Pestalozzi; and this book was written for the purpose of giving the publick a knowledge of those principles, and of his own ability to carry them into practice. He is anxious to decry every other system but his own, and to represent all other instructors as ignorant, designing pedagogues, who with a few hard words deceive the publick and pass themselves off for learned.

We shall present our readers with an analysis of the work, and leave them to judge how far Mr. Neef is likely by his intended seminary to fulfil the expectations raised by the character of Pestalozzi. Mr. Neef commences his system of education at the age of five. His professed principle is to follow nature, which, according to his plan, is not to teach his pupils any thing, but to make them discover every thing for themselves. His great object is really to form a new system. He therefore is at great pains to differ from every thing established, in unimportant as well as important points. He would not only give new names to the parts of speech, notes in musick, &c. but, not contented with these changes, he even wishes to establish a new language of his own, and thinks that congress ought to aid his project.

After dilating upon his method of giving children the first rudiments of knowledge, by making them observe the obvious qualities of things around them, Mr. Neef proceeds to distinguish all knowledge into four orders. "The first order of our knowledge," he says, "includes that, which we derive from our own immediate feeling. The second order contains the knowledge, which we possess through the medium of our mental powers. The third comprehends the knowledge, which we deduce from analogy. The fourth order of our knowledge is that, which we acquire through the testimony and evidence of our fellow men."

These definitions are not very clear. Analogy is certainly carried on by means of our mental powers, and the second order comprehends the third. But by his explanations he confines the second order to memory, and now there seems to be no place for the power which we enjoy of reasoning upon our own mental faculties.

The second section is upon numbers and calculations. If Mr. Neef can be said to belong to any school of philosophy, it is to the modern, as he possesses all its prejudices against the ancients and against religion, and the same preference of the exact sciences to all other knowledge. This section therefore, as laying

the foundation of the future greatness of his pupils, occupies a great degree of attention.

Familiar objects are made use of to give them the first ideas of numbers. A table is then given to them divided into ten rows of ten squares. In the first row the squares are undivided; in the second they are divided into two, in the third into three parts, and so on, so that in the last row each square is divided into ten spaces. By means of this table and of two others nearly similar his boys are not only taught what are usually termed the four first rules in arithmetick, but, without knowing a figure, can at once answer such questions, as would puzzle many persons, who had finished their studies with every assistance of time and figures. The following is set down as an example :

“A general of cavalry wanted a number of horses, and had ordered an agent of the army to procure them. The agent bought at first but six horses, at one louis d’or a piece. After this bargain, he bought some more horses, but at a much higher rate he believed; however the general would take all the horses, which he had bought for him, at the same price which he had paid for the latter ones; and in this case he would have received 480 louis d’or. But the general, not much pleased with the horses, or suspecting perhaps the honesty of his agent, deducted 5 louis d’or for each horse. Notwithstanding this considerable deduction, the agent gained yet six louis d’or upon his bargain; how many horses did he furnish, and how did he pay for the latter ones? This question and a hundred more of the same abstruse description were solved by my pupils, children, who were from nine to ten years old; and who, twenty months before that period, found it very difficult to conceive that one and one made two.”

Of the advantages to be derived from learning children to calculate without figures we are fully sensible, nor have we any disposition to question Mr. Neef’s veracity; but we think, that these children must be of a different species from what the world has hitherto known.

Mr. Neef is extremely fearful of treading in the beaten path, and is at great pains to let his readers know, that he is determined to depart from all the established modes and maxims of the world. It has usually been thought necessary to make children learn many things, of which at the moment they might be unable to comprehend the reason, but of the truth and importance of which their improved understandings would at some future time inform them. Mr. Neef is completely opposed to this plan; he chooses, that his pupils should know nothing which they do not discover themselves, and will even tell them the most absurd lies, that they may find out their falsehood. In answer to the charge of teaching them lying, he says,

“You think moreover, that by telling my pupils premeditated falsehoods I teach them lying; but this is a very gross mistake of yours. It is not by telling children voluntary or involuntary lies, that we teach them lying; it is, on the contrary, the very best way to prevent their becoming liars. For whenever a child perceives that a person tells an untruth, he feels most certainly a kind of contempt for the liar, and finds the lie itself ridiculous and contemptible. But it is an evident fact, that we never choose for our models those whom we despise, that we never imitate those actions, for which

we condemn and ridicule others, because nobody wants to be either despised or ridiculed."

Suppose for a moment this reasoning to hold good, and that the love of truth and abhorrence of falsehood would not be affected in the minds of youth by the practice of their only guide and instructor; yet how can he possibly retain his influence over them, while he is degrading himself in their eyes. We cannot conceive that, children can receive any injury from believing upon authority things beyond their comprehension, provided they are at the same time taught to make use of their reason with respect to those things, to which it is competent. But we do think, that when children are taught always to follow their own opinions, from their own examinations alone, they will be ever liable to form hasty conclusions, and obstinately to adhere to them.

The third section is upon geometry, which is to be learned nearly in the same way, and at the same time as numbers and calculation. The same kind of tables are to be made use of; and, after acquiring the knowledge of straight lines and angles, the pupils are to try their knowledge upon every surrounding object. After which they are to learn the geometry of Legendre, who, Mr. Neef says, follows Euclid and Archimedes. This respect for the ancients is a deviation from his plan, for which we are unable to account.

Drawing, which is the subject of the next section, is closely connected in this work with geometry. The boys are to learn to draw the various geometrical figures, without the assistance of compass or ruler; and having effected this, must apply their knowledge to the surrounding objects and then must learn light and shade and perspective.

By these previous studies Mr. Neef thinks his pupils will be prepared for writing and reading. Cadmus wrote before he could either read or spell, and they are to do the same. The author adds: "The same way, which, in all likelihood, he took to contrive his sublime art, we shall likewise endeavour to take." He thinks his pupils may possibly adopt the Chinese method of writing; but is rather inclined to suppose they will prefer the alphabetick. We were surprised, that no objection was made to pens, ink and paper, for the arguments are as strong in favour of the papyrus and reed of the ancients, as of the method of writing of Cadmus. Upon his own principles, his pupils should have invented all these things over again.

After examining in a cursory manner the nature of sounds, he proceeds, in the person of Cadmus, to point out the defects of our alphabet. Different sounds, he says, are expressed by the same letter, and the same sound by different letters. He then breaks forth into the most passionate language, calling upon the legislature to interfere:

"Bid your legislators take up the all important subject, bid them choose a few select but capable men; not those, who are by privilege denominated learned, but men of sense, who understand your language. Let these men,

after mature deliberation and examination of the business, determine the number of simple, double and nasal sounds, and of simple articulations, which are to be found in them. Next let some of your geometricians display their genius and exert their skill in contriving an adequate number of the most plain, simple, commodious and, at the same time, easily distinguishable signs or letters, &c." "As to your books they may be preserved." "They will show your future generations, from what barbarity your reformation has saved them."

Should this plan not succeed, he concludes, that he shall be obliged to let his children fight their way through the absurdities of the common alphabet.

The sixth section is upon grammar, a subject upon which Mr. Neef is perfectly absurd. A new character is here introduced, Mr. Oldschool, by which he means every instructor but Pestalozzi and himself. Mr. O. appears to be introduced for no other purpose, than to say absurd things, and be laughed at. Our author names almost every grammatical term, to say it shall not be found in his grammar; and employs several pages to shew the impropriety of calling a verb by its usual name, to prove that it is not necessary to a sentence, and that it has no voices. He says, *march* is called a neuter verb. "When therefore the French grand army marched from Boulogne to Austerlitz, it was perfectly inactive."

Mr. Neef divides grammar into "Ideology, Lexigraphy and Syntax." "Ideology shall acquaint us with the materials of speech; lexigraphy shall dissect them; and syntax shall employ them." A copious abuse upon the author of *Nature Displayed* concludes this section.

The seventh section is upon ethicks or morals. He divides all religions into two kinds, dogmas and morals. For the first he means all revealed religions, which he considers as possessing an equal degree of merit, or rather as being equally devoid of it. Considering religion, therefore, merely as a thing of fashion, he supposes that every parent would choose, that his child should profess the same dogmas as himself; but as it would be impossible for him to know what each of these might be, he shall consider it no part of his business; but shall confine himself to those moral principles, which have been maintained by all religions in all times, to abhor certain great crimes, and to comprehend the being and attributes of God.

Amidst the nonsense of this work we discover many useful notions, of which we have an instance in his mode of giving his pupils their first impressions of the Supreme Being. From every object around them, which affords either pleasure or delight, and from their own powers, he teaches them to look up to that Being, from whom cometh every good gift. In this manner benevolence is associated in the strongest manner with the idea of Deity, and even this imperfect system of natural religion is made interesting. It frequently happens, that, in the minds of youth, severe justice and great power are the only notions that are associated with Deity. They are taught, that most of

their innocent pleasures are displeasing to him; and the observance of the Sabbath is so rigidly enjoined, that the day is regarded by them with a kind of abhorrence. Can we be surprised that, when they arrive at an age to shake off the restraints of masters, they should likewise attempt to free their minds from the bondage, to which they have been subjected? Some persons of amiable affections and sound understandings, from having been under the care of bigots in their youth, have conceived so strong an aversion to every species of religion, that they could never afterwards bring their minds to the subject. While religion continues to be presented to youth in such a displeasing form, we must not be surprised, if we find them fascinated with such doctrines as those of Mr. Neef.

From the being and attributes of God Mr. Neef deduces many moral truths; and having at length taught his pupils "to do not unto others, as they would that others should not do to them," he considers their moral education complete. He then addresses them, telling them, that he has formerly been their despot, but shall now become their companion, and that they shall all form one society, of which it will be his highest ambition to become a member.

The eighth, ninth and tenth sections are upon natural history, natural philosophy, and chemistry. The professors of these branches of science, like all other instructors, are treated by Mr. Neef with the greatest contempt. These studies are to be prosecuted by his pupil without any aid from the experience of others. Every thing is to be discovered by their own observation upon the objects around them. Speaking of natural history, he says,

"As in all our deliberations, I shall have but one vote, and my individual opinion neither will nor shall in any way influence the sentiments of my fellow naturalists, it is obviously impossible for me to foretell, which will exactly be the classification we shall adopt and establish."

The eleventh section is upon gymnastics. He says,

"That our bodily faculties ought to be unfolded and improved; that therefore we ought to have means fitted for unfolding and improving them is one of the great pivots, on which all my notions of education turn."

All his pupils therefore are to learn the military exercise, which indeed seems to be the principal, if not sole active recreation they are to enjoy. Under the dominion of Buonaparte, where every man must become a soldier, whatever his rank or inclination, this would be an excellent plan; but it can hardly be adapted to a country, whose first object is peace, and where, although every man is bound to defend his country when called upon, scarcely any one makes the profession of a soldier the business of his life.

With respect to the study of languages, Mr. Neef argues, that, as it cannot be of any consequence to know, that a *fox* was by the Romans called *vulpes*, and by the Greeks *αλυπη*, which he considers the only benefit to be derived from studying the classics, it is only a waste of time, to acquire any language, which is not now

spoken. As a thing of fashion, however, he consents that his pupils should learn Greek and Latin. As this is to be done without grammars and other customary assistance, and with an impression upon the minds of the learners, that it never can be of any possible use to them, we readily coincide with his opinion, that they will not receive any benefit from it.

The remainder of this section is filled with a most violent attack upon Dufief, the author of *Nature Displayed*, who, he says, pretends, that any person by three attentive perusals of his tables may acquire a perfect knowledge of the French tongue; without considering that there are several sounds peculiar to the French, to which there is no resemblance in English, and which therefore can only be represented to the ear.

The next section is upon musick. Upon this subject Mr. Neef is more than usually elevated. His scholars shall teach themselves to compose; and he adds,

"I have even a glimpse of the possibility of writing down at the same time" (that others are singing) "the accords of the principal voice; at least we shall attempt it, and therefore my little band shall be divided into four portions. The first shall write down the tones, such as they distinguish them. The second shall note the bass, the third the alto, and the fourth shall point out the tenor."

The fourteenth section is upon poetry, and is principally confined to a disquisition upon rhymes, which he wholly condemns.

The fifteenth section is upon geography, which is to be taught according to the rules of common sense, as well as those of nature.

The sixteenth and last section is upon lexicology, or the science of words. Mr. Neef divides words into radicals, or words not composed, and words composed. His pupils are not to become acquainted with the true meaning of the first by etymology, but by studying the nature of the objects represented; but we are not told what is to be done, when words do not represent material objects. We shall not attempt to analyze this section, but shall leave our readers to judge of it from the following passages.

"This second class of words includes all those representatives of ideas, which are expressive of complex or complicated ideas, which result from as many simple ideas as there are elements in the representative sign; whence it follows, that all words, including the same prepositive and postpositive parts, are necessarily productives, which contain the same initial and terminal principles; and consequently express the same number of particular ideas; so that the words only differ in meaning by their different radicals." "By taking off successively the prepositive and postpositive elements, we shall come to the radical met, which means an unit, that serves to compare several other homogeneous units; for met gave the Latins their meta, met produced metiri, mensum; from mensum was derived mensura, &c."

The concluding observations contain the domestick economy of his intended school.

We should not have detained our readers so long upon a work of so little merit, had it not been for the reputation of Pestalozzi, whose system Mr. Neef pretends to have embraced. How far

that system is contained in this work, we are unable to say. Mr. Neef appears to have studied Rousseau so ardently as to have embraced all his wild notions. But Rousseau wrote at a time when education appeared in its worst form; and in combating the false notions which then prevailed, he was led by the ardour of his mind into the opposite extremes. Mr. Neef has not the same apology. Deficient in the genius of Rousseau, and writing when the principles of education are clearly understood, we find nothing to compensate for the extravagance of his plans.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

ART. 4.

The natural and political history of the state of Vermont, one of the United States of America, to which is added an appendix, containing answers to sundry questions addressed to the author.
By Ira Allen, Esq. major general, &c. London, &c. 1798.
pp. 300.

General Allen informs his readers in his preface, that the principal motive, which induced him to publish this work, was, that his character, and that of the people of Vermont were called in question, during the trial in England of a vessel, loaded with arms, which he had purchased from the French government for the militia of Vermont. But as nothing more is said of these arms, and as there is not any particular defence either of himself or countrymen, which can bear the most distant relation to the cause, the motive appears singular; but was probably the only one which could be given.

The natural history of Vermont occupies but a small part of the volume. The little, that is said upon the subject, is not of much importance; but such as it is, it has not even the merit of originality, being taken from Dr. Williams's history, and sometimes copied verbatim, without any credit being given for it. The political part contains the history of Vermont, from the first grants under New Hampshire and the subsequent disputes with New York to the admission of Vermont into the federal union. In these scenes general Allen was a principal actor, and however well he may have performed his part, he has certainly failed in relating it. The facts are not well arranged, many are of a trifling nature, the order of time is not preserved, and frequently an occurrence is told with the greatest parade and minutiae; and when the reader is anxiously waiting the result, to his great disappointment he finds it attended with no consequences. Even in this part of his work

General Allen has not scrupled to copy whole pages verbatim from Dr. Williams, without making the least acknowledgment. Possession, we know, in Vermont constitutes a great many points of the law, but we should hardly have supposed that such bold plagiarisms would be sanctioned even there.

General Allen's language is not always very decorous towards his opponents, and he writes with all the bitterness of a partisan. Some words are used in entirely a new sense, for instance, he says, "Lake Champlain is a noble chart," &c. and there are some inaccuracies of grammar. The appendix contains answers to certain questions proposed to General Allen. They contain a falsely coloured picture of Vermont, from which a person unacquainted with the subject might conclude, that that state was really the garden of the world, and that the inhabitants lived in the simplicity of the golden age, when vice and passion were unknown. We shall conclude with quoting a single passage.

"The contrast between the cultivated and uncultivated grounds is exceedingly pleasing and even inviting to the labour of the husbandman. In this contrast he sees the effect of his own powers aided by the goodness of Providence, he sees he can embellish the most rude spot, the stagnant air vanishes with the woods, the rank vegetation feels the purifying influence of the sun, he drains the swamp, putrid exhalations flit off on lazy wings, and fevers and agues accompany them."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Another castle in the air." is received, and shall appear next month.

Praesidium et dulce decus.

A communication signed Benjamin Woodbridge is received, and we assure our friend that we shall publish any of his lucubrations with pleasure, if they have not been published before.

INTELLIGENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

From Ackermann's Repository—Printed in London.

EXHIBITIONS OF PAINTINGS.

AS caterers of publick amusement and information, it becomes our duty to give some account of the various exhibitions, which, at this season of the year, form one of the principal sources of intellectual gratification. In performing this task, we shall not, as is the custom with some criticks on the fine arts, enter into minute, tedious, and uninteresting details of pictures that "have no character at all." Mediocrity and wretchedness may be glanced at, *en passant*, but merit alone shall arrest our attention and call forth our criticism. We shall commence with the

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE usual cant of periodical criticks, is to begin by complaining of the increase of portraits, and the comparative scarcity of historical compositions: we shall not echo these lamentations. Knowing, as we do, the character and the nature of the encouragement held out, instead of expressing any surprise that there are so few specimens in this class of the art, we are more disposed to wonder, that a single student should be found hardy enough to attempt it.

Mr. Howard takes the lead. His picture of *Christ blessing little Children*, is, indeed, an admirable specimen of his powers: the grouping is excellent; the heads are well chosen, and the children are painted with a truth and sweetness, that raise in the mind of the spectator a thousand interesting emotions. It has given us pleasure to observe, that Mr. Howard has, in this subject, introduced a more picturesque distribution of light and shade than is usual with him. That an artist of his taste should so long have persisted in the dry manner of the Roman school, has often been to us a matter of surprise; the more so, as one painter of the present day (Stothard) has proved that picturesque effect is not at all inconsistent with purity of outline, grace of action, or strength of character. But why should we congratulate Mr. Howard on his improvement? However it may increase his fame, it will not add one iota to his fortune, or tend to avert the general doom which, in this country, awaits all who are bold enough to pursue the elevated walks of art. The present exhibition proves, that, in spite of all his attainments, Mr. Howard is, like the rest of his brethren, condemned to waste his powers and his life in painting the portraits of "christian fools with varnished faces," in vain attempts to give expression to inanity and character to insignificance.

Stothard's emblematical representation of *Peace*, though secondary in size and situation, stands in the first rank of merit. Here is the union to which we have just referred; the greatest elegance of form and most classical composition, combined with

splendid colouring and effect; the various excellences of Raphael and Rubens blended together, and producing one harmonious whole. It is not highly creditable to this age and country, that the painter of this picture has arrived at an advanced time of life, without even having had his powers called into action, to any extent, either publicly or privately. The booksellers have been his *only patrons*, and those talents, which, if rightly employed, might have raised the character of the country in the eyes of Europe, have been frittered away in the embellishment of trifling publications, in putting title-pages to pocket-books, and decorating almanacks.

Of Mr. West's pictures we shall say but little. *The Bard*, though a well drawn figure, is deficient in poetick feeling. It seems as if intended to display the most angular lines and unpleasant contrasts of which the human form is capable. How such a mode of composition can accord with the torrent of enthusiasm that pervades Gray's poem, we are at a loss to conceive. These observations, on the works of so great a painter, are made with reluctance. The splendid productions of his happier moments, have often excited in us the most genuine and enthusiastick admiration; and we would willingly be spared the irksome task of recording his aberrations.

For the same reason we shall not dwell upon the scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*, with which Mr. Fuseli has presented us. We have long admired the creative powers of this great and learned painter; we have seen with wonder and astonishment, his magick pencil conjuring "spirits from the vasty deep;" we have attended his excursions in fairy-land with delight bordering on ecstasy; and we have followed him, "with fear and trembling," into "the world of terrible shadows." Why will he quit these walks, in which nature has qualified him to shine, to tread the flowery paths of love? Why will he *solicit* censure where he might *command* applause?

The admirers of Westal have been amply gratified by the pictures he has this year exhibited. In the composition of the *Herd attacked by Lions*, there is certainly much to admire; but the shew and glare of his colouring, and the want of truth in his touch and effect, can never be reconciled to the eye of taste.

There is a passage in the picture of *Vertumnus and Pomona* which a wicked critick might convert into something very bad indeed. Vertumnus is lifting up a lock of Pomona's hair, and looking inquisitively under it. What he expects to find in Pomona's head, is left to the imagination of the spectator.

Mr. Cook's picture of the *Bill of Rights presented to William and Mary*, is very elaborately and beautifully painted; but we cannot help regretting that an artist of so much merit should waste his powers on such a subject. Pictures of this kind seem to bear the same relation to the elevated walks of historick painting, as the mere topographical delineations of a common drawing master, to the splendid creations of Turner's magick pencil.

The old Roman tribune, Dentatus, defending himself in a narrow Pass against the Attack of his own Soldiers, by R. K. Haydon, is the last picture in this class that we shall notice, and as the early production of a young man, it certainly demands attention. The figure of Dentatus is drawn with considerable vigour, and the other figures are not without character and expression; but we would recommend Mr. Haydon to study arrangement, without which all his drawing, character, and expression, will be thrown away. He has also fallen into another error in endeavouring to give a picturesque character to his work, without thoroughly understanding the laws of picture; he has only made confusion more confused. These, however, are the faults of youth and inexperience, and such as time and practice will certainly correct. The picture is a creditable specimen of his powers, and may be considered as an earnest of future excellence.

We come now to a class of subjects which cannot be termed historical, and which, for want of a better name, we will call fancy pictures.

In this class may be placed the *Distressed Family*, and *Fishing Boys*, by Thomson; the *Cottage Door*, by Owen, &c. This last is not one of Mr. Owen's most successful pictures; the composition is pretty, but the back ground is heavy, and the colour of the flesh wants the warm hue of nature. From all these faults the *Fishing Boys*, by Thomson, is completely exempt. This charming picture appears to us to contain every beauty of which the subject is susceptible: it is Thomson's happiest effort, and is worthy a place in the finest collection in Europe.

The *Distressed Family* is a common-place subject treated in a common-place manner.

In the walk of familiar life Mr. Wilkie maintains his wonted rank. His imitators increase; but, wanting that fine taste and feeling, which are the distinguishing characteristics of his genius, they all remain at a very humble distance. From the herd of imitators we would wish Bird to be excepted. His picture of *Good News*, seems to us to possess as much originality of thought, and as acute perception of character, as any thing we have yet witnessed in this way. The hanging committee have put him on a severe ordeal: but the publick ought to know, when they compare this picture with the exquisite productions of Wilkie, that Wilkie was bred to painting in a classical and cultivated city; and since his appearance in London, has had all the best works of the greatest masters thrown open to his observation; while the painter of this picture has been living in obscurity, in a country town, without materials for study, or models from which to deduce the principles of his art.

Bird's work is not deficient in essentials; invention, character, every thing that displays the power of the artist's mind, and the accuracy of his observation, is to be found in this picture. The

deficiencies are only in the brush work, certainly the least part of a painter's excellence.

Wilkie's *Cut Finger* appears to us to be his very finest production: the great blubbering boy who has cut his finger, the old woman dressing it, and the girl who is endeavouring to get the knife which the boy convulsively and obstinately holds, are all admirable specimens of character; and there is a sweetness and delicacy in the girl who looks over the shoulder of the old woman, which we could scarce have anticipated, even from Wilkie.—Without wishing to give any undue preference to modern art, we cannot help thinking that this picture has never been excelled by the painters of any age or country.

Of the *Rent Day* we cannot speak in terms of such unequivocal praise. It is not our intention to deny the excellence of many parts; but there is one thing in it which destroys its consistency. The woman introduced is certainly not a cottager, and the child is evidently the portrait of a young lady, probably the daughter of the nobleman for whom the picture was painted.

We are the more disposed to be severe upon this, because it seems to display a subserviency to the caprice of a patron to which Wilkie ought to be superior. The picture is certainly spoiled, and the patron and painter both punished for their folly.

Mulready, in his *Returning from the Ale-House*, has come nearer to the pencilling of the Dutch school than any candidate for fame in this walk of the art: but we would ask, is every thing that is Dutch excellent? Are all violations of decency and propriety to be tolerated, because the Dutch painters practised them?—To our feelings, human nature does not present any more obscene or disgusting spectacle than a drunken father surrounded by his children; and yet this is what Mr. Mulready has chosen to make the subject of a picture. Here it is that Wilkie towers above all his competitors;—here his fine taste is eminently conspicuous. He is content to raise our passions without "touching the brink of all we hate." He has his reward—the pictures of Wilkie will obtain lasting fame, while those of his rivals will fall into merited obscurity.

Landscape, though it comes late under our notice, is certainly the most conspicuous feature of the present exhibition. Turner here maintains his accustomed dignity. The *Fleet at Spit-head* is a most majestick picture, and the views of *Sir John Leicester's Seat*, which, in other hands would be mere topography, touched by his magick pencil, have assumed a highly poetick character. It is on occasions like these that the superiority of this man's mind displays itself; and in comparison with the productions of his hand, not only all the painters of the present day, but all the boasted names to which the collector bows,—sink into nothing.

Callcot stands next in rank. The observation usually made on his pictures is, that they are barren in subject, that the interest of the picture is not in proportion to the quantity of can-

was occupied. This objection does not apply to his *Watering-Place*, in the present exhibition. The objects are finely selected and beautifully arranged, and the whole is in perfect harmony.

We wish we could bestow on the pictures of De Louthembourg all the praise that his great reputation seems to demand. His pictures always bring the painter too much to our mind; and instead of dwelling on the majesty of the scene, and partaking of the sentiment intended to be conveyed by the composition, we can think of nothing but the dexterous touch and fine execution of the artist.

Ward's pictures are full of merit; but that merit is much obscured by affectation. He seems to think it of more importance to paint like Rubens, than to paint like nature. From this censure we would exempt the *Straw-Yard*, which is certainly a most excellent picture.

The Daniels maintain their accustomed rank; but they do not offer any thing this year to call forth particular criticism.

Arnold is not quite so conspicuous as in former years; but he has one very exquisite little study of *Buildings at Ambleside*.

We come now to speak of the portraits; and we must place in the first rank, *Lady Kensington* and the *Honourable Mrs. Cowper*, by Owen. The last has not been excelled in sweetness and sentiment, since the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Sir Joseph Banks, by Phillips, is a most commanding portrait. Vigour, truth, and simplicity, are its leading characteristics. We are not often presented with such a noble specimen of the art.

Hoppner's *Lady Essex* is a finely painted portrait; but we cannot reconcile the bright light in the sky, or the immense holihock in the fore-ground, with our notions of picturesque arrangement. These objects seem to be contending for mastery with the figure of the lady.

There are many more fine portraits which might be enumerated and dwelt upon, but our limits will not admit of our enlarging this article.

The lower rooms are, as might be expected, very barren. With the exception of some fine drawings by Gandy and Edridge, some beautiful enamels by Bone, and a highly finished and neatly executed historick subject by Thurston, there is little or nothing to call forth criticism.

The model department is enriched by a master-piece of sculpture from the hand of Flaxman. Nothing has ever been seen in modern art, that in beauty, expression, and sentiment, has approached so near the perfection of the antique. Did the exhibition contain but this one figure, it would be rich above former years.

We have now considered the leading pictures in Somerset-House, we hope, with impartiality. Many pieces of merit have been passed by without notice; but in an exhibition so distinguished as the present, were we to notice all which had merit, no line of demarcation could be drawn, and we might extend our

observations beyond what the limits of our work would admit, or the patience of our readers tolerate.—We shall conclude with mentioning the names of some young men, who, though their works have not yet gained a very conspicuous rank on the walls of the Royal Academy, are evidently making very rapid strides toward the goal of excellence.—The names of Mulready, Cook, and Haydon, have already been alluded to; to these we would add those of Dawe, Linnel, Hunt, Uwins, and H. Corbould.

SPRING-GARDENS EXHIBITION.

THIS exhibition was originally formed by the independent exertions of a few individuals; not attached to any public institution, or supported by the patronage of princes or nobility, they rested their claims solely on the display of their collective strength. The event has, we believe, fully justified their hopes, and they feel, individually and collectively, the utmost gratitude to the publick, for the spontaneous and liberal encouragement they have uniformly received.

To the list of their former members have been added, this year, the names of Dorrel, Payne, Uwins, and Wild.

The works of Payne and Uwins are already well known to the publick, and their reputation is not, in any degree, lessened by the present exhibition. Dorrel and Wild have likewise proved a great increase of strength in their several departments.

Among the old members, the same gentlemen, whose works we have been accustomed to admire since the commencement of the exhibitions, are still the heroes of the scene; and were we to notice all who had claims to our applause, we must print from the catalogue almost the whole of the society.

Glover, Reinagle, Chalon, and Varley, seem, however, to be particularly distinguished.

In the landscapes of Glover, there is a purity of colour, an elegance of form, and a truth of effect, which we think has never been exceeded.

Reinagle is, we fear, a little tinctured with manner; his drawings often remind us more forcibly of Cuyt than of nature; and Varley's *systematick execution* is sometimes too conspicuous: but these are trifling faults compared with their transcendent merits.

Barrett, whose drawings were so universally admired last year, has not, in this exhibition, added to his reputation; he seems to have run wild in his pursuit of warm colour. There is one drawing, however, of *Hastings Fishing Boats*, No. 332, which proves that he still possesses all his powers, and we have no doubt that his good sense will lead him back into the path from which he has strayed.

Hills has surpassed himself. His various drawings of cattle this year are inimitable. Havell, Smith, Nicholson, Pugin, Turner, and Stevens, are all eminently distinguished. Indeed, as we before observed, there is so much talent displayed in the land-

scape department of this exhibition, that we know not where to begin nor where to end our catalogue of excellence.

The claims of this society to historical merit are not so numerous. Christall, who is in general a host, has this year been the occasion of some disappointment. The Sea Coast pictures, particularly *The Storm*, which he exhibited last year, seemed to open a new walk in the art, which no one was so able as himself to follow up. We hope he has not yet abandoned it, and that he will still bring the extensive knowledge of the principles which he has derived from the rich stores of antiquity, to bear upon subjects of natural occurrence.—His *Cottage Girls*, in the present exhibition, are beautiful beyond description; but we wish to see more and greater displays of the powers of his mind.

Heaphy has carried high-finish and minute detail as far as it will go; but that he would apply his powers to some better purpose than painting squinting blackguards and fighting fish-women, is “devoutly to be wished.” We may be mistaken, but it appears to us, that the human figure and the human mind are not the walks in which he is likely to excel. Subjects such as the Dutch painters indulged in, markets, in which the commodity offered for sale (whether fish, vegetables, poultry, or game), formed the leading feature of the picture, and where the venders are secondary and subordinate, seem much better calculated for his genius than any he has yet chosen.—Could he be prevailed upon to turn his attention this way, the publick might expect from his industry an assemblage of objects, always interesting from their truth, and agreeable from their variety; and, executed by his inimitable pencil, they could not fail of obtaining a *unique* character.”

Atkinson's drawings possess wonderful vigour and animation. He has judiciously selected scenes furnished by his travels in other countries, which add great variety and richness to the exhibition.

Uwins has displayed considerable imagination and great elegance of taste in his drawing from the Rape of the Lock. We should like to see his thought pursued through all the offices of the sylphs; it would furnish a most delightful series of pictures. Pope has touched them with such a masterly hand, that it seems surprising the idea has never before been taken up by the painter.

We must conclude this very cursory and rapid notice of this interesting exhibition, by congratulating the members on their success, and wishing them a continuance of it.

BOND-STREET EXHIBITION.

THIS society, though yet in its infancy, possesses considerable claims on publick approbation. The list of members is greatly altered since last year. Emma Smith, Alfred Chalon, Bone, Baxter, and Watts, have retired; and in their room we have

Richter, the Stephanoffs, Cox, Roberts, and we believe some others. The walls of the exhibition prove how much the society is indebted to its new members.

Dewint here takes the lead in a most conspicuous and decided manner. His drawings are of the very first class. Correct observation of nature, fine selection of form, with the greatest truth and simplicity of colour, are the characteristic of his style. His works have all the indications of superiour thinking, all the germ of greatness.

Westall has not fulfilled the expectations that were formed from his last year's display. While he kept to foreign scenes all seemed right; the gaiety of his colour, and the magick playfulness of his touch, diffused a splendour over his works that had the air of enchantment; but, since he has attempted, so unsuccessfully, to delineate English scenery, the spell is dissolved, and we now conclude, that his foreign scenes have no more resemblance to reality than the English views in the present exhibition, with the originals of which we are all familiar.

Cox has displayed an originality which entitles him to high consideration. There is much truth and force in his pictures; but his skies seem to be composed of the same materials as the landscape, and assimilate so exactly with the ground, that it is hard to tell where one leaves off and the other begins.

Owen's drawings would have great merit were they not made up of shreds and patches, selected from the works of others, rather than from nature.

Wilson, Nash, and Williams, have exhibited, in their various departments, several first-rate specimens.

Richter's picture of *Youth* is a highly correct scene; the incidents are natural and well contrived, and the characters selected with a finely discriminating taste. The feebleness of the drawing, and want of arrangement of light and shadow, and colour, detract greatly from its general merits. It is, nevertheless, a fine specimen of this class of art, and we should not hesitate in placing it next in rank to the productions of Wilkie and Bird.

Huet Viliers has displayed abundance of taste and playfulness of imagination in his various drawings and portraits; and Mrs. Green, to the honour of the female professors of painting, has presented us with one miniature portrait of a lady, which, for elegance, harmony, and truth, we believe has scarcely its parallel in modern art.

The drawings of the Stephanoffs, though crude and deficient in harmony, display considerable power, and prove that they have studied their art with attention and success.

Upon the whole this is an interesting little exhibition, and we have no doubt it will meet with the encouragement it deserves. It has, in common with the others, our best wishes for its success.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

Notwithstanding the numerous volumes published respecting China, we know but little of her literature. This is not surprising, when we consider, that the Chinese is confessedly the most difficult of all known languages. Yet there is no doubt, but that translations of some Chinese works would greatly contribute towards the accurate knowledge of that most interesting country. It is, therefore, with considerable satisfaction, that we announce to our readers a work, now in the press, which will be hailed by the serious part of the publick in this country, and throughout Europe, as extremely valuable; namely, *The Penal Code of China*, illustrated with notes by the translator. Its title in the original is *Ta-Tsing-Lou-Lee*. This body of penal laws, successively promulgated by the Chinese emperors of the reigning dynasty, and which is in full force, must be uncommonly interesting to the philosopher, the legislator, the statesman, and all other individuals who think that "man" ought to be the chief study of man. Without pretending to particular information, we believe that the above data will be found tolerably correct. This work is now printing for one of the most respectable publishers in Great Britain, and will, it is supposed, appear early next spring.

From the Monthly Magazine...Printed in London.

PROFESSOR DAVY'S EXPERIMENTS IN CHEMISTRY.

The Chemists of England have their attention at this moment directed to the very important experiments of Mr. Professor Davy, who has so ably investigated the decomposing powers of a principle, which, viewed in all its varieties, exceeds any heretofore suspected as capable of being employed as a chemical agent. Indeed, when we consider what has been already accomplished, by the judicious application of Galvanism, and in hands so competent, there is scarcely room left for us to doubt, but that the science of *Chemistry*, or *Chemicq-electrick Science*, as this eminent analyst terms it, will now proceed with a rapidity proportioned to the means, which can at length be brought to bear upon matter in every form. We cherish, indeed, the strongest hopes, that the next session of the Royal Society of London will commence a very brilliant career, and more auspiciously for sciences than any session which has yet preceded, as connected with the labours of that very learned body. The importance of the extension of these principles of just science is of the utmost consequence, not merely to the man of science, but to all the different departments of the arts; and the important results, as connected even with the principles of various manufactures, will be from such extension incalculable. For it has been almost proved to a demonstration, that every compound concrete substance yields up with great readiness its elementary principles to this new power, which in many instances are separated and carried by invisible circulation to a distance from each other; and this

occurs even where the materials of such unsuspected compounds were supposed to be united by the most powerful forces of affinity or chemical attraction. We heartily wish, (what with no ill-grounded hope we trust must speedily happen,) that a continuation of success may attend such honourable labours. And we congratulate ourselves, that in their department the philosophers of our own country have deservedly and decidedly the lead; and they have gone too far to stop!

While Mr. Davy, and most of his philosophical and chemical contemporaries, are ardently pursuing the novel powers thus furnished, of separating bodies into their constituent parts by the Galvanic influence, or attempting to approximate towards the real elementary principles of all matter, whether in organic or organized, others are as strenuously engaged in maintaining some very remarkable theories; and when we look at the character of the party to whom we allude, and his just eminence as a chemical operator and man of science, we cannot but give every attention to the indefatigability and ingenuity of Mr. Hume. This gentleman, from some peculiarities in the characteristics of *silex*, apprehends that this substance is not a simple earth, as it has been hitherto supposed and classed by modern chemists, but the acidifying principle, *oxygen*, in an actually concrete state; since he conceives that not only lime, but the whole list of the earths, differ so manifestly in their nature and properties from *silex*, that, according to our author, it would appear preposterous to associate them in the same class. The earths possess the powers of alkaline bodies neutralizing the acids, and forming with each species peculiar neutral salts; having all that distinctly marked attraction for acids which the alkalies themselves have. "*Silex*," says he, "on the contrary, has not only no such character, but in all its combinations it acts rather the part of an acid, and prefers evidently an alkali, an earth, or a metal, to any acid whatever; and the most complete combinations are those in which this element predominates." See Monthly Magazine for June, p. 185. The author is, we apprehend, right in conjecturing that any controversy to which this perfectly novel notion might give birth, will be speedily dissipated by the transcendental, the omnipotent powers and agency of the Voltaic Electricity. However it may terminate, Mr. Hume is entitled to every praise for his persevering in a course so eccentric, and for giving a new and quite opposite character and designation to *silex* than has heretofore been thought of by chemists; and which, though it may not be just, yet such is the present condition of the science, that the contrary of what he has advanced cannot be maintained. But more are busied on this important topic; and the dispute must be speedily put to rest. We shall think it altogether premature to offer our opinion, in the present state of the question. Severe experiment will, as it ought, decide. With the conclusion of the session of parliament, the hopes of Mr. Windsor, and those who had applied for the certain exclusive privileges, under the name

of the *Gas Light and Coke Company*, were suspended, by the Bill having been lost. We are, however, well convinced, that this subject is by no means condemned to eternal oblivion. The potent and gratefully-splendid illumination, producible by a fit employment of the purified gaseous combustible products of common coal, has excited the admiration of all who have beheld it. There are, it is true, many obstacles to conquer, before it ought to be expected that apparatus of so simple, safe, and certain a nature, could be devised, as would render the application of this principal part of our constant domestick economy. It was requisite that cheapness should be connected with simplicity, utility, and effect. A graduate of the university, and a well known public lecturer, Dr. STANCLIFFE, of Cambridge, has completely accomplished these objects: and the means by which his end has been attained, are applicable to other departments of practical utility. We can at present only announce, that the results of his labours are about to be laid before the publick; and we shall take the earliest opportunity of communicating all that is valuable and interesting on this subject.

From the Argus....Printed at Paris.

THE AUSTERLITZ PILLAR.

The Austerlitz Pillar, which has been erected in the *Place Vendôme* is 130 feet high and 12 in diameter. It is entirely covering with bronze. There will be 274 plates on the body, and assembled in such a manner as that no one of them can be taken off without shaking the whole mass. Oilet holes delicately cast in the bronze receive hooks which are fixed in the mason work. The first plate begins in a point and represents the sea at the horizon. Ascending from that point, it forms an oblong triangle, with small waves at first, gradually increasing in size and at last exhibiting the flotilla of Dunkirk: the plates soon increasing to three feet long by two high, retrace the victories in their order, until the memorable arrival in the plains of Austerlitz. The figures in basso relievo have a great deal of expression.—Many of the resemblances are very striking. Plate 16 represents the young Dubois, the famous player on the crystal flute; he is at the head of his corps. A hundred and twenty pieces of cannon have already been delivered out in order to be cast. The half globe upon which the statue of the Emperor is to be placed weighs 5112 pounds. A staircase, at present *blind*, is formed in the middle of the pillar. It is said that openings will be made for windows after the plates are fixed; holes will then be drilled from without inwards, choosing for that purpose the cavities which are the least exposed to view: this will not be a difficult operation on account of the round bulks occasioned by the figures; then, from the interior outwards these openings will be enlarged.

At a third from the top of the pillar day light is seen. In order that the plates may be made with the very exact joinings

which are necessary, circles of the diameter of the pillar have been made in wood. These circles separate in two moveable parts on axle-trees; some of them are placed vertically, others horizontally. Each part receives its plate. Then by means of a lever with a counter weight, these parts are drawn closer or removed at pleasure, until the plates being properly adjusted and jointed, are placed in the most perfect juxta position. Being thus dropped down, they will fall so completely into one another, that it will be impossible to perceive where they join.

At the bottom of the monument will be the following inscription:

*Neapolio Imp. Aug.
Monumentum Belli Germanici.
Anno M. DCCCXV.
Trimestri. spatio. Ductu. suo. Profligati ex aere Capto.
Gloriae. Exercitus. Maximi. Dicavit.*

From the National Intelligencer...Printed at Washington City.

THE ADDRESS OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

HAVING formed an association which has since been incorporated, for the purpose of discovering, procuring and preserving whatever may relate to the natural, civil, literary, and ecclesiastical history of our country, and particularly of the state of New York, we solicit the aid of the liberal, patriotick and learned, to promote the objects of our institution.

The utility of societies for the advancement of science, has been so fully proved by the experience of the most enlightened nations of Europe, and by that of our own country, that there can be no need, at this time, of any formal arguments in support of their claim to publick patronage. But it may be observed, that, in this state, if we except the Agricultural Society, there is no association for purposes of general knowledge; and the want of a regular, minute, and authentick history of New York, renders the combined efforts of individuals for that object more peculiarly necessary.

It is well known that many valuable manuscripts and papers relative to the history of our country remain in the possession of those who, though unwilling to intrust them to a single person, yet would cheerfully confide them to a publick institution, in whose custody they would be preserved for the general benefit of society. To rescue from the dust of obscurity of private repositories such important documents, as are liable to be lost or destroyed, by the indifference or neglect of those into whose hands they may have fallen, will be a primary object of our attention.

The paucity of materials, and the extreme difficulty of procuring such as relate to the first settlement and colonial transactions of this state, can be fully perceived by those only who have meditated on the design of erecting an historical monument of those

events, and have calculated the nature and amount of the resources: For without the aid of original records and authentick documents, history will be nothing more than a well-combined series of ingenious conjectures and amusing fables. The cause of truth is interesting to all men, and those who possess the means, however small, of preventing error, or of elucidating obscure facts, will confer a benefit on mankind by communicating them to the world.

Not aspiring to the higher walks of general science, we shall confine the range of our exertions to the humble task of collecting and preserving whatever may be useful to others in the different branches of historical inquiry. We feel encouraged to follow this path by the honourable example of the Massachusetts Society, whose labours will abridge those of the future historian, and furnish a thousand lights to guide him through the dubious track of unrecorded time. Without aiming to be rivals, we shall be happy to co-operate with that laudable institution in pursuing the objects of our common researches: satisfied if, in the end, our efforts shall be attended with equal success.

Our inquiries are not limited to a single state, or district, but extend to the whole continent: and it will be our business to diffuse the information we may collect in such manner as may best conduce to general instruction. As soon as our collection shall be sufficient to form a volume, and the funds of the society will admit, we shall commence publication, that we may better secure our treasures by means of the press, from the corrosions of time and the power of accident.

That this object may be sooner and more effectually attained, we request that all who feel disposed to encourage our design will transmit, as soon as convenient, to the society.....

Manuscripts, records, pamphlets, and books relative to the history of this country, and particularly to the points of inquiry subjoined.

Orations, sermons, essays, discourses, poems and tracts; delivered, written, or published on any publick occasions, or which concern any publick transaction, or remarkable character or event.

Laws, journals, copies of records and proceeding of congresses, legislatures, general assemblies, conventions, committees of safety, secret committees for general objects, treaties and negotiations with any Indian tribes, or with any state or nation.

Proceedings of ecclesiastical conventions, synods, general assemblies, presbyteries, and societies of all denominations of christians.

Narratives of missionaries, and proceedings of missionary societies.

Narratives of Indian wars, battles and exploits; of the adventures and sufferings of captives, voyagers and travellers.

Minutes and proceedings of societies for the abolition of slavery, and the transactions of societies for political, literary and scientifick purposes.

Accounts of universities, colleges, academies and schools ; their origin, progress and present states

Topographical description of cities, towns, counties, and districts, at various periods, with maps, and whatever relates to the progressive geography of the country.

Statistical tables....tables of diseases, births and deaths, and the population ; of meteorological observations and facts relating to climate.

Accounts of exports and imports at various periods, and of the progress of manufactures and commerce.

Magazines, reviews, newspapers, and other periodical publications, particularly such as appeared antecedent to the year 1783.

Biographical memoirs and anecdotes of eminent and remarkable persons in America, or who have been connected with its settlement and history.

Original Essays and disquisitions on the natural, civil, literary, or ecclesiastical history of any state, city, town or district.

As the society intend to form a library, and cabinet, they will gratefully receive specimens of the various productions of the American continent and of the adjacent islands, and such animal, vegetable and mineral subjects as may be deemed worthy of preservation. Donations also of rare and useful books and pamphlets, relative to the above objects, will be thankfully accepted, and all communications duly noticed in the publications of the Society.

JOHN PINTARD, *Recording Sec'y.*

Sept. 15th, 1809.

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR OCTOBER, 1809.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura. Mart.

NEW WORKS.

The Poems of John Edmund Harwood. New York ; M. and W. Ward. 1809.

A view of the proceedings of the House of Representatives of the United States, in the case of the Plymouth election, addressed to the Electors of the Plymouth District. By William Baylies. Boston ; Greenough and Stebbins. 1809.

Letter to Gregoire, Bishop, Senator, Comte of the Empire, and Member of the Institute of France, in reply to his letter on the Columbiad. By Joel Barlow, L. L. D. Fellow of the American Philosophical Society, and of several other learned Institutions. Washington City ; Weightman. 1809.

Reflections upon the Administration of Justice in Pennsylvania. By a Citizen. Philadelphia ; Hopkins and Earle. 1809.

A Review of the Cause of the New Orleans Batture, and of the discussions that have taken place respecting it : containing answers to the late publications of Messrs. Thierty and Derbigne, on that subject. By Peter Stephen

du Ponceau, counsellor at law, of counsel with Edward Livingston, Esq. Philadelphia; Jane Aitken. 1809.

The Pedobaptist Catechism, or a Schedule of the most important questions and answers, together with Scripture proofs, relative to the subject and mode of Baptism. By Daniel Dow, Pastor of a Church in Thompson, Connecticut. 1809.

An Essay on Sheep; their varieties, account of the Marinoes of Spain, France, &c. Reflections on the method of treating them, and raising a flock in the United States; together with miscellaneous remarks on Sheep, and Woollen Manufactures. By Robert R. Livingston, L. L. D. President of the society for promoting the Useful Arts, &c. &c. Printed by order of the Legislature of New York. 1809.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Superiour Courts of Errours of the State of Connecticut, in the year 1805, 1806, and 1807. By Thomas Day, Esq. Volume second, with notes and references, &c. New York; Robert M'Durmot. 1809. Price 6 dollars.

A Discourse, delivered April 23, 1809, completing just twenty-one years from the author's settlement in the work of the ministry, being the Anniversary Day of his Ordination. By Thaddeus Fiske, A. M. Pastor of the Congregational Church and society in West-Cambridge. Published by request. Cambridge; Hilliard and Metcalf. 1809.

The Yankee in London; a series of Letters, written by an American during nine months residence in London: containing Sketches of Society, and Manners in that city at the present day; and of the most prominent traits in the English character. New York; Robert M'Durmot. 1809.

Correspondence of the late president Adams, No. 3. Boston; Everett and Munroe. 1809.

A Sermon delivered at Trinity Church, September 22, 1809, before the members of the Boston Female Asylum, being their ninth anniversary. By J. S. J. Gardiner, A. M. Rector of Trinity Church. Boston; Munroe, Francis and Parker. 1809.

New Crisis, or a Grand appeal to the Nation for its decision on this most important question: "Are happiness and freedom consistent with foreign commerce *at all events*; or are they not? and likewise on the necessity and non-necessity of a WAR." By Pericles. Philadelphia. 1809.

The Rambler's Magazine, No. 1. New York; D. Longworth. 1809.

Maryland Reports, being a series of the most important law cases argued and determined in the provincial Court of Appeals, of the then province of Maryland, from the year 1700 down to the American Revolution, selected from the Records of the State, and from Notes of some of the most eminent counsel, who practised law within that period. By Thomas Harris, jun. Esq. Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and John M'Henry, Esq. Attorney at Law. New York; R. M'Durmot. 1809. Price \$ 6, bound in calf.

Trial of Ensign Robert Dillon, for Mutiny, ungentlemanly and unofficer-like conduct. New York; Southwick and Pelsue. 1809.

NEW EDITIONS.

The works of Mrs. Chapone: now first collected. Containing, I. Letters on the improvement of the mind. II. Miscellanies. III. Correspondence with Mr. Richardson. IV. Letters to Mrs. Carter. V. Fugitive pieces. To which is prefixed, An account of her Life and Character, drawn up by her own Family. In 4 vols. Boston; T. B. Wait & Co.

Lessons for Young persons in Humble life; calculated to promote their improvement in the Art of Reading; in virtue and piety; and particularly, in the knowledge of the duties peculiar to their stations. Philadelphia. 1809.

Essays on the most important Subjects in Religion. By Thomas Scott, D. D. Rector of Aston, Sandford, and Bucks. New York; Williams and Whiting. 1809.

Letters from the Mountains; being the real correspondence of a Lady, between the years 1773, and 1807. By Mrs. Grant. Second Boston edition. E. Larkin. 1809.

Sermons on Various Subjects, Evangelical, Devotional, and Practical, adapted to the promotion of Christian piety, Family Religion, and Youthful Virtue. By the Rev. Joseph Lathrop, D. D. Pastor of the First Church in West Springfield.

Elements of General History, ancient and modern; to which are added, a Table of Chronology, and a complete View of Ancient and Modern Geography. By A. F. Tytler. 1 Vol. 8vo. Price \$ 2 37. New-York; E. Sargent. 1809.

The genuine works of Flavius Josephus, the learned and authentick Jewish Historian, and celebrated Warrior. Translated from the Original Greek, according to Havercamp's accurate edition. With copious Notes and Observations. The whole translated by William Whiston, A. M. late Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge. Worcester; Isaiah Thomas, junr. 1809. 3 vols. 8vo. Price \$ 7.

The Scripture Doctrine of Atonement Examined; first, in relation to Jewish sacrifices, and then, to the sacrifice of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By John Taylor of Norwich. To which is added, candid Remarks upon the Rev. Mr. Taylor's Discourse, entitled The Scripture Doctrine of Atonement. By George Hampton, M. A. First American edition. Boston; Farrand, Mallory & Co. 1809.

WORKS PROPOSED AND IN PRESS.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, have in the press, Lectures on Systematick Theology and Pulpit Eloquence By the late George Campbell, D.D. F.R.S. Ed. Principal of Marischal college, Aberdeen.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, have in the press, Rules and Regulations for the Field Exercise and Manoeuvres of the French Infantry, issued August 1, 1791. Abridged. And all the manoeuvres added, which have been since adopted by the emperor Napoleon. In two volumes. The second volume to consist of thirty-six plates.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, will put to press immediately, The American New Dispensatory. Containing, I. General Principles of Pharmaceutic Chemistry. Chemical Analysis of the articles of *Materia Medica*. II. *Materia Medica*, including several new and valuable articles, the production of the United States. III. Preparations and Compositions. The whole compiled from the most approved modern authors, both European and American. To which is added, an Appendix, containing, A definition of the nature and properties of the Gases; by a fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Medical Electricity and Galvinism. On Medical Prescriptions. An abridgement of Dr. Currie's Reports on the use of Water. Method of cultivating American Opium. By James Thacher, A. A. & M. M. S. S.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, propose to publish, The Philosophy of Rhetorick. By George Campbell, D.D. F.R.S. Edin. principal of the Marischal College, Aberdeen. 'Certo sciant homines, artes inveniendi solidas et veras adollescere et incrementa sumere cum ipsis inventis.' *Bac. De Augm. Scient.*

Williams and Whiting, New York, have in the press, The Life, The Walk, and The Triumph of Faith. By the Rev. William Romaine of London.

Williams and Whiting, New York, propose to publish, The Federalist, on the New Constitution. Written in 1788. By Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and John Jay: together, with an additional volume of Selected and Original matters, from the writings of General Hamilton.

In the press, and will be published speedily, by J. Milligan, Georgetown, in three volumes 18mo. Price \$ 2 50, neatly bound and lettered, The Parent's Assistant, or Stories for Children. By Maria Edgeworth, author of Practical Education, Letters for literary Ladies, &c.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1809.

[The observations of Bishop Gregoire on the Columbiad, which we recently inserted in the Anthology, have drawn a reply from Mr. Barlow; and the editors of publick journals, who have admitted the original letter, are called on to insert the answer. As our motive for printing the letter was, not because it contained an attack on Mr. Barlow, but because we thought it in itself both interesting and eloquent, we do not feel our obligation to give a place to the answer to be very imperious. We have the misfortune to find nothing of sufficient importance in Mr. Barlow or his opinions to induce us to make any extraordinary exertions to lessen his influence. We think him to be but an indifferent poet, a sorry politician, and a still worse philosopher; and we can have no motive therefore to bestow on him any attention, except when he comes before us in the regular exercise of our critical vocation. As however he thinks he has some claims on our justice; and as his letter, if we pardon some bad English, and a good deal of French idiom and French sentimentality, is not badly written, we have no objection to comply with his request.

The letter of Mr. Barlow has not raised our opinion either of his ingenuity or his candour. His first apology is, that the frontispiece of the Columbiad was executed in London. But as the book itself was printed in this country, and bound up under his own eye, it was in his power to have suppressed any thing objectionable; he has clearly therefore made himself responsible for every thing he has tolerated. This ground of defence however he himself abandons, and sets up, as nearly as we can understand him, two others; 1st, that the cross is considered in our country, not as the emblem of christianity, but of the superstitions of the Roman Catholicks; and 2dly, that all emblems are in their nature absurd, and in their tendency pernicious. In point of fact we think the first of these positions incorrect. We believe that if any christian among us were asked "what is used as the emblem of your religion?" he would answer, "the cross." At any rate it is not considered as the appropriate emblem of the Roman Catholicks, for we see the cross on the flags of Protestant nations, and nothing is more familiar to our ear than the expression, the "triumphs of the cross," among protestant writers. As far as his observations on the abuse of emblems of all kinds are intended to vindicate him from the charges of the bishop, they are entirely without bearing on the question. The object of his plate is certainly not to ridicule the use of emblems, but the things themselves, which these emblems are intended to represent. The case therefore, which the bishop puts, is perfectly in point; "you would be offended to see the symbols of liberty trampled under foot before your

eyes." "Not at all," replies Mr. Barlow, "provided the great realities of freedom are left me." It is very true, that if he knew the person doing this was really at the same time a lover of the great realities of freedom, the action would be unimportant. But if the person were more than suspected of being an enemy to the cause of freedom, the action would then be considered as expressive of his hostile disposition to the thing signified by the emblem on which he trampled; and he would incur the indignation, we do not say of Mr. Barlow, but certainly every sincere friend to freedom.

We really, however, think that very few of our readers will require to have the shallowness of Mr. Barlow's reasoning any farther exposed. What we have been most disgusted with in reading his letter, is the unmanly and disingenuous ambiguity, which is visible throughout his letter. His object appears to be to impress on the hasty reader the idea of his being a christian, and at the same time to use no expression which is not capable of being explained away. He seems desirous of seeing how near he can come to making a direct assertion of his belief, without actually doing it. "I am not one of the unbelievers," he says. But when we examine the connexion, we find that this may only mean that he is not one of *those* unbelievers, who have attacked the christian system. "I have never renounced christianity;" that is, we suppose, he has never publicly abjured it; or he never had any to renounce. There is abundant evidence in several passages, and indeed in the whole strain of the letter, to prove that these conclusions are not too harshly urged. For a man, who professes a conscientious incredulity in the religion of Christ, we can feel only the most sincere pity. But when the evident infidel attempts to assume the appearance of christianity, in order more securely and fatally to wound it, we confess we feel a somewhat warmer emotion. But Mr. Barlow, we suppose, has read the XV and XVI chapters of the Decline and Fall; and he is desirous of the honour of imitating Mr. Gibbon. He has it. But he must suffer us to tell him, that the only point, in which he can hope to imitate him, is one, in which Mr. Gibbon can be wished to be imitated by no honest man. It is only when Mr. Gibbon abandons the character of a fair and honourable foe, to assume that of the secret assassin in the hour of sleep, that he can find a rival in Mr. Barlow.]

EDITORS OF ANTHOLOGY.

LETTER TO HENRY GREGOIRE,

BISHOP, SENATOR, COMPTE OF THE EMPIRE, MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE, IN REPLY TO HIS LETTER ON THE COLUMBIAD. BY JOEL BARLOW, L. L. D. FELLOW OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, &c.

My Dear Good Friend,

I HAVE received your letter, at once complimentary and critical on the poem I sent you. Our venerable friend, archbishop Carroll, informs me that he has likewise received from you a copy of the same letter; and he has expressed to me in conversation, with the same frankness that you have done in writing, his displeasure at the engraving which has offended you.

While I assure you that I sincerely mingle my regrets with yours and with his on this subject, permit me, my excellent Gregoire, to accompany them with a few observations that I owe to the cause of truth and to my own blameless character.

Yes, my friend, I appeal to yourself, to our intimate intercourse of near twenty years, when I repeat this claim of character. It cannot be denied me in any country ; and your letter itself, with all its expostulating severity, is a proof of the sentiment in you which justifies my appeal.

The engraving in question is gone forth, and unfortunately cannot be recalled. If I had less delicacy than I really have towards you and the other catholick christians whom you consider as insulted by the prostration of their emblems which you therein discover, I might content myself with stating, what is the fact, that this engraving and the picture from which it was taken, were made in England while I was in America ; and that I knew nothing of its composition till it was sent over to me not only engraved, but printed and prepared for publication. My portion therefore in the crime, if it is a crime, is only the act of what our lawyers term an accomplice after the fact. But my affectionate regard for an offended brother will not suffer me to meet his complaint with so short an answer. I must discuss the subject, and reply to the whole charge as though it were all my own ; premising, as I have already done, that I am sorry there is occasion for it, and regret that the engraving was ever made.

How much our religious opinions depend on the place of our birth ! Had you and I been born in the same place, there is no doubt but we should have been of the same religion. Had that place been Constantinople we must have been musselmen. But now the musselmen call us infidels ; we pity their weakness and call them infidels in our turn. I was born in a place where catholick christians are not known but by report ; and the discipline of our sect taught us to consider them, not indeed as infidels, but as a species of idolaters. It was believed by us, though erroneously, that they worshipped images. We now find that they employed them only as instruments of worship, not as the object. But there is no wonder that to the vulgar apprehension of our people it should appear as we were taught to believe ; and that those nations who bow the knee before these emblems of deity, and address their prayers to them, should be considered as really worshipping them. This idea was perhaps corroborated by their prayers being uttered in an unknown tongue.

The decalogue of Moses had inspired us with an abhorrence for images, and for those who bow down to them and worship them ; and hence arose our unhappy aversion to the catholicks. We were told that their churches were full of pictures, statues and other visible representations, not only of the blessed virgin, of all the apostles and many of the saints, but of every person in the holy trinity. Our fathers had protested against that great section of the christian family which calls itself the mother church, not merely on account of the sale of indulgences,

against which Luther had led the revolt, but likewise on account of its making these pretended images of the inimageable God.

The sect of puritans, in which I was born and educated, and to which I still adhere for the same reason that you adhere to the catholicks, a conviction that they are right, were the class of reformers, who placed themselves at the greatest remove from the mother church, and retained the least respect for her emblems and the other ceremonials of her worship. They could suffer no bishops, no mitres, crosiers, crucifixes or censers. They made no processions, carried no lighted candles through the streets at noon day; neither did they leave them burning in their churches through the night, when no human eye was there to see them; having entirely lost sight of this part of the institutions of Zoroaster, Isis, and Ceres. They would not allow their prayers to be written in any language, not even in Latin, though they did not understand it. But they chose to utter their supplications extempore, like their other discourses, to communicate their own ideas, to express their wants and offer their confessions directly to the invisible God; through a mediator indeed, but without holding him in their hand, or having him fixed in effigy on a cross before their eyes. They had no organs in their churches, no instrumental musick in their worship, which they held to be always profane.

These people made use of no cross but the mystical one of mortifying their sins; and if they had been called upon to join in a crusade to the holy land, they must have marched without a standard. They would have fought indeed with as much bravery as saint Louis or the lion Richard; but when they had reconquered the tomb of Christ they would have trampled on the cross with as fervent a zeal as they would upon the crescent. They were not conversant with what we call the fine arts; they spoke to the ear but not to the eye; and having no reverence for images or emblems, they despised those that had, though they were doubtless wrong in so doing.

I mention these things, my worthy friend, not with the least idea of levity or evasion; but to prove to you how totally you have mistaken my meaning and my motive; to shew by what chain of circumstances, mostly foreign to our own merits or demerits, our habits of opinion, our cast of character are formed; to shew how natural it is that a man of my origin and education, my course of study and the views I must have taken of the morals of nations, their causes and tendencies, should attribute much of the active errors that afflict the human race to the use of emblems, and to the fatal facility with which they are mistaken for realities by the great vulgar of mankind; how the best of christians of one sect may consider the christian emblems of another sect, as *prejudices* of a dangerous tendency, and honestly wish to see them destroyed; and all this

without the least hostility to their fundamental doctrines, or suspicion of giving offence.

I never supposed that those *Hollanders* who, to obtain leave to carry on commerce to Japan, trampled on the cross, as a proof that they did not belong to the same nation with the Portuguese who had done so much mischief in that island, really meant to renounce their religion as christians, when they trod upon its catholick emblem. The act might be reprehensible, as being done for lucre; but it must appear extremely different in the eyes of different sects of christians. To a catholick, who identifies the cross with the gospel, our only hope of salvation, it must appear a horrid crime; but to a protestant we may easily conceive it might appear of little moment, and by no means as a renunciation of the gospel.

You have now furnished in your own person an additional example, and a most striking one, of identifying the symbol with the substance. In your letter to me, you treat the cross and the gospel as the same thing. Had I been sufficiently aware of the force of that habit of combination among the catholicks, especially in a mind of those acute perceptions and strong sensibilities which I know to belong to yours, I should surely have suppressed the engraving.

You must perceive by this time, that you have mistaken my principles and feelings in another point of view. You suppose I should be greatly offended "to see the symbols of liberty, so dear to me, trampled under foot before my eyes." Not at all my friend. Leave to me and my country the great realities of liberty, and I freely give you up its emblems. There was no time in the American revolution, though I was then young and enthusiastick, when you might not have cut down every liberty pole and burnt all the red caps in the United States, and I would have looked on with tranquillity, perhaps have thanked you for your trouble. My habits of feeling and reasoning, already accounted for, had accustomed me to regard these trappings rather as detrimental than advantageous to the cause they are meant to support. These images we never greatly multiplied in this country. I have seen more liberty caps at one sitting of the Jacobin club in Paris, than were ever seen in all America.

You will say perhaps that it is the difference of national character which makes the distinction. This is doubtless true; but what has been the cause of this difference in the character of our two nations? Has not the universal use of emblems in one, and the almost universal disuse of them in the other, had as great if not a greater effect than all other causes, in producing such difference? I do not say that our national character is better than yours; far from it. I speak frankly, I think you undervalue the French character. I have a high esteem for that nation. They are an amiable, intelligent, generous, hospitable,

unsuspicious people. I say nothing of their government, whether regal, revolutionary or imperial. In private friendship they are as disinterested and unshaken, at least as any people I have seen. Of this I could cite numerous examples, both within my own experience and that of others; though it would establish my position in my own mind if I were able to mention none but you.

It would indeed be paying too high a compliment to any nation on earth, to cite Gregoire as a sample of its moral and social character. If all catholicks had been like you, the world at this day would all be catholicks. And I may say, I hope without offence, that if all pagans had been like you, the world had all been pagans; there might have been no need of catholicks, no pretext for the sect of puritans.

This is an amicable discussion between you and me. The suavity of your manner does honour to the fortitude with which you defend your principles; though it is not easy to perceive against what opponent you are defending them. Your letter expatiates in a wide field and embraces many subjects. But really, my friend, the greater part of it has nothing more to do with me than one of Cicero's letters to Atticus. You begin by supposing that I have renounced christianity myself, and that I attempt to overturn the system by ridicule and insult. Neither of which is true; for neither of which have you the least colour of proof. No, my honest accuser, the proof is not in the book. Review the work with all the acumen of your discernment, and you must, you will recall the hasty accusation. I defy you and all the criticks of the English language to point out a passage, if taken in its natural, unavoidable meaning, which militates against the genuine principles, practice, faith and hope of the christian system, as inculcated in the gospels and explained by the apostles whose writings accompany the gospels in the volume of the new testament.

On the contrary I believe, and you have compelled me on this occasion to express my belief, that the Columbiad, taken in all its parts of text and notes and preface, is more favourable to sound and rigid morals, more friendly to virtue, more clear and unequivocal in pointing out the road to national dignity and individual happiness, more energetick in its denunciations of tyranny and oppression in every shape, injustice and wickedness in all their forms, and consequently more consonant to what you acknowledge to be the spirit of the gospels than all the writings of all that list of christian authors of the three last ages, whom you have cited as the glory of christendom, and strung them on the alphabet, from Addison down to Winkelman. Understand me right, my just and generous friend; I judge not my poem as a work of genius. I cannot judge it, nor class it, nor compare it in that respect, because it is my own. But I *know* it as a moral work; I *can* judge and

dare pronounce upon its tendency, its beneficial effect upon every candid mind, and I am confident you will yet join me in opinion. But let me repeat my prayer that you will not mistake the spirit of this observation. It is not from vanity that I speak; my book is not a work of genius; the maxims in it are not my own; they are yours, they are those of good men that have gone before us both; they are drawn from the gospel, from history, from the unlettered volume of moral nature, from the experience and the inexperience of unhappy man in his various struggles after happiness; from all his errors and all his objects in the social state. My only merit lies in putting them together with fidelity. My work is only a transcript of the tablet of my mind impress with these images as they pass before it.

You will see that I have nothing to do with the unbelievers who have attacked the christian system either before the French revolution, or during or since that monumental period. I am not one of them. You say I resemble them not in any thing else; you will now add that I resemble them not in this.

So far as you have discovered a cause of the failure of that revolution in the renunciation of the christian faith by those who held, in stormy quick succession, the reigns of your government, I thank you for the discovery. I was in want of more causes than I had yet perceived, to account for the unhappy catastrophe of that gigantic struggle of all the virtues against all the vices that political society has known. You have discovered a cause; but there is such a thing in logic, as the cause of a cause. I have thought, but perhaps it is an error, that the reason why the minds of the French people took the turn they did, on the breaking out of the revolution, was to be found in the complicated ceremonies of their worship, and what you yourself would term the non essentials of their religion.

The reasonable limits of a letter will not allow me to do justice to this idea. To give it the proper development would require five times the volume that I shall give to the present communication. The innumerable varieties of pomp and circumstance which the discipline of the church had inculcated and enjoined, became so incorporated with the vital principles of faith and practice; and these exteriors were overloaded with abuses to such a degree, that to discriminate and take them down, without injuring the system, required a nicer eye than the people can possess, a steadier hand than can comport with the hurried movement of a great revolution.

The scaffolding of your church, permit me to say it, had so inclosed, perforated, overlooked and underpropt the building, that we could not be surprised, though sorely grieved, to see the reformer lay his hand, like a blind Samson, to the great substantial pillars, heave and overturn the whole encumbered edifice together, and bury himself in the ruins. Why did they

make a goddess of reason? Why erect a statue of liberty? a mass of dead matter for a living energetick principle! Have the courage, my good friend, to answer these questions. You know it was for the same cause that the people of Moses, made their golden calf. The calf Apis had from time immemorial become a god in Egypt. The people were in the habit of seeing their divine protector in that substantial boval form, with two horns, four legs and a tail; and this habit was so interwoven in the texture of their mind as to become a part of the intellectual man. The privations incident to a whole moving nation subjected them to many calamities. No human hand could relieve them; they felt a necessity of seeking aid from a supernatural agent, but no satisfaction in praying to an invisible God. They had never thought of such a being; and they could not bring themselves at once to the habit of forming conceptions of him with sufficient clearness and confidence to make him an object of adoration, to which they could address their supplications in the day of great affliction.

Forty years of migration were judged necessary to suppress the habit of using idols in their worship; during which time their continual marches would render it at once inconvenient for the people to move their heavy gods, and to conceal them in their baggage; while the severity of military discipline must expose their tents and their effects to the frequent inspection of their officers.

Shall I apply this principle to the French nation in her revolution? No, my friend, it is too delicate a task for a foreigner who has received her hospitality; I will leave it to your own compassionate and philanthropick mind. You will recollect how often I partook of your grief during that scene of moral degradation. No sooner did you and the other virtuous leaders in the revolution begin to speak of *august* liberty, *holy* reason and the *divine* rights of man, than the artisans took up the hammer, the chissel and the plaister of Paris. They must reduce these gods to form before they could present them to the people with any chance of their being understood; they must create before they could adore. Trace this principle through five years of your history, and you will find why the catholick religion was overturned, morality laid asleep, and the object of the revolution irretrievably lost, at least for our day.

My dear Gregoire, I am glad you have written me this letter, though at first it gave me pain. I was sorry to find myself so entirely misconceived by a friend so highly valued; but I see your attack is easily repelled, a thing which I know will give you pleasure, and it furnishes me an occasion at the same time to render a piece of justice to myself in relation to my fellow citizens. You must know I have enemies in this country. Not personal ones; I never had a personal enemy, to my knowledge, in any country. But they are political enemies, the

enemies of republican liberty, and a few of their followers who never read my writings; that is my writings that I wrote, but only those that I did not write; such as were forged and published for me in my absence; many of which I never have seen, and some of which I did not hear of till ten years after they had been printed in the American gazettes.

It has even been said and published by these christian editors, (I never heard of it till lately) that I went to the bar of your convention, when it was the fashion so to do, and made a solemn recantation of my christian faith, declaring myself an Atheist or Deist, or some other anti-christian apostate; I know not what, for I never yet have seen the piece. Now, as an active member of that convention, a steady attendant at their sittings, and my most intimate friend, you know that such a thing could not be done without your knowledge; you know therefore that it was not done; you know I never went but once to the bar of that convention, which was on the occasion to which you allude in the letter now before me, to present an address from the constitutional society in London, of which I was a member. You know I always sympathized in your grief and partook of all your resentments while such horrors and blasphemies were passing, of which these typographical cannibals of reputation have made me a participant.

These calumnies you see could not be refuted by me while I did not know of their existence. But there is another reason which you will not conceive of till I inform you. The editors of newspapers, you know, ought to be considered as exercising a sacred function; they are the high priests of public opinion, which is the high court of character, the guardian of public morals. Now I am ashamed to inform you that there are editors in this country who will publish the grossest calumny against a citizen, and refuse to publish its refutation. This is an immorality unknown in France since the death of Marat.

A private letter of mine, written from Paris, was mutilated in this country, made to say things that I never wrote nor thought, and published in all our anti-republican papers. I saw it a year after the date and immediately wrote an explanatory letter, which re-established my first intention. This last I then published in Paris, London and Philadelphia. Not one editor who printed the original mutilated letter has, to this day, printed my answer; though it was published in all those places ten years ago. And perhaps not one person in twenty who read the first has ever seen the second, or yet knows of its existence, except these editors who refused to publish it.

You must not suppose from this statement of facts that I am angry with these people. On the contrary, I pity and forgive them. And there is no great merit in this, for they are not my enemies. They only do the work they are set about by their patrons and supporters, the monarchists of America. Their

object is not to injure me, but to destroy the effect of my republican writings.

They now publish your letter with great avidity because they think it will tend to decry my poem. It may have this effect in a small degree; but I still thank them for multiplying your publication. There is no work of yours that I do not wish to see universally read in America; and I hope soon to find in our language and in the hands of all our readers your last very curious and interesting treatise *de la littérature des negres*. It is a work of indefatigable research, and brings to light many facts unknown in this country; where the cause of humanity is most interested in propagating that species of knowledge. I hope the manuscript copy of Mr. Warden's translation is not lost; or if it is, that he will be able to furnish our booksellers with another.

If I had renounced christianity, as your letter seems to suppose, that letter and my reflections on your life and conversation would certainly bring me back. For you judge me right when you say I am not ashamed to own myself possibly in the wrong; or in other words to confess myself a man. The gospel has surely done great good in the world; and if, as you imagine, I am indebted in any measure to that for the many excellent qualities of my wife, I owe it much indeed.

I must now terminate my letter; or I shall be obliged to turn from you to the publick, with an apology for making it so long; since I must offer it to the publick in my country, and trust to your sense of justice to do the same in yours and in your language, in order to give it a chance of meeting your letter in the hands of all its readers. If, thus united, they serve no other purpose, they will be at least a short lived monument of our friendship, and furnish one example of the calmness and candour with which a dispute may be conducted, even on the subject of religion.

Your affectionate friend,

Kalorama, 13th Sept. 1809.

JOEL BARLOW.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ANTHOLOGY.

Gentlemen,

IN the Anthology for May, 1809, we find a poem inserted, called the Rake. A reader in that miscellany requested to know by whom it was written. The authoress was a lady, whose married name was Gerrish, her family name Fayerweather. The subject of that production was the lady's only brother; Boston their natal town. More than half a century has elapsed since they both deceased. The lady survived her brother.

Previous to his death, she had the happiness, by her precepts and fair example, to recall the wanderer to the paths of goodness and virtue.

The writer of this notice had hoped some courteous friend, with less diffidence than herself, would have addressed you, or this communication should have been prompt.

Gentlemen, be assured this information is authentick; from a friend to literature and the muses. *October 23, 1809.*

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

By those writers who examine human life only to discover cause of complaint, much has been said of the irreparable loss sustained by the present age, because in the revolutions of time, all antiquity has not been exempt from ravages, and delivered down to us unimpaired. When the magnitude of the evil cannot be known, it is an easy matter to represent it greater than it is, and to awaken our regret for the loss of what might never have had an existence. If every ancient poet were a Homer, and every orator a Demosthenes, we would cordially join in such "loud lament," and hold that time had committed an offence little short of an indictable one in thus purloining property to which he had no kind of title. However, we think it at least a moot point, and worthy of deep consideration before final judgment is given, whether time, who seems already to have set his face against a large part of modern literature, is not entitled to our thanks for having played the same game with the ancients.

We have reason to believe that the fairest models of antiquity have survived the rapacity of accident, and it would be a most preposterous cause of complaint, that, because we have the best specimens, we should manifest an equal solicitude for the worst. Modern superstition has ransacked every thing above ground, and every thing under it, in quest of the objects of such idolatry. But the acquisition has, in a multitude of instances, abated the fervency of such worship. Priapus, although he was discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum, and has been introduced to the world with all the elegance of engraving, might have remained a *subterranean* still, without reproaching those who produce such a curious specimen of the purity of ancient taste. Vesuvius has suffered the full brunt of critical vengeance for having lent his assistance in demolishing such noble samples of antiquity: but in the instance of Priapus at least the devastation was not to be regretted. We therefore think that those ravages of time, so much lamented by criticks, have been, in many cases, merciful ravages; that he did not act

from motives of envy, or malice, but from delicacy to the reputation of the ancients; that it is on this very ground that much of our reverence for antiquity is founded; and that where modern industry has reclaimed the property, the ancients have often been the *principal sufferers*.

I have been drawn into these reflections by reading "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," by Walter Scott. To those who have not seen the book it may be necessary to state, that Scotland was once overrun by a race of men denominated Borderers, who gained a subsistence, in the courtly dialect of Mr. Scott, by "predatory incursions," or who in the plainer language of truth and justice, were thieves, outlaws and assassins. By confederacies as daring as they were wicked, they were enabled to overawe their sovereign, who was often nothing more than an humble instrument in their hands, by whose agency they gave to their robberies the sanction of law. Knit together by a common love of plunder, and a common apprehension of danger, when assaulted by superiour force, they retreated to their respective castles, to concentrate their strength. Those bold chieftains, followed by men as intrepid as themselves, reduced their robberies to a regular system, and preserved a code of laws distinct from, and hostile to those of the community at large. With characteristick insolence they denominated a crime "Border treason." This state of society, this imperium in imperio, gave birth to a life, character, and manner so perfectly foreign to ours, that it undoubtedly becomes an object of curious research. Our poets and novelists have completely exhausted chivalry; and so little do we sympathize in the fate of their knights, who die in Palestine, that we almost wish the author had been one of the party. Mr. Scott has made felony and chivalry convertible terms; he has dignified the profession of this forlorn gentry by the name of "Border Chivalry," a mode of chivalry, which, if practised now, would receive not the sparkling wines, and costly viands, on which the knights of antiquity were wont to regale; but the utmost punishment which the law could inflict. The songs of this rude race is what is now called the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which Mr. Scott has collected with uncommon assiduity, and of which he laments his inability to obtain more. It is somewhat singular that a man of his splendid talents, whose claims on the admiration of succeeding ages are so strong, could take delight in the uncouth legends and barbarous rhymes of a set of men, whose education fitted them only for the gallows. He has preserved the mouldering antiquity of his country's infamy, and given it to posterity arrayed in all the splendour of typography. In his preface, he concludes an elaborate dissertation on the ancient manners of the "Borderers," in the following remarkable words: "In the notes and occasional dissertations, it has been my object to throw to-

gether, perhaps without a sufficient attention to method, a variety of remarks regarding popular superstitions and legendary history, which if not now collected must soon be totally forgotten. By such efforts, feeble as they are, I may contribute somewhat to the history of my native country, the peculiar features of whose manners and character are daily melting and dissolving into those of her sister and ally. And trivial as may appear such an offering to the manes of a kingdom once proud and independent, I hang it upon her altar with a mixture of feelings which I shall not attempt to describe."

"A kingdom *once* proud and independent!" Does the poet mean, as his words without coercion seem to import, that his native country has forfeited all pretensions to her former pride and independence, because those outlaws have long since suffered merited punishment, and that their rude songs are the only memorials of her glory? Are we to understand that the "peculiar manners and features" of Scotland are now "melting away into those of her sister and ally," and that the gibbet alone has wrought this wonderful change? Is not the circumstance, which Mr. Scott seems so pathetically to deplore, the very thing which has redeemed the character of his country from reproach, and the grand criterion which distinguishes the civilized state from the savage?

We beg leave in justice to say, that such is not the character of Scotland; and further, that such is not *the opinion of Mr. Scott*. We wish to defend him against his own words. The love which a Scotchman bears his native country has past into a reverence little short of idolatry. Accustomed to respire the keen mountain air, the sons of Caledonia inhale its vigour. It reddens in their cheeks and sparkles in their eyes. A frame thus formed, and fanned by such invigorating gales, communicates through a sympathy inscrutable by mortals its influence to the mind; it becomes the receptacle of generous sentiment, grand and aspiring thought, a strong sensibility that rouses at the slightest touch, and tingles like electricity through all the tendons of the body. In more voluptuous climates the suns blaze but to kindle effeminacy, and the natives participate from nature in the delicacy of the flowerets. Wherever earth is gratuitous in her favours, her sons look upon them in the light of inheritance, and their enjoyment consists in dissipation. The blossom that expands under cold and ungenial skies, and acquires all the lustre and fragrance which softer suns confer, is doubly endearing, because it is an unquestionable monument of a conflict with, and a victory over the elements of heaven. Caledonia was not formed for the cradle of the soul, or the body. The powerless sunbeam on every icicle warns the native that mercy is not to be anticipated. The keen blast speaks in his ears, with no equivocal dialect, that luxury and effeminacy must elsewhere seek a residence.

To return to the subject of discussion, Mr. Scott candidly confesses that "the reader must not expect to find in the "Border ballads" refined sentiment, and far less elegance of expression, although the style of such composition has been found in modern hands," (probably he alludes to his own, and in this we heartily concur), "highly susceptible of both." The question then recurs, if those ballads contain no refined sentiment, and far less elegance of expression, if they only "celebrate the valour" and success of the "Robbers who composed them," if "they praise only those very exploits against which the laws of their country had pronounced a capital doom," if "an outlawed freebooter was a more interesting person than the king of Scotland, exerting his power to punish such depredations," if, "when such characters are contrasted, the latter is always represented as a ruthless and sanguinary tyrant," all which is expressly admitted by our author, why are memorials of such infamy preserved? Mr. Scott answers, that "it contributes somewhat to the history of his native country!" But is this triumph of the gibbet over the crown and the sceptre so desirable a victory as one who feels a filial reverence for his country ought to celebrate? No. Let the infamous history moulder. We should have little cause to respect the filial reverence of the man who should cause to be engraven on the tombstone of his ancestor who was hanged for horse stealing, *a copy of the Indictment*.

We venture to assert that Mr. Scott was deceived in his own motives; that it was not to preserve such relics of his country's dishonour, even though he thereby benevolently "contributes to her history," that has made him an enthusiast in such researches. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was at that time the uppermost in his brain. An intimate acquaintance with the history of the "Scottish Border chiefs," under the influence of the muse, arrayed in the attributes which his fancy conferred, in opposition to the most notorious fact, prepossessed him in favour of the originals. Mr. Scott, when he first gave his mind to such researches, found that those Borderers possessed courage equal to, and encompassed with as much hazard as the knights of antiquity had to encounter. Their manners and character undoubtedly admitted, and much they required, poetical embellishment, before the community could endure, much less applaud, a recital of their deeds. As no poet need be sworn to the truth of his own poetry, he availed himself of this immunity, and the event has equalled his most sanguine expectations. The *thief* is buried, and we behold by the influence of the muse the resurrection of the *knight*. Chivalry assumes a new form, and the appetite of the community, long since completely satisfied by the enjoyment of old chivalry, now revives, and rapaciously demands the repast prepared by Walter Scott. It was the fortunate conception of effacing al-

together the robberies committed by his countrymen, and of joining their deeds to those of ancient chivalry, that has been the foundation of his fame. Where manners are furnished by fact to the hands, it is easy for the muse to invent motives; this Mr. Scott has done, and every felon is thus by her sorcery converted into a knight. Hence his phrase of "Border chivalry," which he pronounces with as much gravity as if his cool judgment gave any sort of credit to it. These Borderers, rude and fierce as they were, have given birth to one of the most beautiful poems in our language. The reader, by comparing Mr. Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" with "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," derives a pleasure usually denied him in similar cases, of ascertaining how far fancy has exceeded fact: their bounds may be traced out with almost mathematical preciseness.

In the Minstrelsy, the Borderer appears in all the asperities of his nature, and we can scarcely turn a page without strong symptoms of disgust. In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" the same character rises upon us glistening with courage, and impelled to action by the impulse of generous sentiment. Scarce any thing of the original character is retained but the courage, and this by the witcheries of the muse is turned from the pursuits of robbery, to the defence of female beauty, and the assertion of her fame. The national pride of Scotland is thus decoyed into the belief that pure and legitimate chivalry was once the occupation of her sons. But Mr. Scott seems to have forgotten the decorations of his own muse, and furnishes the world with the originals. The charm now dissolves apace, the imposition of the muse is discovered and detected, and the reader feels a slight degree of irritation at finding that his sympathy has been thus pressed into the service in favour of a set of men whose crimes so often invoked the thunders of justice. Mr. Scott has, by giving to the world "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," incontestibly proved the vigour of his fancy in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" but in some measure it abates the charm of his page when he produces, in the former volume, the gibbet as a voucher for the latter.

We do therefore believe that Mr. Scott was so fascinated by the subject on which his fancy delighted to dwell, as to lead him to expose the originals from whence it was taken, in all their nakedness and deformity, that when he asserted that "it contributed to the history of his native country," he did not avow his real motive, and equally deceived the publick and himself. Respecting the intrinsick merit of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," it is difficult to speak in the measured propriety of critical justice. The page is so alluring, that it seems little better than fastidious delicacy to find fault with any particular part. There is in the work that minute development of beauty, that requires an acquaintance with the whole, properly

to appreciate. The predominant passion of the personage is set before us with such clearness, and shines through all the vicissitudes with such a strong, and withal so discriminating a light, that a man must feel before he can discover its brilliance. A casual perusal would condemn the volume; it requires to be dwelt upon, or otherwise we do an injury to the poet. It demands the "second sight" of Parnassus, and a portion of that delicate enthusiasm, under the influence of which the author wrote, before we can claim the character of competent judges. Mr. Scott fairly eludes all criticism. We are charmed in defiance of argument; the tale, whether silly or not, is lost in the beauty of its narration. In his preface to the poem, he boldly informs his reader, that "the description of scenery and manners was more his object than the combined and regular narrative." If it were allowable to an author to have said more, he might have added, that the strength of his genius compensated for every defect of his plan. Should a straw on the surface of a rapid current be possessed of human intellect, it is not for that poor thing to determine the impetuosity of its course; but it must submit to be whirled about at the caprice of the cataract.

Beside the bold and obtrusive beauties of the poem, there are others less striking, which may fairly be denominated poetical *violets*. Unlike some of our modern bards, who deem it the perfection of poetry to write what no one can understand, the metaphors of Mr. Scott do not dazzle out of sight the subject they were destined to illuminate. On the contrary, they diffuse a coy and reluctant kind of splendour that flash on the opacity of the object, and expire.

We will not detain the reader by a long enumeration of the foibles (for such are undoubtedly to be found) in this beautiful work. It may be observed in general, that Scott sometimes loses the character of a Border Knight, and by following too faithfully the original, presents us with the *Robber*. When Deloraine, for instance, is desired by the lady of the castle not to read the book, that he is commanded to obtain from the tomb of Michael Scott, he replies :

"And safer by none may thy errand be done,
Than, noble dame, by me;
Letter nor line know I never a one,
Wer't my neck verse at Hairibee."

The author subjoins in a note, that "*Hairibee* is the place of executing the Border marauders; that the *neck verse* is the beginning of the fifty first psalm, anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy." Here the character of the knight is degraded to an intimate acquaintance with the gibbet, and the artificial dignity conferred by the muse dissolves in a moment.

R.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM CADIZ TO SEVILLE.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

THE late unfortunate reverses of the Spanish arms have rendered it probable that I shall not continue much longer in Spain. This I regret exceedingly on many accounts, one and not the least of which is that I have seen much less than I wished of the country. I have only been a few leagues round about Cadiz, excepting one excursion which I made some weeks since into the interior as far as Seville. As I know that whatever concerns me will interest my dear sister, I will give you a short history of my journey thither; though if you expect any very extraordinary or very entertaining adventures, you will, I fear, be disappointed.

Seville was formerly reckoned in point of size, and is still, in many respects, the second city in the kingdom. The Spaniards have a proverb among them, "Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto una maravilla;" or as we should do it into English, "he who has not seen Seville has not seen one of the seven wonders." I determined at all events from the first not to leave Spain without seeing a place so remarkable; and lest the troops of king Joseph should be there before me, I resolved not to delay my intention until it was too late, as I might never have another opportunity.

Several of my acquaintance having the same wish, we were accordingly not long in forming a party for the purpose. We set out on our expedition one afternoon, about five o'clock. Having obtained our passports and gone through the necessary forms, we embarked at the quay and crossed over to the town of Port St. Mary, which lies on the opposite side of the bay of Cadiz. Passage boats pass and repass at all hours. The distance across the bay is five miles. It was late when we sailed, and there was so little wind, that we did not arrive at the Port until the dusk of the evening.

As soon as we set foot on shore, our trunks, portmanteaus, &c. were seized by the custom-house officers, who in this country, like so many sharks, are ever on the watch for prey, and who would have proceeded immediately to ascertain whether they contained any contraband articles, if, in order to avoid the delay and inconvenience (not to say hazard) of having our shirts and handkerchiefs tumbled about, we had not made use of the universal recipe. These are a species of gentry, whose consciences are easily satisfied on this score. They are not troubled with many "compunctious visitings;" and their anxiety, lest the king should be defrauded, is sure to be quelled by the glimpse of one of his pictures.

No sooner had we run the gauntlet through these harpies of the revenue, and rescued our goods and chattels from their clutches, than we found ourselves surrounded by a posse of boys and negroes, yelping and fighting with each other in the strife to carry some part of our equipage. We were obliged to have all our eyes about us to protect our property and to keep the villains at bay. In addition to our calamities, a tribe of *caleseros*, and muleteers, apprized of our arrival, pressed forward, vociferating, elbowing the crowd, bellowing and almost stunning us with their offers of service. When we had extricated ourselves, which was effected with no little difficulty, from these obliging gentlemen, we adjusted the business to our satisfaction, and hired three *calessas* to take us as far as Xerez, two Spanish leagues, or eight miles distant.

By the time we were seated in our vehicles, it was quite late. The night was very dark and cloudy, and the moon had not risen. We had been so strongly cautioned, previous to leaving Cadiz, to be on our guard against robbers, that we were all amply provided with arms and accoutrements. We loaded and primed our pistols, when the cavalcade set forward. The muleteers expressed such apprehension from the darkness of the night, and related so many stories of recent robberies, that we anticipated a certain attack. Our expectations were however disappointed. Whether so formidable a body (there being six of us, besides three muleteers) alarmed the lurking depredators, or whether there were really any, I cannot say: be it however as it may, we travelled unmolested, no such persons having made their appearance; though doubtless we injured many an honest man by taking him for a robber, for we sagaciously pronounced every person without exception that we met on the road to be one. We all felt fully persuaded, that had the occasion offered, we should have made a most valorous defence. Our conversation for some hours after our arrival at Xerez was on the subject of the feats of heroism, which we were so near displaying: like the ancestor of Sir Roger de Coverly, who narrowly escaped being killed in the battle of Worcester, had he not luckily been sent on a message to a distant part of the country *the day before*.

After labouring for nearly three hours over a most execrable road, notwithstanding the tax laid upon those who pass it, we reached in safety the place of our destination. We alighted at the principal inn, which was called *Posada de la consolacion*, or in English, the "Hotel of consolation;" a name, alas! like many others, whose application experience proved to us not to be the most just. Our first care was to inspect the beds, and to order our hostess to get supper ready without delay.

Xerez, (or as it is generally termed in English *Sherries*) is a handsome town, containing between 30 and 40,000 inhabitants. It is particularly famous for producing the well known wine,

which bears its name (*Sherry*). Mr. Gordon, a Scotch gentleman, who has resided above thirty years in the country, has in this place one of the richest and most extensive wine establishments in Europe. We had not been many minutes at the inn, when a nephew of Mr. Gordon, with whom I was well acquainted, heard of our arrival and called to see us. He immediately despatched a servant to bring us a few bottles of his oldest vintage for supper, a favour for which we were not a little grateful; and he pressed us so hard to pass the next day at Xerez, that after some little debate, we resolved to abandon our first design of proceeding early in the morning, and to accept his invitation. This plan we adopted more willingly, as it would give us an opportunity of visiting *La Cartusa*, (the Carthusian convent) situated about a league from town, which we were very desirous to see.

As soon as we got up next morning, we called at Mr. Gordon's for our friend. He was not at the house; a servant however conducted us to a neat and elegant little edifice, which Mr. Gordon has erected for the accommodation of his numerous visitors, and which is styled Bachelor's Hall. It was here that his nephew had taken up his quarters. Before breakfast we took a stroll round the town, and visited the extensive vaults and immense establishments of Mr. Gordon. The property he possesses I cannot attempt to calculate. The stores alone, without estimating the wine with which they are filled, are valued at 200,000*l.* sterling. He has carpenters, smiths, coopers, wheelwrights, &c. on his own demesnes, who are constantly employed. Most of his head workmen are either English or Scotchmen.

Xerez contains several spacious streets, and some very elegant houses. A great number of the nobility reside in the town and its vicinity. There are sixteen or seventeen monasteries, besides many other churches. A building, which, in ancient times, when Spain was divided among different monarchs, was a royal palace, is still unimpaired, and the ruins of a Moorish castle and walls yet exist.

At breakfast, we met Mrs. Gordon and her daughter, who has recently been married to a young colonel in the Spanish service. They are both very fine women. Mrs. Gordon is a Spanish lady, and it is easy to trace in her features the remains of beauty. She speaks no English. Her daughter, however, who was educated in England, speaks the language perfectly.

Soon after breakfast, we ordered horses and calesas, and set off on our jaunt to the Carthusian convent, where we arrived in little more than half an hour. The convent is situated in a delightful spot, on the declivity of a hill, commanding a very extensive prospect. The architecture is gothick, and as we approached, the effect was very noble and magnificent. The gate, through which we entered into the outer court yard, is a

most beautiful structure. It is adorned by a number of Corinthian columns and several very fine statues.

No description of mine could convey an adequate idea of the grandeur of this edifice, or of its interior splendour. We had a letter to the *Procurador*, who is a relation of Mrs. Gordon, but he was unfortunately so much occupied that he was unable to attend us. We consequently had no one to accompany us over the different apartments and chapels, who could explain to us the various paintings with which the walls were adorned. By this means our visit lost much of its interest. Murillo, Velasques, and the greatest masters of the Spanish school have employed their pencils in its decoration. In the principal chapel, the architecture of which is very similar to the famous chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, lies interred the body of the founder, Don Albano Oberto Senbaleto. On the stone over his sepulchre is engraven the figure of a knight clad in armour, with a short Latin inscription, giving an account of the valour and piety of this holy warrior. It seems that, tired of battles and tumult, he determined to dedicate his riches to the erection of this convent, and to pass the remainder of his days in seclusion from the world. We were shewn the plates, out of which the pious founder ate, and the pitcher which supplied him with water during the period it was building. They are hung up as trophies. It was completed, as appears, in 1482. This is the principal convent of the Carthusian order, and the richest in Spain. The wealth it contains is said to be above two millions of dollars. There are 2 or 3000 acres of land adjacent, belonging to the convent, in high cultivation.

Next to the order of *La Trappe*, the Carthusian is the most austere. The monks have no intercourse or communication with each other, except on one day in the week. On this day they assemble in the hall and partake of their simple repast together. At this time only do they speak. The other days of the week they pass in solitude and silence. Shut up in their gloomy cells, they neither see nor hear the voice of any human being. Even the hand which furnishes their one daily meal of fish and vegetables, and their jug of water, is concealed. They are allowed to keep no cat or dog, nor any living animal, lest their thoughts should be diverted from heavenly objects. *No woman* can cross the threshold of the convent under pain of death!

The centre court yard, or quadrangle, is surrounded with cypresses, and is appropriated to the burial of the dead. A beautiful gothick piazza is built along the four walls. Under this are the friars' cells. The walls and ceilings of the piazza were once adorned with sumptuous paintings, which, from time and exposure to the vicissitudes of the weather, have now nearly all mouldered away. The convent contains an infinite number of cells and cloisters, though the monks have now dwindled to

between thirty and forty. It is not improbable that they will ere long become extinct, as it is said no one can enter the order without bringing with him a considerable portion of wealth; and it does not appear from the observations I have made, that a predilection for a monastick life gains ground with either of the sexes.

The spot on which the convent is erected is very beautiful; below there is a lovely and fertile valley, intersected with vineyards, olive plantations, groves of lemons, oranges, limes, fig-trees and all the fruits of this fine climate; the extensive, cultivated farms of the convent which stretch around agreeably diversify the prospect, and hedges of myrtle and oleander and aromattick shrubs contribute their aid to captivate the senses. As my eye rested on the surrounding scenery, I could not avoid reflecting for a moment with melancholy sensations on the strange inconsistency and infatuation of man. The poor beings who vegetate in these cloisters have no delight in the contemplation of nature. Immured in solitude, and secluded from the converse of their fellow men, their existence passes away in one dull, tedious round of self-denial and suffering. Yet, if any thing could induce a man disgusted with the world to *turn monk*, it would be, I think, to live in this spot. After we had gratified our curiosity in viewing the objects of this extraordinary place, we prepared to return to Xerez, not however until we had paid a visit to the stables. They contained a number of very fine animals. The horses of Andalusia were formerly reckoned the handsomest in Europe. They surpass all the others of Spain at present, and those belonging to the convent are said to be in particular the choicest breed in the kingdom.

We arrived time enough to take dinner at Mr. Gordon's, and after passing the afternoon very pleasantly, we made arrangements for pursuing our journey the next morning. Finding, on inquiry, that unless we set out at day break, we could not reach Seville before night, we determined therefore to proceed no farther than *La Brija*, a town about five and twenty miles from Xerez, on the following day. This they informed us was the only place on the road where it would be possible to meet with any thing in the shape of an inn. Accordingly having made an ample provision of articles for eating and drinking, (it being always an indispensable precaution for travellers in Spain who are averse to starving, to lay in a stock beforehand) we took our departure about ten o'clock in the morning.

Five or six miles from Xerez we passed through part of the farm belonging to Mr. Gordon. He has between 2 and 3000 acres under cultivation, and has introduced on his grounds many improvements in agriculture. His example has however as yet met with but few followers. The Spaniards are so wedded to their old habits that it requires an almost supernatural influence to produce a change. He has on his lands several farmers

from Scotland, who make use of the English plough and harrow. The latter useful instrument they are unacquainted with in this country. The Spanish plough is of a very rude construction. The share is of wood and is of the same piece with the sheet and handle. Oxen are solely employed in tillage and draft. They are ignorant of the flail, and have neither barns for threshing or housing the grain. The corn is trod out by cattle in the open fields.

(To be continued.)

SILVA, No. 57:

Pinea silva mihi multos dilecta per annos.

Virg. 1x. En. 85.

THEATRE DE L'HERMITAGE.

CATHERINE II. after her return from the Crimea, had a private theatre constructed in that part of her palace, at St. Petersburg, which is called the *Hérmitage*. She collected a small but excellent company of French actors; and the pieces which were in French, and all written for this theatre, were performed, in the years 1787, 1788, before her and the persons who composed her intimate society. The collection forms two octavo volumes, and was published at Paris from a copy, which was one of a small number made by her order. The pieces, except one tragedy, by Segur, entitled *Coriolanus*, are mostly in one or two acts. They were composed by the empress herself; count Cobentzel, ambassadour of the emperor of Germany; count Segur, ambassadour of France; the prince de Ligne, an Austrian general; Momonof, the favourite of Catherine; count Strogonof, senator; Iwan Schwalof, great chamberlain; d'Estat, a Frenchman, attached to the empress's cabinet; and the daughter of Aufrene, a celebrated comedian.

Five of the pieces were written by the empress. One of them, which dramatizes the fable of the Fox and the Raven, was in consequence of a wager that she could produce a piece, or as most of them are called, a *Proverbe*, from that fable. The last piece by the empress is taken from early Russian history, and is called an imitation of Shakespeare. But it serves principally to prove that a great empress was but a poor imitator of Shakespeare.

The following extract is from the *Ridiculous Lover*, by the prince de Ligne. *M. de Bonaccord* is about concluding a marriage for his daughter, and takes the advice of two of his friends, one of whom being very absent, and catching only part of what is said by the other, always gives contradictory advice. After discussing a number of characters in this manner, *M. de Bonaccord* says,

"It was proposed to me to marry her to an Englishman.

M. Raisonville. Heaven preserve you from it! more -pensive than thoughtful, more hollow than profound, talking little, often through want of imagination.

M. de Bonconseil. Yes, look at Milton and Shakespeare, sometimes exaggerated, but always discovering genius.

M. Raisonville. With a great deal of harshness, and sadness in their character.

M. de Bonconseil. Yes, a great deal of character, brave fellows in war, sure in friendship, noble and beneficent, without duplicity, and always with some amiable singularity that is only suitable to themselves, &c.

HEBREW.

A monk, who served his society in quality of librarian, was required to form a catalogue of the books. He succeeded very well, until he took up a Hebrew author, of which language he was completely ignorant, and was for a long time at a loss to describe the volume. At length he inserted it in the catalogue, as a book, which had the beginning where the end should be.

The following lines, strange as such an encomium from such an author, and from such a poem, on the martyr Charles, may appear, are taken from a copy of verses, addressed and presented by Andrew Marvell to the Lord Protector Cromwell, entitled, "An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland."

While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands,
He nothing common did or mean,
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye,
The axe's edge did try,
Nor call'd the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bow'd his comely head
Down as upon a bed.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

To the anecdotes which Johnson mentions in his life of Savage, respecting Sir R. Steele, the following related by Bisset may be added, as worthy of preservation. When out of place, and of course when his finances were low, Sir Richard

formed a project for converting a hall in his house into a theatre for reciting passages from the best authors ancient and modern; but, as usual, neglected to calculate whether his purse could bear the expense. When completed, Steele was delighted with its elegance and splendour; and wishing to know whether it was as well calculated to convey sound as it was to please the eye, desired his carpenter to go to a pulpit at one end of the room and pronounce some sentences, while he himself at the other should judge of the effect. The awkward mechanick having taken his place, declared himself at a loss how to begin, or what to say. Sir Richard told him to speak whatever was uppermost in his mind. The carpenter was no longer in doubt, but in a distinct and audible voice called out: "Sir Richard Steele, here has I and these here men been doing your work for three months, and never seen the colour of your money. When are you to pay us? I cannot pay my journeymen without money, and money I must have." Sir Richard replied that he was delighted with the oratory, but by no means approved the subject.

OLD FASHIONED ORTHOGRAPHY,

AND A STRONG MEMORY.

THE following title of a book published towards the latter end of the sixteenth century, shows the difference between the mode of spelling the English language in that age and in this.

A Replie vnto M. Hardinges Answeare: by perusinge whereof the discrete, and diligent Reader may easily see, the weake and vnstable groundes of the Romaine Religion, whiche of late hath beene accompted Catholique. By John Jewell Bishoppe of Salisburie. 3. Esdrae. 4. Magna est Veritas, et prevalet. Greate is the truth, and preuaileth. Ex Edicto Imperatorum Valentin. et Martiani, in Concil. Chalcedon. Actione. 3. Qui post semel inuentam veritatem aliud quaerit, Mendacium quaerit, non veritatem. After the truth is once founde, who so euer seeketh further, he seeketh not for the truth, but for a lie. Imprinted at London in Fleetestreate, at the signe of the Blacke Eliphante, by Henry Wykes. Anno. 1565. With special Priuilege.

This antique title would hardly deserve place as a curiosity, if it did not also remind one of the author's memory, which was astonishingly quick and tenacious. It is affirmed of this Bishop Jewell, that he could always repeat exactly whatever he had written; that he would get a sermon by heart whilst the bell was ringing; and that the greatest noise or confusion in his room was no impediment to the exercise of his memory. Dr. Packhurst, his old tutor, tried him once with the most difficult

words in the Calendar, and found him equal to his pretensions. Bishop Hooper proposed to him forty Welsh, Irish, and foreign words, which on once reading only, and a short recollection, Jewell recited correctly both backward and forward.

DRYDEN.

THE attack upon the immorality of the stage by Jeremy Collier and Sir Richard Blackmore is, perhaps, the most memorable era in the history of the English drama. In this honest and undistinguishing attack upon theatrical profligacy, Dryden bore a considerable share of rough treatment, and though he revolted at Blackmore's indiscriminate censure, yet to the chastisement of the rude Jeremy, in the spirit of a gentleman and a Christian, he replied: "I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he taxed me justly, and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which may truly be argued of obscenity, profaneness or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one." Immediately after this controversy Dryden died, and on that event the following lines were printed, having reference to the abuse of Blackmore and Collier.

John Dryden enemies had three,
Sir Dick, Old Nick and Jeremy:
The doughty knight was forc'd to yield,
The other two have kept the field;
But, had his life been something holier,
He'd foil'd the devil and the Collier.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

REMARKS ON ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE ROMAN POETS.

No. 8.

.....Quid Lucretii tibi prosunt carmina lecta?

PROPERTIUS.

BEFORE commenting on the translations of *Lucretius de rerum natura*, it is impossible to withhold a few remarks on the subject and tendency of his poem. Though the writer is not compelled by any promise, to analyse in these numbers ori-

ginal productions, he would forfeit the virtue and purity of a christian character, were he not here to call forth the best prejudices of his readers against the worst of books*. It is well known that the poem of Lucretius is a continued display of the atheistical tenets of Epicurus, whose doctrines were in a considerable degree prevalent in the time of our poet, and whose philosophy in that period seems to have passed without censure.

It will be thought unnecessary perhaps to caution the learned and intelligent against a poison which is never concealed, and which, though offered freely, is recommended rather by sophistry than by argument, and urged upon us more by vehemence than by the common arts of persuasion. Lucretius wrote like a man confident of the truth of his system, and with a boldness of assertion, which in some cases rises into contempt of laborious ratiocination. They who believe revelation upon evidence, and erect truth on the foundation of inquiry, will sometimes smile at the temerity of his dogmas, and often be amused with the excess of his credulity. His biographers have asserted that he wrote during the intervals of an intermittent madness†. If his malady were in some measure habitual, it will account for that occasional extravagance, which demands neither the force of argument to confute his positions, nor the power of reproach to bring the author and his opinions into contempt.

The poem of Lucretius is divided into six books. In the first, he endeavours to prove the eternity of matter; assuming this as a principle:

Nullam rem e nihilo gigni divinitus unquam.

l. 151.

He does not however attempt to prove the eternal existence of the world in its present form, nor of animated nature in its present perfection. Certain seminal, indivisible substances are supposed to be the eternal *leasts*, from which every thing has sprung, and gradually advanced to a perfect state‡. To sub-

* A good antidote against the poison of the principles of Lucretius is to be found in a poem, called *Anti-Lucretius*, by Cardinal Polignac; which has been translated into French by M. de Bougainville.

† See among other authorities *Fabricii Bib. Lat. tom. i. p. 49.*

‡ The following lines in *Darwin's Temple of Nature*, though not borrowed from any particular passage of Lucretius, are founded in the same vague and unsatisfactory principle that he adopts.

Organick life beneath the shoreless waves
Was born, and nursed in ocean's pearly caves;
First forms minute, unseen by spherick glass,
Move on the mud, or pierce the watery mass;
These, as successive generations bloom,
New powers acquire, and larger limbs assume;

stance, thus accounted for, is added *void*; and weight, heat, and the like, together with all moral, civil, or natural good or evil, are considered properties, events, or adjuncts of body and void. These corpuscles or least original substances are, according to his system, infinite in number and extent; and hence, the supposition that the universe has a centre, is ridiculed as a vagary of weak philosophers. Before concluding this book the author, by way of episode, intimates with complacency his successful combination of profound philosophy and polished verse; boasts of illuminating a dark subject by the clearness and brilliancy of his elocution; and conceives that he has compelled the muses to entwine his brow with a crown of fresh flowers, more magnificent, than any that has ever adorned the temples of an illustrious poet.

In the second book is continued the same jargon concerning seeds, from which every thing is produced. To these seeds, notwithstanding the denial of any bounds or centre to the universe, is ascribed motion, and motion *downwards*; but it requires a wiser man than the poet to explain what is meant by *up* and *down*, in his chaos of atoms. It is amusing however to see in description the confusion, the collision, and strife of these seeds, thus infinite in number and in destination.

Figure is another attribute ascribed to these seeds; and from their different shapes are said to arise the varieties of taste, such as sweet, bitter, &c. so that if man should happen to have been formed (which was probably the case according to this system) before all these seeds, pregnant with mighty things, had produced their offspring, he might, unconscious of the deed, have swallowed as well a fragment of a planet, a mammoth, or a whale, as a particle of sand, or the smallest insect. The infinite seeds, having these properties of motion and figure, compose infinite worlds; some of which are occasionally increased by the accession of seeds from infinite space, or diminished and even destroyed by their escape.

Having in his own view justly explained the nature and properties of atoms, and, under the veil of a panegyrick upon Epicurus, boasted of proving that the world originated from a fortuitous concourse of atoms, without the agency of the gods, and thus also of delivering men from the fear of the gods, of death, and future punishment, he proceeds in the third book to shew that the mind and soul are a part of man, in the same way as the feet, hands, &c.; and not a vital habit of the body, as some philosophers maintained. The mind is considered as

Whence countless groups of vegetation spring,
And breathing realms of fin, and feet, and wing.

Canto. 1. b. 295. &c.

If Lucretius had been a chemist, we should probably have found many kindred characteristic between him and this modern disciple of Epicurus.

seated in the heart, and the soul diffused through the whole body ; the mind being the great agent that touches the soul, and the soul that which moves the body. After thus clearing the way, he attempts to prove by a variety of arguments, that the soul is born with the body, and dies with it. This he thinks a very consoling doctrine : but many of the heathen philosophers thought differently ; and we may imagine with Milton, that even an infernal spirit cannot contemplate *annihilation* without horror :

To be no more ; sad cure ! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion ?

In the fourth book, the poet enters upon the dispute respecting the sensation of animals both waking and sleeping. This sensation is described as produced by images exceedingly tenacious and subtle, that are constantly flowing from the surfaces of bodies. These images are accordingly borne through the air with prodigious velocity, and are invisible, except when reflected from mirrors or water*. The next descends to a minute discussion concerning the senses, especially concerning vision, and makes them the infallible discoverers of truth. He then touches upon imagination and dreams, and examines several curious problems relating to impressions on the mind during sleep.

Having treated at the beginning of the poem of the production of the world, Lucretius endeavours to prove, in the fifth book, that the world itself, with all its contents, is mortal. He afterwards gives in detail what little false astronomy he was master of ; ridicules the fabulous stories of monsters and prodigies ; and concludes the book with an account of man emerg-

* By the extreme minuteness of these images, and their swift motion, Lucretius accounts for all those monsters that have been imagined to exist. For example :

.....Certe ex vivo Centauri non fit imago :
Nulla fuit quoniam talis natura animalis.
Verum ubi equi atque hominis casu convenit imago,
Haerescit facile extemplo..... L. iv. 743. &c.

The image of a centaur never flew
From living centaurs ; never nature knew
Nor bred such animals : but when by chance,
An image of a man, in various dance,
Did meet a horse, they both combined in one.

CREECH.

ing from barbarity, acquiring the use of language, and the knowledge of various useful and polite arts*.

The last book is employed chiefly in physical investigations, and attempts to account for several phenomena of nature. The poet touches upon the cause and origin of plagues and diseases, and concludes his poem with an interesting description of the plague that raged at Athens, and almost desolated Attica, in the time of the Peloponnesian war.

Such is a very general outline of this singular poem ; which I have been induced to give, because many scholars, well read in the ancient classicks, have not had the hardihood to enter upon the abstruse parts of what is justly considered a dry series of didactick writing. The work of Lucretius is indeed here and there enlivened by a brilliant sally of wit, and even the most uninteresting parts are sometimes relieved by a beautiful allusion or a pleasing illustration ; but the great body of the poem will never be read for amusement or instruction. It is not the absurdities of his cosmogony, that occasion any apprehensions concerning the effect of his writings : the ridicule which is every where cast upon the doctrine of a providence, and the very laboured arguments to prove the mortality of the soul, are what the unwary reader should be chiefly warned against.

The general merit of the poem under consideration was allowed by the learned, while little was said either in praise or in censure of his philosophy. Ovid, a contemporary, predicted the perennial glory of his verse, in language as strong as the Roman character†. Quintilian however allows him but a mixed

* A summary of this part of Lucretius's system is comprised in a few lines of a satire of Horace, L. 1. Sat. 3. v. 97. Which is thus ingeniously paraphrased by Dr. Beattie.

When men out of the earth of old,
A dumb and beastly vermin crawled,
For acorns first and holes of shelter,
They tooth and nail and helter-skelter
Fought fist to fist ; then with a club
Each learned his brother brute to drub ;
Till more experienced grown, these cattle
Forged fit accoutrements for battle.
At last (Lucretius says, and Creech)
They set their wits to work on speech ;
And that their thoughts might all have marks
To make them known, these learned clerks
Left off the trade of cracking crowns,
And manufactured verbs and nouns.

† *Carmina sublimis tum sunt peritura Lucreti,
Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.*

OV. AMOR.

kind of praise, and censures him for obscurity*. There are, it must be admitted, parts of Lucretius that vie with the numbers of the best bards in the best days of Rome. But a didactic poem, founded on the reveries of Democritus and Epicurus, must be generally dull, often obscure, and sometimes very doubtful in the sense, if not wholly unintelligible. Yet it has been a favourite employment of some men to enter the lists in favour of Lucretius. They represent him no less pure in morals, and captivating in manner, than Homer, and Virgil, and Ovid. Dryden however, who is also his panegyrist, allows that "the barrenness of his subject constrains the quickness of his fancy."

Virgil has been charged with copying from Lucretius not peculiar beauties only, but phrases and lines†: and the believers in transmigration have been ready to think, that the soul of Lucretius had another period for improvement in the days in which Virgil survived him. Tacitus speaks of a class of men, who prefer Lucilius to Horace, and Lucretius to Virgil‡. Few of this class are now to be found; for we delight rather to follow Eneas through his fabulous but instructive adventures, than to pursue a disciple of Epicurus through the wild and wearisome vagaries of a false and impious philosophy.

Lucretius died probably about the time that Virgil was born. His style is considered pure; but he complains of the poverty of the Latin language in terms of philosophy§.

In the next number I shall offer some remarks upon the translations from Lucretius.

* Macer et Lucretius legendi quidem, sed non ut phrasin, id est corpus eloquentiae faciant; elegantes in sua quisque materia; sed alter humilis, alter difficilis. QUINT. a ROL. p. 292.

† Dryden's *Miscellanies*; preface to vol. 2.

‡ Neminem nominabo, genus hominum signasse contentus, qui Lucilium pro Horatio, et Lucretium pro Virgilio legunt.

TAC. de Orat.

§ There are some peculiarities in Lucretius; such as a fondness for compounded words; of which occur the following: *Frondisfer, silvisfragus, fluctifragus, volgioagus, montioagus, subtertenuantus*, &c. Several examples of *tnesis* also occur: as, *seque gregari, qua vi cunque* &c. And he is not wholly free from the use of epithets, that do not add to the meaning of the noun: as *Tranquilla pax, Calidus aestus*, &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ANOTHER "CASTLE IN THE AIR."

TO MARY.

"TO me, like Phidias, were it given,
 "To form from clay the man sublime ;
 "And like Prometheus, steal from heaven
 "The animating spark divine."

Thus once in rhapsody you cried ;
 As for complexion, form, and air,
 No matter what, if thought preside,
 And fire and feeling mantle there.

Deep on the tablets of his mind,
 Be learning, science, taste, imprest ;
 Let piety a refuge find
 Within the foldings of his breast.

Let him have suffered much....since we
 Alas ! are early doom'd to know,
 All human virtue we can see
 Is only perfected through wo.

Purer th' ensuing breeze we find,
 When whirlwinds first the skies deform ;
 And hardier grows the mountain hind,
 Bleaching beneath the wintry storm.

But, above all, may heaven impart
 That talent, which completes the whole ;
 The finest, and the *rarest* art,
 To analyse a woman's soul.

WOMAN ! that happy, wretched thing !
 Of causeless smile, of nameless sigh ;
 So oft, whose joys unbidden spring,
 So oft, who weeps, she knows not why.

Her piteous griefs ; her joys so gay ;
 All that afflicts, and all that cheers ;
 All her erratick fancy's play ;
 Her flutt'ring hopes, her trembling fears.

With passions chasten'd, not subdued,
 Let dull inaction stupid reign ;
 Be his the ardour of the good,
 Their loftier thought, and nobler aim.

Firm as the tow'ring bird of Jove,
The mightiest shocks of life to bear ;
Yet gentle as the captive dove,
In social suffering to share.

If such there be, to such alone
Would I thy worth, belov'd ! resign ;
Secure, each bliss that time hath known,
Would consummate a lot like thine.

But if this gilded human scheme
Be but the pageant of the brain ;
Of such slight "stuff" as forms our "dream,"
Which, waking, we must seek in vain.

Each gift of nature and of art
Still lives within thyself enshrin'd ;
Thine are the blossoms of the heart,
And thine the scions of the mind !

And if the matchless wreath shall blend
With foliage other than its own ;
Or, destin'd not its sweets to lend,
Shall flourish for thyself alone :

Still cultivate the plants with care ;
From weeds, from thorns, oh keep them free ;
Till ripen'd for a purer air,
They bloom in immortality !

HORACE, ODE 11. LIB. I.

Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, &c.

Seek not Leuconoe, with anxious care,
To know what fate the gods prepare
For me or thee ; nor vainly try,
By magick charms the future to descry.

But wiser far, receive with dauntless breast
Whate'er each hour may bring, as best ;
Whether great Jove shall grant thee more,
Or thy last winter lash the Tuscan shore.

Then quaff your wine, contract your hopes, be wise ;
E'en while we speak, the moment flies ;
Trust not the morrow, seize to day,
And pluck life's flowers e'er yet they fade away.

C.

To the Epicureanism of the preceding Ode I have endeavoured to
give a christian turn in the following

IMITATION.

1. Ah do not seek, my dearest friend,
With anxious care to know
Or how, or when, thy life shall end,
Or what thy fate below.
2. The same kind Power, that gave thee breath,
Still holds thee in his hand ;
And when he bids thee sleep in death,
All wise is his command.
3. The power, whose watchful goodness feeds
The warblers of the air,
And clothes with flowers the smiling meads,
Shalt thou not be his care ?
4. If lengthen'd years thy life should crown,
Then be his praise express'd ;
Or if in this he cut the down,
Still what he does is best.
5. The bounties, every hour supplies,
Receive with grateful mind ;
And, when thy fairest pleasure dies,
Be humble and resign'd.
6. Contract your hopes ; how short at best
The term of earthly bliss ?
Let brighter worlds fill all thy breast ;
We are but born in this.
7. How swift our moments steal away,
E'en while we speak they fly :
Trust not the morrow, seize to day,
And only live to die.

C.

ANACREON TO THE PAINTER OF HIS MISTRESS.

MATCHLESS Painter, skill'd to trace
The mimick form with added grace,
Who to wax hast power to give
Shades that speak, and looks that live ;
Master of the Rhodian art,
Come, and to thy wax impart
Every trait, and every grace
Of my Thais' form and face.
Absent though my charmer be,
Paint her just as bid by me.

First her tresses pencil true,
 Soft, and of a jetty hue ;
 And, if the waxen tablet may,
 Make it breathe as sweet as they.
 Next, beneath her auburn hair,
 O'er a cheek that's full and fair,
 Let a beauteous forehead rise,
 That in white with ivory vies.
 Then the eyebrows, while between
 A little space is faintly seen,
 Sketch them verging to unite,
 Nor divide, nor blend them quite.
 And like her, the nymph design'd,
 With her brows thus faintly join'd,
 Let the faithful painting show
 The dark, long lashes sketch'd below:
 Paint her to the life entire,
 Glancing round her looks of fire ;
 Like Minerva's, let her eye
 Match the azure of the sky ;
 Like Cytherea's, make it too
 Moist, and sparkling, as the dew.
 Then o'er the tablet, duly spread
 Mingled shades of white and red,
 Till a fair complexion glows
 Of blended milk with blushing rose.
 Paint her lips of vermil hue,
 Warm and moist with fragrant dew,
 Like Pitho's, form'd for am'rous bliss,
 Challenging a melting kiss.
 Underneath her dimpled chin,
 Cloth'd with soft transparent skin,
 And round her neck of seemly height,
 As alabaster smooth and white,
 Let the graces all be seen
 Flitting, as with beauty's queen,
 And the portrait to complete,
 Array her plain, and simply neat,*
 In purple robes of faintest shade,
 With little nakedness display'd.
 Be her faultless form express'd,
 And fancy leave to guess the rest.
 'Tis enough ; methinks I see
 The speaking portrait smile on me.

H*****.

* Simplex munditiis.

Hor.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1809.

Librum tuum legi et quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 13.

Works of Fisher Ames, compiled by a number of his friends, to which are prefixed notices of his life and character. Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit. Boston, T. B. Wait & Co. 1809, 8vo. 519 pages.

OUR country has, perhaps, never produced a man more distinguished than Fisher Ames, for that facility and felicity of intellectual conception, which men denominate genius. On whatever subject, or in whatever situation his mind was called into action, its track was, in an extraordinary degree, luminous and elevated. Whether he wrote or conversed, whether the object of his thought was abstruse or familiar, whether it had relation to the great exigencies of nations, or to the ordinary concerns of private life, the splendour evolved in its course scarce ever failed to excite the delight or the wonder of beholders. Those who would not follow, were compelled to admire; those, who coincided in his opinions, were filled with mingled emotions of joy and gratitude for the light and truth which he shed. His genius irradiated the path of his publick life with a brilliancy which has not yet faded, and which will never fade from the recollection of his cotemporaries.

There was also in the private life of this man a purity, and in his manner a sweetness, which won the affections, and fixed an interest in the heart, which mere mind seldom seeks, and of itself never acquires. It was impossible for any one to hold frequent converse with him, without perceiving his own standard of moral sentiment elevating, and his intellectual horizon becoming purer and more extensive. For to familiar observers of the character of Ames the exceeding delicacy of its

moral texture was altogether as admirable, as were those bright corruscations of his fancy, which so much arrested the learned, as well as the vulgar gaze.

It is a natural wish to preserve what tokens remain of the genius and industry of a man, once so distinguished and esteemed, so beloved in life, so lamented in his untimely fate. To such a wish the publick are indebted for this volume. A tribute to his memory was required of his friends by publick sentiment, not less than by private attachment. They complied, and made a collection of his works; the best and most imperishable monument, which can be erected to the memory of a man of talents. By such memorials the contemporaries of eminent men deal faithfully by posterity. They put into the possession of the readers of after times the means of judging for themselves, concerning the intellect, conduct and principles of those, who are eminent in the present. They are thus enabled not only to form an estimate of the merit of the particular individuals, whose labours are transmitted to them, but also to mark the progress of opinion and improvement, and to judge of the literary and moral growth of successive periods of society.

But, although by posthumous collections the stock of knowledge is increased, and the means of acquaintance with the history of the times extended, yet it for the most part happens, that by publications of this description more advantage is gained to society and less justice done to the author than is hoped by his friends, or considered by the publick. On such occasions, many things will, necessarily, be brought into the power of the press, which the rigour of an author's judgment, of right despotick over his own work, would have denied. No man can choose for another with as discriminating an eye as he can select for himself. Enemies and rivals will censure whatever is admitted; friends and associates will repine if any thing be withheld. Productions incomplete and in an unchiselled state, if retained, invite the asperity of the malignant; if excluded, awaken the jealousy of the admirer. Corrections, which none, scarcely, in secret will venture to call improvements, many will openly denounce as mutilations. Much beauty necessarily falls a victim to the knife, when all is pruned off which fastidiousness deems excrescent. If real defect should happen to be lopped away, and the work become more slightly by being more regular, it also, unavoidably, becomes less interesting by being less characteristick.

Amid the difficulties in which those are involved, who undertake the task of posthumous selection, the friends of Mr. Ames have judiciously chosen the course of bringing his works faithfully before the publick, in all the different stages of perfection, in which the haste and eagerness of business permitted them at first to appear, and in which the destiny of the

author's life ordained they should at last be abandoned. In thus proceeding, they have shewn a wise confidence in the sympathetick sentiment of mankind. And on occasions of this kind those who exhibit the one never fail to realise the other. The world never yet judged with acrimony any moral or useful production of real genius, which had been denied, by the death of the author, its destined perfection. Though little inclined to listen to the apologies of living talent, censure is dumb, and criticism only sorrows at the effects of that mortal nature, in contemplating which all human pride is humble and all human power prostrate.

If, however, the author taken by surprise and unprepared, may in some sense be said to suffer, the publick in many may be said to gain. A better opportunity for knowledge of mind and motive is afforded. The writer is shewn, sometimes, in circumstances, in which he did not expect, in others, in which, perhaps, he did not wish to be seen. We are brought nearer to the level of the man and his purpose, form our opinions with more confidence, and trust the result of our judgment more implicitly. It is pleasant, and also not devoid of utility, to see the work of a distinguished mind, in an unfinished state; the scaffolding yet standing, the rude material not yet shaped, the solid parts in the early stages of wise fabrication, the ornamental in the bold outline, with which a felicitous fancy first conceived them. In proportion to the perfection, in respect of beauty and truth, in which the first thoughts appear, do we admire and estimate intellectual vigour. If it advance laboriously and by rule, we see intellect at its task, and learn how eminence is attained.

Upon the whole, therefore, we have little reason for regret, and none of censure, on account of the manner in which this work has been selected. That all parts should be perfect, it is not permitted our nature to require. That some afford opportunities for nice cavil, and might open occasion for malign criticism, cannot be denied. They are such, however, as, when considered in relation to the circumstances, in which the writings were produced and published, claim and will receive from the enlightened no asperity of censure. From envy, from rivalry, from party spirit, this work has nothing to hope and nothing to fear.

Notwithstanding the interest, which we shall not deny that we feel in the memory of this author, we shall endeavour, in estimating this volume, not to depart from truth, either by indiscriminate panegyrick, or by unmerited reproach. We are well aware of the ardour of political friendship, and the bitterness of political enmity, in the present state of our country. We shall take the judgment of neither as the measure, by which to regulate our reflections. These we shall make in connexion with principles, and in subserviency only to rules,

such as, we think, impartial men will apply, and by which their sentiments will be regulated, after the passions of this day shall have passed away, and we, and our dull politicks and more dull literature shall have been forgotten, or remembered only by reason of the light, which minds like this author's shed upon the scenes, in which they have been actors. For it requires little of a prophet's spirit, confidently to foretell, that to the latest period, in which any interest is preserved in the recent events of our history, this work will survive, as one of the most important of the few reliicks of the learning and taste of our country at the present period.

The first circumstance, which strikes the mind in opening this volume, is the great portion of it occupied by essays originally published in newspapers. These avenues of information are often rendered so foul by the throng of vulgar and vapid disputants, which usually crowd into them, that nothing coming through them can seem wholly worthy and pure. We wonder, while we witness a mind like his, of such unquestionable superiority, condescending to commit its labours and its splendours to these transient vehicles of ephemeral influence. We are humbled, while we see him wrestling daily in the ring with the mud-stained combatants of party; zealous in contests, where for the most part victory is without honour, and defeat without disgrace. We instinctively ask, are these the fields, in which wreaths of immortality are won? Does the laurel spring out of the mire, and under the trampling of an election day? It cannot be too deeply lamented that so much of what posterity will know concerning the mind of this eminent man, they must perceive to have been produced by the stimulus of occasional interests, which perish from the memory, having in their nature nothing general to excite attention, or permanent to perpetuate curiosity. The party essays of Milton, Dryden, Steele, Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke and a host of others, men laborious and ingenious, are scarcely preserved, never diligently sought, and always obscurely remembered. So unavoidably and so fully do the passions of the passing times always occupy the living, that genius and industry can scarce preserve a dull and shortlived regard for those interests, which just as much and as necessarily occupied those, which preceded.

There is nothing permanently interesting but general truth. The inhabitants of every successive period of society have in their own day enough of falsehood to expose, of artifice to detect, and of crime to punish; they will have also particular principles and interests of their own to defend or advance; they, like us, will be too much occupied in what is present very deeply to consider what is past. They will enjoy the good and suffer the evil, which may be consequent on the correctness or mistake of preceding times, without very scrupulous inquiry after the detail of things of those periods, and without concern-

ing themselves much to apportion among former actors the honour of their felicity, or the disgrace of their misfortunes. If what is written has a tendency to illustrate essential principles, to lay more open to view the foundations of society, to show what is necessary and what adventitious to its strength or happiness, it may obtain a perpetuity in remembrance. But the eloquence which discomfited the wickedly aspiring, and the argument which exposed low deceit and common place cunning, will awaken little interest after the vain and noisy instruments of party shall have sunk into that oblivion, which, when they are not preserved as a warning, is their right and their portion.

Although these reflections have, at first utterance, a tendency to sadden the hearts and discourage the hopes of those, to whom the memory of their friend is precious, yet there are other considerations which widen and brighten the prospect of a long and desirable honour to his works; and which create no very doubtful expectations, that they will be received by after times, and cherished with more interest, than has been usually inspired by the works of men even of exalted genius, when labouring in the field of temporary politicks. Most men, absorbed by the particular occasion, resort to general truths for the sole purpose of obtaining topicks of illustration and enforcement. Mr. Ames, on the contrary, seemed more occupied by the general principle than the particular occasion. The labour of his mind appeared to be exerted rather upon the great truths, which his subject evolved, than on the individual purpose, which excited his researches. Just moral sentiments, and wise political axioms predominate over the transient nature of his topicks. His thoughts were bent, indeed, on temporary effect, but such was the grasp of his genius that his contemplations, for the most part, are elevated to the permanent relations of society and the universal nature of things. On this account they will be sought and cherished, long after the circumstances, which called them first into existence, shall have lost their name and remembrance.

Of a work so extensive as this, composed of many and independent exertions, growing out of the occasional exigencies of society, and particularly intended to serve its immediate interests, according to the writer's view of them, it is impossible in any general analysis to comprehend the features of all the parts. These have either a very slight, or no reference to one another. Each has a character of its own, which to elucidate truly and criticise justly requires special illustration, by enumerating the circumstances which called it into existence, and the temper of the times in which it appeared. These, however, are in their nature temporary and evanescent. Much of both have already gone from the memory. They demand, also, an attainment of minute and numerous particulars, which

would ill repay research, or reward collection. The object therefore, to which we shall limit ourselves in this attempt is, so to pass in review the leading principles, to which his writings converge, or in which, at different periods of his life, they seem to have originated, as to enable the reader to form a true estimate of his motives and projects ; and thence to judge of the integrity which predominated in the one, and the skill with which he strove to advance the other. In the former society has a deep, though incidental interest. For who does not feel that the honour of every association of men is intimately connected with that of its distinguished members ? In the latter are included whatever can interest or excite a community. They relate to the preservation of our liberty, to the security of our property, the continuance of our peace, the support of our constitution, and the maintenance of all that is dear to the individual, or of worth in the social compact.

From the first, the writings of Mr. Ames exhibit great originality of thought and felicity of expression, combined with an inextinguishable zeal in defence of whatever to him had the aspect of truth. He at once rose into regions, which vulgar ambition never attained, and to which it never aspired. For he stooped not to the desire of place, or to the search after popularity, or to, basest of all, the lure of lucrative employment. A volunteer, enlisted by imperious sense of duty, in the political service of his country, his first study was to know her interests ; his next, to represent truly and maintain boldly the result of his researches ; unappalled by the passions, he might be called upon to combat, or the powers, it might be his fortune to offend. His perceptions on political questions were in a great measure intuitive. He seldom altered his first impressions, and they seldom required to be changed. Of consequence, he preserved in every stage of his political progress an uncommon uniformity of view and language touching the permanent interests of his country.

Love of constitutional liberty ; hatred of licentiousness, its counterfeit, and its bane ; detestation, in the fulfilment of duty, of pusillanimous councils and half way measures ; anxiety to promote the interest of the people, more than to win their favour ; zeal to correct the prejudices of his fellow-citizens, rather than by fostering to profit by them ; abhorrence of creeping to power, or maintaining possession of it by flattering the passions, or pampering the vices of any class of men ; generous impulses like these are apparent in his earliest, they distinguish his latest productions. The characteristics of his style, as well as sentiments, are formed by them. To their influence, when in their just degree, may be traced almost every thing in his writings, which attracts admiration ; when in their extreme, whatever in expression or thought is obnoxious to censure.

The sentiment, which occurs in one of his first essays*, seems to have been that from which his mind took its direction, and by which it shaped the course of its labours in the subsequent periods of his life. "If our government should be destroyed, what but the total destruction of civil society must ensue? A more popular form could not be contrived, nor could it stand: one less popular would not be adopted. The people, then, wearied by anarchy, and wasted by intestine war, must fall an easy prey to foreign, or domestick tyranny." On the side of popular freedom, more than was already enjoyed in the United States, it was not for human nature to hope. Revolution might upturn the foundations of present establishments, but through it our rights could neither obtain extension nor security; for, already, the constitution had provided the broadest practicable basis for civil liberty. The people framed it, and they were its guardians. To seek to enlarge their actual possession of civil rights was to grasp at privileges, unattainable in the known allotment of things, and not permitted by the fixed decrees of Providence.

Instead, therefore, of contemplating schemes of ideal perfection, and indulging in splendid dreams concerning a liberation from restraint, incompatible with the imperfect state of our knowledge and passions, he set himself to consider our actual condition, and to investigate the dangers which surround that most perfect state of popular freedom, which his countrymen enjoyed. These to be avoided must be known. To be known, they must not only be sought with diligence, but explained with fearlessness. What is useful, will not always be pleasing. What is necessary to a people's safety, will often counteract their wishes, contradict their prejudices, disturb their ease, disappoint their hopes, or awaken their apprehensions. His duty, as he was sensible, led him to many painful results, and obliged him to be the herald of many truths, which the human mind is not apt to receive with complacency. These, had he loved the people less, he would have concealed, but as he loved them more than himself, and better than his popularity, he did not hesitate to disclose. To be a pander to the passions of the weak or the ignorant, to be a jackall to the vile, to join the rapacious or the wickedly ambitious in hunting out of influence, and bringing into suspicion the virtuous, the intelligent and the prosperous, for the sake of the fox's share of the plunder, was an easy, an obvious and a beaten course. But his high mind disdained it. In his estimation the citizens of a free state should exhibit an independence of personal considerations, and a zeal in its defence, proportioned to the purity of the principles of its constitution, and to the importance of their preservation. Truth was the basis on which

they should deal with one another. Justice should be the pillar, on which its fabrick should rest ; in maintaining the great principles of which he would allow neither compromise nor hesitation. His standard for the morality of government was the strictest rule of private morality.† The rights of the individual were not to be yielded to the clamours of the restless, or to the cunning of the interested. Above all, the rulers of a free republic ought to spurn the meanness of purchasing leave to hold power, by sacrificing truth to ignorance or principle to villany. If their authority were set at defiance, they were not to seek safety in compromise or arbitration, but to enforce obedience, in reliance, under heaven, upon the support of the principle and property, which the laws protected. They were to do their duty ; and if our free constitution fell, to evince to posterity and to the world that at least some of its citizens were not blind to the privileges they enjoyed, and not unworthy of their continuance.

The fundamental principle of policy, which, in his early essays and ever after, he supported, was, that the constitution and the laws enacted under its sanction should be made irresistibly supreme, by infusing into the government "system, energy and honesty." And it was the perpetual object of his research, how to give permanency to our republick. To this end he sought the maladies of liberty in the nature of the human heart. The monuments of departed free governments darkened the page of every history. He saw, as he thought, the seeds of destruction of every free system inwrought among the essential principles of the human character. It was not in the power of man to bestow immortality upon liberty. But to prolong its existence, and counteract its tendency to dissolution, was frequently within his ability, by the exercise of prudence and the use of timely precautions. These he sought ; and as he found, so he faithfully exhibited them to his fellow citizens. In estimating his labours, the question will not be, whether the result soothes our fears, complies with popular prejudices, gives to enjoyment a more exquisite flavour, or administers to sleep a sounder opiate ; but whether it coincides with truth. Do observation and reflection support his doctrines ? Are the dangers he suggests shadowy and unreal ? Are their terrors exhibited in false or extravagant colours ?

It is not to be expected that any human work should be entitled to unqualified, or attain universal approbation ; especially when it treats on principles and duties, at once so complicated and delicate, as are ever the political. Some cannot, and others will not, see the force of reasoning and the evidence of facts. The nature of such topicks, necessarily general, affords to the cunning ample opportunity of evading the force of con-

clusions ; and to the ignorant sufficient apology for escaping conviction.

Many minds are so constituted as to be affected only by dangers, which may be felt. Their toil is not interrupted, their sleep is not broken, their pleasures not disturbed, unless the cloud be within striking distance, and an atmosphere pregnant with visible flame corruscating around them. The eyes of others are ever upon the horizon, watching the signs of change in their first gatherings. They realise the coming storm in the very stillness of its precursor, and have a foretaste of its terrors by tokens, which to common sight are invisible, or of which it is heedless. Like sage Palinurus, they guide themselves, chiefly, by their knowledge of general nature, and trust not particular appearances.

—credam quid enim ? fallacibus Austris,
Et coeli toties deceptus fraude sereni.

In that vast diversity of interest and passion, of intelligence and virtue, which exists in every community, a wide scope is given for difference of judgment, concerning a good or evil in prospect, as well as of opinion, concerning the means of securing the one and avoiding the other. Among such as undertake the thankless task of observing and explaining the aspects of the times, those are always heard with impatience and generally with suspicion, who foretell dangers, and call for preparation against them. Men hate the knowledge, which alarms their fears, or invades their indolence. They had rather grope in darkness, and take the chances of advancing blindly, than to have a light thrown upon their path, revealing precipices and pitfalls in every stage of their journey, from which they can only escape by the weariness of perpetual labour and the exercise of an ever-wakeful virtue. Yet such was the office this writer's sense of duty compelled him to undertake.

His unceasing study was to diffuse among his fellow citizens, in respect to their political relations, *self knowledge*: of all tasks the least likely to conciliate affection, or to attain reward. He had deeply considered the dangers of liberty, not merely by the light of books, but by that which long experience of the world and studious observation of man afforded him. The result of his reflections he hesitated not to utter, with an independence as rare as was his genius. He knew that the people of the United States had chosen the highest state of civil liberty, and, as he thought, without sufficiently appreciating the hazards to which it was incident, or calculating the sacrifices its preservation required. He knew that it was the character of mankind, as well in a collective as in an individual capacity, to look every where else than into their own bosoms for the sources of the evils, with which they were afflicted, or the causes of the difficulties, in which they were

involved. Yet in the very structure of the human heart was laid the foundation of those obstacles to a prosperous termination of that republican experiment, the success of which is so dear to every American, and was especially to a man, like him who was nothing else but an American in every thought and pulsation of his bosom.

It is the tendency of a republican government, in proportion to its freedom, to degenerate into that licentiousness, which under the garb of liberty is only the tyranny of the multitude, terminating at last, by an eternal law of nature, in the despotism of an individual. In such a government, every strong passion of the human breast has stimulus and scope for exercise. Those which are base, not less than those which are generous are incited to activity by the greatness of the reward and the obvious paths to its attainment. Ambition, envy, cupidity and a host of others find the way to gratification beaten and easy. The power of the state, in effect, is lodged in the hands of a majority, which it is their business to corrupt, deceive and command. To these ends they practise upon weakness, flatter prejudice, bribe wickedness, for which they have natural allies in all whom idleness, vice and criminal want have made enemies to established order and friends to revolution. In every step of its progress society advances towards that state, in which the process of corruption and deception becomes easier and shorter. In proportion as numbers increase, information is more difficult to diffuse, and society approximates to the character of a popular assembly, in which much is done by intrigue and by impulse, little by argument, nothing at all by detailed examination of interests and principles. Inequalities both of intellectual and pecuniary acquisition multiply; with them new sources of jealousy and discontent open and the channels of corrupt influence grow wider and deeper. The possession of power becomes more desirable; the means for its attainment augment; the restraints on criminal design diminish. Motives for the excitement of popular passions are increased. These are more easily set on fire, and the direction of the conflagration becomes less governable. Every bad passion which dreads restraint, every vicious inclination which seeks indulgence are made the instruments of ambition, and either openly league, or blindly are led, to produce an order of things nominally more favourable to liberty, in effect and result wholly destructive of it. In the concussion of contending factions, shipwreck is made both of conscience and moral sense. The route to political elevation is flattery, time-serving and subserviency. The way to lose it is to prefer duty to popularity, and to love the interest of the people more than their favour.

These dangers to liberty, which thus grow out of the nature of the human heart, although obvious enough to speculative in-

quirers, it is difficult to make men realise, while absorbed by the interests and agitated by the passions of political life. They are too much engaged in the attainment of immediate and particular ends, very scrupulously to analyse their own motives, or very carefully to concern themselves about distant consequences. Both the former and the latter were the perpetual theme of the thought and subject of the pen of him, whose works are now under consideration. He saw the taint of tyranny, like a leprosy upon the skin, spreading over and corrupting, under the name of party attachment, every member of the body politic. Already he witnessed its destructive consequences on private morals and public tranquillity. His genius full of vigour and fertility was ever on the stretch for occasions and for language to express his sense of the greatness and certainty of the dangers, which surrounded his country. Greater liberty, than that secured by our happy constitutions, he realised to be impracticable, yet he saw its barriers daily violated, its safeguards removed, its principles disregarded, and the people growing more familiar with the spirit of democracy; the reign of which was in its commencement and course fatal to our peace, and in its end fatal to liberty. Deeply impressed with the horrors which awaited our progress, should we follow in the degenerate footsteps of preceding republics, he labours for language to express his apprehension of the miseries, which democracy would bring and in which it would terminate. To describe its destructive course, his imagery, all powerful as it was, sunk under his subject. It was "a Briareus," "a Cerberus," "a torrent," "a West India hurricane," "a vapour like the Sirocco," "a winged curse," "an earthquake," "a hell, ringing with agonies and blasphemies, smoking with suffering and crime." His mind, penetrated by its conviction of the miseries of such a state, sometimes started into a wild and unlicensed speed. The associations, by which he strives to illustrate his apprehensions, are not always justified by the analogies of things. For who will venture to compare any of the evils of this transitory life, however accumulated or insupportable, with that awful state of retribution, by which a just God shall hereafter vindicate his slighted sovereignty? Had an opportunity been afforded, he would, doubtless, have chastened his language, as he might easily have done without diminishing its effect.

Although his imagery in this, and in a few like instances, is somewhat too vivid and bold, yet there is nothing in it ludicrous or irreverent. If his expression at any time be extravagant, it has, obviously, nothing of rhetorical artifice. We realise that his mind is overwhelmed with its sense of the extremity of those evils, in which anarchy and licentiousness would involve our republic, and that it grasps beyond the bounds of terrestrial nature after means to com-

municate his impression of them, in all its strength, to his fellow citizens. If any one be disposed to censure, let him read in the preface to the defence of the American constitutions, by one of our chief statesmen, his recapitulation of "the fashionable outrages of unbalanced parties," and consider, if there be in this world any state to be imagined more full of horror, or more justly deserving to be drawn in colours which should exhaust whatever in description is forcible and terrible. A knowledge of what human nature is capable, and how savage the heart of man is, when possessed of power equal to his passion, is of all other the most necessary to be realised, in order to give energy and union to all, who having a regard to real liberty ought above every thing to dread the miseries, which follow in the train of its counterfeit.

A chief end, which Mr. Ames proposed to himself in all his writings, was to impress upon his fellow citizens a deep conviction of the tendency of their form of government to degenerate into licentious democracies, and of the necessity of unwearied struggles to preserve that real, constitutional liberty they at present enjoy. This purpose is not, perhaps, distinctly asserted in some of his productions, which have found their way to the press in an unfinished state; the first impression of which sometimes creates despondence rather than hope, and renders the mind dubious, whether relief can be attained by exertion. Yet even here his purpose is easily deducible from the tenour of his argument and the course of his reflections. He, who censures indolence, can mean nothing else than to recommend activity. He, who condemns apathy, incites to vigilance. To realise the degree and particulars, in which we are degenerate, is the first lesson in the upward course of improvement. Every nation's political constitution, like every man's natural life, is mortal by an eternal law. Yet from this knowledge our duties take their origin, and by it their direction is regulated. We learn from it the nature of our condition. We are taught by it how to apply our force. Because evils are inevitable our obligation to continue exertion is not, therefore, remitted. We may palliate what we cannot cure; we may postpone what we cannot prevent. We may control our appetites, purify our desires, check our passions, quicken our sensibility, and thus reinvest nature with the vigour she has lost through our past follies or crimes.

Through all this volume there runs a pure and rich vein of sentiment, sometimes, indeed, more concealed than at others under the general mass of thought, but, for the most part, sufficiently splendid upon the surface to indicate where labour may best be applied and how profit will soonest reward endeavours. Instead of encouraging minds devoted to pleasure or absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, the obvious tendency of these works is to inspire higher objects of desire, nobler thoughts con-

cerning the destination of being, and juster notions touching the obligations, resulting from the privileges of our constitutions of government. The labour of his thought was to make his fellow citizens understand what liberty is, and what is its value; the nature of the sacrifices required for its preservation, and the necessity of cultivating an habitual willingness to incur them. He saw that his countrymen had chosen a form of government, which made it necessary that honest men should be incessantly at their posts*; yet that they loved nothing so much as tranquillity, hated the fatigue of publick duty, and dreaded the summons which called them to the performance of it. While the virtuous sought repose and took enjoyment under the shade of the tree they had planted, the factious, the vicious, the ambitious, and the desperate, were collecting their strength, cementing their union, and incessantly labouring to mould to their purposes the credulity, the love of novelty, the passion for the marvellous and the ignorance, which in some degree is the portion of every individual, and in a greater or less the characteristick of every community. How to establish bulwarks against the gradual influence of the vicious, how to rouse the virtuous to a true sense of their danger, and to keep them like centinels always intent upon their duty, was the study of his mind, and the project which all his works had in view. † "We may long preserve," says he, "our excellent constitution unimpaired in the degree of its liberty." But to maintain it requires perpetual watchfulness. "*For liberty gives joy, safety, honour, every thing but sleep.*"

"A frame of government less free and popular might, perhaps, have been left to take some care of itself; but the people choose to have it as it is, and, therefore, they must not complain of the burden, but come forward and support it: it has not strength to stand alone, without such help from the wise and honest citizens. The time to do this, is at the elections. There, if any where, the sovereignty of the citizen is to be exercised, and there the privilege is open to the most excessive and most fatal abuse"§

In one of his essays, (p. 227.) he recapitulates the arguments, by which despair induces itself to entertain its gloomy anticipations, and with his characteristick zeal and animation thus answers and repels them:

"If our government must fall, as it *may* very deplorably, and soon, and as it certainly *must* with a violent jacobin administration, let the monstrous wickedness of working its downfall really be, and *appear*, if possible, to the whole people, to be chargeable to the jacobins. Let the federalists cling to it, while it has life in it, and even longer than there is hope. Let them be auxiliary to its virtues; let them contend for its corpse, as for the body of Patroclus; and let them reverence its memory. Let them delay, if they cannot prevent, its fate; and let them endeavour so to animate, instruct, and combine the true friends of liberty, that a new republican sys-

* Page. 94.

† P. 97.

‡ P. 95.

§ P. 100.

tem may be raised on the foundations of the present government. Despair not only hastens the evil, but renders any remedy unavailing. Time, that soothes all other sufferings, will bring no relief to us, if we neglect or throw away the means in our hands. What are they? Truth and argument. They are feeble means, feeble indeed, against prejudice and passion; yet they are all we have, and we must try them. They will be jury masts, if we are shipwrecked."

A more noble course of publick conduct cannot be suggested. One more worthy of the writer, of his cause and of his country can scarcely be conceived. Nor is this a solitary or temporary impulse. Similar encouragements to exertion, expressed with various modifications, appear in other parts of his writings. Thus, in another place, (p. 275.)

"The chief hazard that attends the liberty of any great people, lies in their blindness to the danger. A weak people may desecry ruin before it overwhelms them, without any power to retard or repel its advance; but a powerful nation, like our own, can be ruined only by its blindness, that will not see destruction as it comes; or by its apathy and selfishness, that will not stir, though it sees it."

And again, (p. 300.)

"It is not by destroying tyrants, that we are to extinguish tyranny: nature is not thus to be exhausted of her power to produce them. The soil of a republick sprouts with the rankest fertility: it has been sown with dragon's teeth. To lessen the hopes of usurping demagogues, we must enlighten, animate, and combine the spirit of freemen; we must fortify and guard the constitutional ramparts about liberty. When its friends become indolent or disheartened, it is no longer of any importance how long-lived are its enemies: they will prove immortal."

And again, (p. 480.)

"Our good citizens must consent to be more in earnest in their politics, or submit to be less secure in their rights and property."

The spirit, which all his writings breathe, and which they are calculated to inspire, is an ever wakeful zeal in support of constitutional liberty; a zeal which defeat should not make despondent, nor victory render presumptuous; a zeal, which placing the permanent good of the country in its eye, swerves not from its purpose from any blandishments of pleasure, or any allurements of power, or any hopes of office. The incitements he brings, and the encouragements he adduces are among the noblest which can be offered to the human intellect, security of rights, preservation of property, personal safety, whatever obligation is included in love of country, and in an imperious sense of the duty which we owe to ourselves and posterity. The means he recommends are vigilance, virtue, energy, union. A detailed course of measures was neither practicable, nor necessary. The dangers of liberty are half surmounted, when the wise and the virtuous are awakened to a sense of them, and brought to a willingness to meet the sacrifices that we must make in order to be relieved from them. To impress such convictions, to excite the good to combine with

firmness, to stimulate them to form a phalanx around the ramparts our constitutions had reared about liberty, were the ends at which he aimed; the more generous, as they terminated in no prospect of his own advancement. He neither flattered the corrupt hopes of power, nor fostered the false prejudices of the people. It was not the velvet path of subserviency which he trod, but the hard and stubborn road of duty; fearless of personal dangers; hopeless of consequent honours.

(To be continued.)

ART. 14.

The Christian Monitor. No. VIII. Containing seven sermons, addressed to young persons. 1809. 12mo. pp. 192. price 30 cents. Munroe, Francis and Parker.

SUCH is the importance of the moral education of youth, that an attempt only to direct them right is highly meritorious; and the man who forms a single child to the temper and habits of a christian, deservedly ranks among the benefactors of mankind. How great then will be the honours and the reward of that preacher of righteousness, who shall so clearly explain to his youthful charge their obligations to Almighty God, as to persuade them to the duties of piety; who shall so powerfully enforce their social duties, as to establish them in the practice of benevolence; and who shall so terrify their imaginations with the pitfalls and precipices of vice, as to quench their thirst for unlawful pleasure?

This worthy design is attempted, if not accomplished, in the book before us. It bids the rising generation beware of associating with the wicked; exhorts them to avoid idleness as the enemy of purity and comfort; to be tender of the rights and feelings of others; to reverence the monitions of conscience; to cultivate the fear of God as the foundation of sound morals; and to look upon christianity as the best of all religions, and the choicest gift of God to his human offspring: it is filled, in short, with that good kind of reasoning and those useful lessons, which it is proper that age should communicate and youth receive.

The subject of the first sermon is, Reflections on man, and on the divine conduct towards him, from Ps. viii. 4. Of the second, Remembrance of the Creator in youth, from Eccles. xii. 1. Of the third, Motives and encouragements to early piety, from Prov. viii. 17. Of the fourth, The excellence of the righteous, from Prov. xii. 26. Of the fifth, Warning against the enticement of sinners, from Prov. i. 10. Of the sixth, The devotion of the heart and life to God, from Prov. xxiii. 26. and of the seventh, Christianity a mild and practicable system of religion, from Matt. xi. 30.

These subjects are judiciously chosen, and respectably discussed. The style is not uniformly such as we could have wished it ; but it is for the most part perspicuous. We select part of the discourse on "The enticement of sinners," as a proof of the correct sentiments inculcated by the writer.

"It is your duty to receive the advice, and to submit to the authority by which the parent would enforce its practical observance. Whatever the parent, master, or instructor, is in duty bound to enjoin, youth are not at liberty to resist, or censure ; but must be under obligation to observe and obey. Contempt of parental authority and government, disobedience and opposition to the regulations of families, schools and seminaries, are among the vices and follies into which sinners entice their more virtuous companions. Their first efforts are often directed to this object ; which, in many instances, is too easily accomplished. Youth are disposed to live and act without control, to manifest impatience under any kind of restraint, and to think they are more capable of directing their own choice and conduct, than their parents or instructors. They frequently imagine, without the least reason, that parents, masters, governors, or instructors, have an interest opposite to theirs, and that they impose restraint, or establish rules of conduct, to gratify their own humour, and not for the benefit of those under their care. This is, in general, a most groundless suspicion, arising from a predisposition of mind, which gives great advantage to those sinners, who are determined opposers to order and government in families, schools, and other literary institutions, and enables them to gain an extensive consent to their enticement to evil. That they may possess this advantage, sinners will, if possible, excite such suspicion in minds that never entertained it, and produce impatience under a government they before esteemed mild, equitable, and good. The consequence is dissatisfaction and resentment at the exercise of the authority God and nature have committed to heads of families, and of such institutions, for the benefit of those placed under their inspection and government. But, my young friends, every expression of this dissatisfaction and resentment, more especially every act of opposition and resistance, under parental discipline and restraint, or under the laws and regulations of the institutions in which you may be placed for your improvement, indicates a perverse temper, and leaves very little reason to believe you will resist the enticement of sinners, to whatever folly and excess it may lead. It is their wish to excite a spirit of hostility in your bosoms against your best friends, and to flatter you with the idea that you are capable of self-government, and that it is mean to submit to the direction and control of any authority but your own reason and inclination. But this is contrary to the order of nature, and to the happiness of society. Parents were no more obliged to guard your infancy, than they are to guide your youthful steps ; and filial duty requires your submission to their authority and direction. Weigh and apply the subject, and you will, in this respect, guard against the enticement of sinners."

ART. 15.

Coelebs in search of a wife, comprehending observations on domestic habits and manners, religion and morals. From 2d London edition, 2 vol. large 12mo. N. York, T. & J. Swords.

It is what a book is, rather than who wrote it, that should engage inquiry. But it happens, through the weakness or the

corruption of human nature, that curiosity is busy and criticism is ingenious to ascertain the parentage of every new publication of interest. Coelebs is ascribed to Miss Hannah More, we suppose upon good authority. The internal evidence is by no means decisive; for though the doctrines and opinions are hers, the style and expression want some of the characteristics and perhaps some of the merit of her former works.

Coelebs owes something to its title. Courtship and marriage are very important and interesting concerns of this sublimary state. The single men are searching or resolving to search for a wife, and single women are accustomed to think it their destination sooner or later to be found in the search. Those who have no wives, will of course consult a book purporting to relate the experiences of a fellow bachelor; and those whose lot is determined, will feel some curiosity to know whether and how they might have done better or worse than their regret or their exultation tells them is true.

Another advantage of the title is, it seems to promise a story if not a novel. A story there is, but, as the author observes, "the texture of the narrative is so slight as barely to serve for a ground, into which to weave the sentiments and observations, which it was designed to introduce." The book is chiefly a collection of remarks and essays on religion; a delineation of characters, and a narrative of conversations, designed to show what a christian should believe and do, and in what respects religion coincides with the other principles of action, or supplies their defect. The persons introduced are principally in the walks of genteel life, with an affluence of money and of time. They are not placed in critical exigencies and trying situations. They sail on a smooth stream of ordinary life, with few of the breaks and cataracts of misfortune. Coelebs, a rich young bachelor, wishes to find a wife, combining all possible perfections, and especially uniting religion to her other excellencies. "In such a companion, said I, as I drove along in my post chaise, I do not want a Helen, a St. Cecilia, or a Madame Dacier; yet she must be elegant, or I should not love her; sensible, or I should not respect her; prudent, or I could not confide in her; well informed, or she could not educate my children; well bred, or she could not entertain my friends; consistent, or I should offend the shade of my mother; pious, or I should not be happy with her; because the prime comfort in a companion for life, is the delightful hope that she will be a companion for eternity." This fair vision is realised in Lucilla, the daughter of Mr. Stanley, whose family is intended as a pattern family in all respects, and an exhibition of the operation and benefit of *consistent* christianity, and the best method of conducting a religious education. In his visit to London, and his temporary residence at Mr. Stanley's, Coelebs

meets with various characters, who are described with a view to expose the different "shades of error in various descriptions of society; not only in those worldly persons, who do not quite leave religion out of their scheme, but on the mistakes and inconsistencies of better characters, and even on the errors of some, who would be astonished not to find themselves reckoned altogether religious."

The author has studied the best English sermons, and delivered sentiments upon the common pulpit topics of instruction and persuasion with frequent elegance and force. The reader will find here all the leading features of the system of truth and duty in the New Testament. The author would undoubtedly shew religion as Barrow represents her, when he says, "The principle advantage of wisdom is, its acquainting us with the nature and reason of true religion, and affording convictive arguments to persuade men to the practice of it, which is accompanied with the purest delight, and attended with the most solid content imaginable. I say, the nature of religion, wherein it consists, and what it requires; the mistake of which produceth daily so many mischiefs and inconveniences in the world, and exposes so good a name to so much reproach. It sheweth it consisteth not in fair professions and glorious pretences, but in real practice; not in a pertinacious adherence to any sect or party, but in a sincere love of goodness, and dislike of naughtiness, wherever discovering itself; not in vain ostentations, and flourishes of outward performance, but in an inward good complexion of mind, exerting itself in works of true devotion and charity; not in a nice orthodoxy, or politick subjection of our judgments to the peremptory dictates of men, but in a sincere love of truth, in a hearty approbation and compliance with the doctrines fundamentally good, and necessary to be believed; not in a harsh censuring and virulent inveighing against others, but in carefully amending our own ways; not in a peevish crossness and obstinate repugnancy to received laws and customs; but in a quiet and peaceable submission to the express laws of God, and lawful commands of man; not in furious zeal for or against trivial circumstances, but in a conscientious practising the substantial parts of religion; not in a frequent talking or contentious disputing about it, but in a ready observance of the unquestionable rules and precepts of it." These and other essential maxims about religion are admitted and maintained in this volume. A regard to our christian duty must be sovereign, it must extend to every part of ordinary conduct. Our primary object, our ultimate end is moral perfection. Where we are sincere in religion, it is more than a secondary concern. The love of wealth, of pleasure, of fame, the various appetites, affections, and passions, are not extirpated but governed and directed by religious princi-

ples. A christian may have pleasures, but they should be derived rather from intellectual sources, from the beauties of nature, from active employment and exercise, from conversation, from works of charity, than from the ball room and the playhouse and places of gay resort.

The usual means of forming this character and fixing these principles, as explained in Coelebs, are such as all the sects practically admit, however they may speculatively differ concerning the value and use of means: they are reading the scripture, early education, good examples, prudent discipline, and a careful attention to the law of habit. In Mr. Stanley's house these undisputed principles are considered as exemplified. He prefers an establishment in the country to one in the town; apparently because "a prudent christian will always avoid an atmosphere, which he thinks not quite wholesome." But the parents of Lucilla were not so unacquainted with human nature as to pretend to impose on her understanding by attempting to breed her up in entire ignorance of the world, or in perfect seclusion from it. "She often accompanied us to town for a short visit. The occasional sight of London and the frequent enjoyment of the best society dissipated the illusions of fancy. The bright colours with which young imagination, inflamed by ignorance, report and curiosity, invests unknown and distant objects, faded under actual observation." The methods of education in Mr. Stanley's family are very wise for the purpose in view; pursued with unceasing effort, and so far as the history goes, entirely successful. The children receive the form which the parents aim to impress; even Phoebe's ardent feelings and lively fancy, by the occasional assistance of dry studies, are made to feel the rein, whilst Lucilla, naturally of a more equable character, is all but perfect. There is no son to be the subject of experiment, and support the author's assertion, which Coelebs says he ventured to make to Mrs. Ranby, "that it would *generally* be found, that where the children of pious parents turned out ill, there had been some mistake, some neglect, or some fault on the part of the parents; that they had not used the right methods."

If the lukewarm professor should fall on this book, he will find reasons and incentives for being in earnest in religion. The nominal christian is instructed that it is more than a name, it is a character and a spirit, which are necessary to support his hopes. Those who judge of their works by their faith, rather than of their faith by their works, and make the merits of Christ a substitute for their own endeavours at obedience, thereby to be good by proxy, are admonished and confronted. If any imagine they are so good, they need not aspire to be better; and are so decent and moral, that they have no occasion to be pious; so considerate of the rights and feelings of their fellow men, they may overlook their relation to their maker;

and that because they give alms, they need not make prayers ; they are taught their mistake, though on account of the author's peculiar system, not perhaps so fully and completely as the case admits.

Parents are excited to more vigilance and fidelity in forming the minds and hearts of their children, and especially by conversing with them on the subject of religion, by making them familiar with the Bible, and by endeavouring to associate the idea of pleasure with the service of God, to give the tincture of piety to their youthful minds. Those who find they are not made happy by the world, are exhorted to use and enjoy it on christian principles ; and content and pleasure will spring up beneath their feet. In fine, to endeavour to know our duty as men and christians, and as far as known to perform it, is the chief good. If it be said, all this is nothing new. Admitted ; but it is said in a better manner than we often find. Dr. Barlow and Mr. Stanley are by no means the dullest preachers we may chance to hear ; enlivened as their instruction is occasionally by the interlocutions of Sir John and Lady Belfield, Charles Coelebs and others. For Lucilla is seldom brought forward in conversation ; and is more heard of than heard. After all, it may said that unless some new road to excellence is marked out, some new recipe for conversion and improvement is offered, it is of no great use to hold up perfect models that cannot be copied ; and to represent religion as doing more for the refinement and exaltation of the character than it ever does or can do, considering the corruption of human nature ; that the amount of the discovery is what was known before ; that if we were not sick, we should be well ; that if we are perfect we shall be perfect ; and that if men and women were ~~a~~ men and women, they might be something better and nobler. It is the opinion of the author, however, that she gives practicable rules and imitable patterns. Mr. Stanley avers that Lucilla, with all her excellence, is "no prodigy dropped down from the clouds. Ten thousand other young women with *natural good sense*, and *good temper*, might, with the same education, the same neglect of what is useless, and the same attention to what is necessary, acquire the same habits and the same principles. If she is not a miracle whom others might despair to emulate, she is a christian whom every girl of a fair understanding and good disposition may equal, and whom I hope and believe many girls excel." If, however, as some may think, Miss More makes her good people too good for any to expect or hope to equal, there remains the old answer, that we are required to approach, not to attain perfection ; that the example of a wise man may be of use to a weak one ; and that it is useful to have our aims beyond our expectations, and look above the mark in order not to fall below it.

Some of the good characters, however, have their shades, and prove by their imperfections that they are human. We are not certain, but Mr. Stanley himself, so good and so removed from dangerous extremes as he appears to be, has not an alloy of self-love and worldliness in that part of his character from which he thinks they are most distant, viz. his religion. He complains that he is called a methodist, for making a point of some things which others consider indifferent. He evidently belongs to that party of the church, who call themselves evangelical, or Calvinistick, and by some are denominated methodists; but he insists on not being confounded with the ranters, antinomians, and high-fliers; though he thinks them, "excepting always hypocrites and pretenders," in a much safer state than their revilers, p. 152, vol. 2. i. e. we presume, opposers. He applies the word *religious* and *christian* too exclusively to those who are of his particular cast; and all who do not readily agree to its pretensions, and conform to its standard, seem to be set down as *worldly* people. He insists that he and his friends are not allowed the standing and reputation, which they think they deserve, through the aversion of men to the character of a consistent christian. The mistakes and misapprehensions, the low views of religion, the disposition to asperity and censoriousness in his own sect are to be considered as imperfections of the good; the same errors and defects in the other must proceed from malignity of disposition. It is impossible any christian can dispute their interpretation of doctrine; or think they are ever illiberal or ambitious, or value themselves too much upon insignificant, or, if important, not essential distinctions from others. We think Mr. Stanley might have been invested with a little more magnanimity and modesty, and a more complacent spirit towards some of his fellow christians, without hurting the finish of his character.

In consequence of the author's identifying *real* christianity too much with the phraseology, the modes and the reputation of a section of the church, she is involved occasionally in what appears to us a contradiction sometimes of herself, and sometimes perhaps of truth and scripture. But here we speak with great diffidence and fear. She is orthodox; therefore believes in the "corruption of human nature," introduced by the transgression of the first pair. A distinct view of this corruption is necessary to the first step in the way to heaven. On this is founded the doctrine of the "implantation of a new principle," and a "total mutation of character."

But according to the general tenour of the work, this corruption means no more than facility of being corrupted; it means that there is in human nature and the objects which surround us, a cause of the wickedness which we see and feel. The true orthodox notion of moral inability does not appear; and though it is natural to sin, it is at least to many natural to

hear and believe instruction well administered, teaching that sin is an evil ; and it is natural by a good education to be made afraid of sin. The change of character is not the technical regeneration in the catechisms, called by Miss More "*implantation of a new principle*," but is a change greater or less, according to the greater or less need of it, and is sensible and striking, or gradual and imperceptible, as the case may be. When Carlton, who had been profligate, and Lady Melbury, are converted, it is of the first sort. But the christianity of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, of Coelebs and Lucilla, appears to come by degrees, like their other improvements. Sir John and Lady Belfield are rather improved than converted.

Miss More is strenuous for works to be joined to faith. Mrs. Ranby is drawn a caricature of an Antinomian, to expose the ranters of this description. Yet Mrs. R. after all, is acknowledged a child of the author's own family, for she is not immoral, and really pious ; that is she has no vices but pride, uncharitableness, bitterness, and she is regular at her devotions, and believes in the doctrines of grace.

Then it is sometimes difficult to know how to reconcile the praise and the depreciation of good works that both occur in this treatise. "In one man who errs on Mr. Tyrrel's principle," says Dr. Barlow to Mr. Flam, "a hundred err on yours." "Many more perish through a presumptuous confidence in their own merits, than through an unscriptural trust in the merits of Christ" "A dependence for salvation on our own benevolence, our own integrity or any other good quality whatever is an error," &c. Does this mean that more perish by works without faith, than by faith without works ; or that vice is not so dangerous as wanting just notions, or what Miss More will call scriptural notions of the sacrifice of Christ ?

We must be afraid lest our good works make us proud. If they make us proud, they are not good ; for we have as much humility as we have genuine virtue. If it be intended that men of mere correctness and decency of external behaviour are apt to depend on it as a substitute for goodness of heart, their danger should be ascribed not to their goodness, but to their want of it ; or to their resting in the appearance as an equivalent for the reality. There is a perplexing ambiguity in this theological problem concerning good works. You must look to be saved by faith and not by works, by a reliance on the satisfaction made by Christ, and not by any good quality you may possess. And what is faith, considered as a requisite to divine favour, but a good quality or exercise, as much as any of the acts of obedience or moral rectitude which men perform ? When we attend to sense and not to sound the purport of the several positions is something like this : Your good works are good for nothing as respects your acceptance with God ; therefore you must add to these good works which are

good for nothing, another good work which is good for every thing as respects the divine acceptance. viz. a practical conviction, sentiment and belief that all your good works are good for nothing. We mean no levity or disrespect; but the truth is, that such intimations of the worthlessness of moral virtue or goodness which is the great design of religion, accompanied with inculcations of that very virtue or christian practice which has been before depreciated, throws common christians into perplexity to know why they should practise, when all that seems required is to believe. No wonder the Ranbys and the Tyrrels call the Barlows and Stanleys legalists, and disclaim the duties of the moral law, when the scheme of divinity delivered contains two opinions, but one of which can be true.

The story of Mrs. Carlton is very interesting. Lady Melbury's conversion is edifying. We do think the qualities of the just and friendly Mr. Flam are far less foreign from the spirit of christianity than those of the selfish hard-hearted Tyrrel; and it would have been quite as safe to have allowed him to become a sincere convert as to have ascribed this change to the latter.

We hope the numerous readers of this volume will imbibe its spirit of seriousness, of devotion, of active benevolence; and if they perceive, will not adopt any of the narrowness of temper or sectarianism of belief which it may in some parts be thought to favour. We do not speak great things, said one of the fathers, but do them. If all those who covet christian excellence cannot talk as fluently upon points as the good people in this story, if they have too much distrust of their own judgment to dissect and display characters with the same freedom and facility, they may in all their conversation endeavour to talk as becomes religious beings, even when cautious of religious topics, and live, though they do not preach the gospel. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

ART. 16.

Sermon delivered at the installation of Rev. Horace Holley to the pastoral care of the church and society in Hollis street, Boston, March 8, 1809. By Joseph Eckley. D. D. minister of the Old South church in Boston. J. Belcher. State street. Text, Heb. xiii. 17.

ORDINATION sermons commonly excite an interest in both hearer and reader. The importance of the christian ministry, the commencing rights and obligations of the pastor and his flock, and the near connexion about to be formed between a clergyman and his professional brethren, are considerations of no small moment. Dr. Eckley appears to have been

duly sensible to the various circumstances of the occasion ; and has adapted himself to them with propriety. His sermon indicates a heart deeply impressed with the worth of souls, and the duty of caring for their eternal interests ; and it is strongly marked by a lively fancy, a charitable temper, and by what is commonly called an orthodox creed.

The charge by Dr. Lathrop is highly respectable, and the right hand of fellowship by Dr. Kirkland is entirely suited to the solemnity.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

ART. 5.

The History of New England, containing an impartial account of the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the country, to the year of our Lord, 1700. To which is added, the present state of New England. With a new and accurate map of the country, and an Appendix, containing their present charter, their ecclesiastical discipline, and their municipal laws. In two volumes. The second edition, with many additions, by the author. By Daniel Neal, A. M. London ; printed 1747.

THE first edition of this work was published in 1720. It was received so well in this country, that the degree of Master of Arts was presented to the author by the government of Harvard College, the highest honour they had then in their power to bestow. Several mistakes are corrected in the present edition, which is a valuable production, and was perused with great avidity by those of a former generation, who wished to learn the state of our affairs. It is now but little known, because the more complete history of Massachusetts Bay, by Mr. Hutchinson, has cast it into the *back ground*.

Mr. Neal, who rendered himself eminent by his other works, was a distinguished clergyman, in the city of London, of that denomination of Dissenters, styled *Independents*. His capital performance was a history of the Puritans, which contains notices of the fathers of New England, as well as other non-conformists, who suffered from the arbitrary mandates of queen Elizabeth, or the more cruel scourges of archbishops Whitgift, Bancroft and Laud. He has been accused of giving too deep a colour to those transactions of the high church party, and throwing a veil over the faults of the Puritans. That he deserves censure on this account, we believe, not from the ill-humoured sneers of Warburton, but the plain unvarnished representation of one who had neither the prejudices of English

bishops, nor the rancour of the sectaries. "No writer," says Mosheim, "has treated this part of the ecclesiastical history of England in a more ample and elegant manner than Daniel Neal, in his history of the Puritans." But he adds, "The author of this laborious work, who was himself a Non-conformist, has not indeed been able to impose silence so far on the warm and impetuous spirit of party, as not to discover a certain degree of partiality in favour of his brethren. For while he relates in the most circumstantial manner all the injuries the Puritans received from the bishops, and those of the established religion, he in many places diminishes, excuses, or suppresses the faults and failings of those he defends." We ought to be candid where we can, but even the candour of Reviewers should not prevent them from being just and impartial, and we think this well grounded opinion of Mr. Neal's writings ought to guide those who read his history of New England. There is enough to commend in the book, and it is more worthy of commendation than any other account previously written; yet we think due allowance should be made for the prejudices, the feelings, and the party zeal of all who write about the affairs of New England, when they tell of the grievous sufferings of our ancestors from "ecclesiastical commissioners, spiritual courts and penal laws for conscience sake."

The first volume of the history is divided into twelve chapters, and takes up the narrative from the first peopling of America to the year of our Lord, 1673. It may not be amiss to give an analysis of the whole work, because it contains a variety of materials for the reader's instruction and entertainment.

The first chapter is a summary of the opinions of learned men concerning the settlement of America; a relation of the unsuccessful attempts to settle the Northern Continent; a survey of New England; and a description of the Natives, &c.

All that can be known concerning the first peopling of America, is very little. The conjectures of those who make the Aborigines of our country and the Tartar hordes the same nation, were suggested very early. Grotius says it was the general opinion while he lived, "that the tribes of Indians in North America, came from that part of Scythia, called Tartaria Magna, and that if navigators had found the straits, or described the proximity of the continents, he should be of the same opinion; but as this had not been done, we have no fixed opinion about it." Had he lived in these times, he would have had all the evidence he wanted. Mr Neal does not quote Grotius *de origine gentium Americanarum*. The substance of the chapter is taken from Harris's voyages, where the same, or similar conjectures are collected. Whoever reads the dissertation of Grotius, ought likewise to read the notes of Joannes de Laet, of Antwerp. His opinion is, that allowing the two continents were united, it would only prove that the natives of America

might come from Asia; not that they were Tartars; but it is more likely that they were nations whom those warriors drove out of their possessions, and who sought a shelter in other regions of the earth.

The second chapter of Mr. Neal's history is a *short account of the sufferings of the Puritans; of the original of the Brownists; their principles, sufferings, removal into Holland, where Mr. Robinson laid the foundation of the Independent church discipline, as it was afterwards practised in New England.* This is a chapter full of information. No person could write better upon this subject, and it proves the contrary of what Mr. Hutchinson asserts, that Neal's history is only an abridgment of Mather's *Magnalia*. We shall quote an account of Mr. Robinson's church, not as the most instructive passage, but merely to shew what foundation those writers have, who have called the Plymouth settlers Brownists, and who sometimes have inadvertently confounded the fathers of Massachusetts with the fathers of New Plymouth.

"Mr. J. Robinson was the father of the *Independents*, being the first that beat out a middle way between Brownism and Presbytery. When he came first to *Holland*, he was a rigid Brownist, but after he had seen more of the world, and conversed with learned men, he began to have a more charitable opinion of those that differed from him; and though he always maintained the lawfulness and necessity of separating from those reformed churches among whom he lived, yet he was far from denying them to be true churches; nay, he allowed the lawfulness of communicating with them in the word and prayer, though not in the sacraments and discipline, and would give liberty to any of the Dutch church to receive the sacrament with him occasionally; he maintained to the last, that every particular church or society of christians had a complete power within itself to choose its own officers, to administer the gospel ordinances, and to exercise all acts of authority and discipline over its members; and that consequently it was *Independent* upon all classes, synods, convocations and councils; he allowed the expediency of synods and councils for the reconciling of differences among churches, and giving them friendly advice, but not for the exercising any act of authority or jurisdiction, or the imposing any articles or canons upon them without the free consent of the churches themselves. He disallowed of the constitution of the Church of England, as irrational, of their liturgy and stunted prayers, and of their open communion, as thinking it necessary to keep out unworthy communicants, and to have some marks of the grace of God discovered by those who desired the privilege of church fellowship; and these are some of the principles of the *Independents* at this day."

Mr. Robinson wrote an apology for the Brownists, which is frequently quoted by Mr. Neal. We have his own words, in his most excellent advice to our fathers who came into this country. "I advise you to abandon, avoid, and shake off the name of Brownists. 'Tis a mere nickname, and a brand for making religion and the professors of it odious to the christian world."

The third chapter which contains the *Rise and Progress of the colony, settled at New Plymouth from 1620 to 1628*, is a very just and concise narrative. Such an account is very interest-

ing, but whoever has read Prince's chronology, or *Morton's Memorial*, will find every thing which is here related, except the conclusion, which is an observation of the historian from what he gathered of this church and people.

"They carried their Brownist principles so far as to drive away a regular and learned ministry, which after some years they were blessed with, for want of due countenance and support."

And again :

"The people at Plymouth were generally *Brownists*, or of the more rigid Separatists from the Church of England, but those who afterwards settled at Boston, like the other Puritans, lived in communion with the church, though they scrupled conformity to several of the ceremonies."

Chapter fourth is a view of the state of religion in England under the administration of archbishop Laud ; and the rise of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Their settlement at Salem, their manner of incorporating into a church ; the hardships they suffered ; the foundation of the town of Boston ; the story of Sir Christopher Gardiner ; of the murder of Capt. Stone and Capt. Norton by the Indians ; of R. Williams and his opinions ; the beginning of Connecticut settlement ; the order of the council of England, to prevent the Puritans transporting themselves into America without license of the king ; the beginning of New Haven settlement.

This chapter is chiefly taken from Mather's *Magnalia*, except the former part where he refers to European authorities. It is however an agreeable abridgment of a work filled with puns, anagrams, circumlocutory observations, interrupting the narrative, when we are most eager to get at facts and characters.

In this and some succeeding chapters of Neal we have the *medulla* of the third and fourth book of the *Magnalia* in plain language and a good style. In page 148, there is an error we are at a loss to account for. He says,

"Our fathers being incorporated into a church, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. White, after which they chose the Rev. Mr. Wilson for their pastor, who, though an ordained minister of the church of England, submitted to a reordination by the imposition of such hands as the church invited to pray for a blessing on his labours."

Mr. White of Dorchester, who has been justly called the father of the Massachusetts settlement, never left England, and no gentleman of the name was at that time among the ministers of the plantation. Our author is also mistaken in the account of the ordination, though the error is less glaring, because he had documents from some of our early writers. The truth is, however, that Mr. Wilson did not submit to reordination. Our fathers believed the church of England to be a true church, and nothing could be more absurd than to ordain a man upon whom "there had been an imposition of hands." Gov. Winthrop was one who organized the church at Charlestown, and his account confirms our observation.

"Friday, 27, 1630.

"We of the congregation kept a fast, and chose Mr. Wilson our teacher, Mr. Nowell our elder, and Mr. Gager and Mr. Aspenwall-deacons. We used imposition of hands, but with protestation by all, that it was only as a sign of election and confirmation, not of any intent that Mr. W. should renounce his ministry he received in England.

Chap. fifth is an account of the Pequot war; the first synod; the story of Mrs. Hutchinson; of the settlers of Rhode Island; the foundation of Harvard College, &c.

It ends with the articles of confederation of the United colonies 1643. These articles are printed. It is a most valuable state paper*.

The sixth chapter is a plain narrative of the conversion of the Indians. Douglas sneers at the account. He even represents Neal's whole history as good for nothing, because he gives such a view of the state of society among the Indians, and such a description of the state of the town, as every man who has travelled as far as Natick, must be convinced is false. We cannot answer for what was contained in the first edition, but nothing occurs in the pages we have read, but what every writer confirms, and what some of the present generation have seen.

"The ground on which their town was to be built, being marked out, Mr. Eliot advised them to fence it with ditches, and a stone wall, promising to give them shovels, spades, mattocks, and crowes of iron for this purpose; he likewise gave money to those that worked hardest, by which means their town was soon enclosed, and the wigwams, or houses of the meanest, were equal to those of the Sachems in other places, being built not with mats, but the bark of trees, and divided into several apartments; whereas before, they used to eat and sleep together.

"The women began to learn to spin, and find something to sell at market all the year round. In the winter they sold brooms, staves, baskets, &c.; in the spring cranberries, fish, strawberries; in the summer, whortleberries, grapes, fish; besides, several of them worked with the English in hay-time and harvest; but they were neither so industrious nor capable of hard labour, as those who have been bred to it."

This state of society continued till the use of spirituous liquors was introduced among them; and then human nature was exhibited in its most degraded state. It would be well, if many in civilised regions did not justify the remarks which we have heard these poor creatures make, "That other folks get drunk besides Indians." The authorities Mr. Neal quotes render his work respectable. Some of them cannot be obtain-

* The articles with all the records of the commissioners are published in Hazard's collections. The union subsisted, with some alterations, to the year 1686, when all the charters were vacated by a commission from James the second. Mr. Hazard, with surprising diligence and uncommon accuracy, has collected all these proceedings. The publick are much indebted to him, and should there ever be established in this country an institution similar to that of the society of Antiquaries in England, they would stamp a medal with his image upon it.

ed at the present day by those who are eager to peruse them*. Mr. Eliot's letters to the corporation, and Mr. Mayhew's are frequently quoted. Some of them have been lately reprinted in the Historical Collections. The whole of Mr. Neal's chapter comprises only the history of the year 1646.

Chapters seventh and eighth contain several biographical sketches, which are abridged from the *Magnalia Americana* of Cotton Mather; also an account of the second Synod of New England; the separation of the Anabaptists, and their sufferings; a large account of the laws made against the Quakers, &c.

The first law of this sort was made in 1651. Mr. Neal justly observes:

"That the government of New England, for the sake of uniformity in divine worship, broke in upon the natural rights of mankind, punishing men, not for disturbing the state, but for differing sentiments in religion."

Such laws indeed answer no purpose. They weaken the publick authority, and make enemies to the government. No penal laws, made against the sectaries, could prevent the growth of anabaptism. One of the Quakers, when sentence of death was passed upon him, asked the court, what they had gained by their cruel proceedings; *For the last man*, said he, *that was put to death, here are five come in his room; and if you have power to take my life from me, God can raise up the same principle of life in ten of his servants, and send them among you in my room, that you may have torment upon torments.*

It ought to be observed, that the persecution against the quakers was not carried on so fiercely in the other colonies as in Massachusetts. They suffered very little in Connecticut, notwithstanding all we hear about the blue laws of New Haven; they were safe in Rhode Island; and New Hampshire cared not much about these things. The old colony of Plymouth copied after Massachusetts, as appears from a letter from one of their wisest men: "He that will not whip and lash, persecute and punish men that differ in matters of religion, must not sit on the bench, nor sustain any office in the commonwealth." This letter is very curious. Extracts from it are preserved by Mr. Neal, but the whole letter has never been published. It is signed James Cudworth, and written to a friend in London, December 10, 1658. He tells his friend, that, because he entertained some of the Quakers at his house, from compassion, or desire to know their principles, he was left off the bench, and discharged of his captainship.

"They acknowledge," said he, "my gifts and parts, and professed they had nothing against me, only in the thing of my giving entertainment

* Daybreaking of the gospel in New England, Lond. 1647.

Shepherd's clear sunshine of the gospel upon the Indians, Lond. 1648.

Manifestation of the further progress of the gospel in New England, Lond. 1652.

to Quakers, though I broke no law in so doing; for our law then was, "*If any entertain a quaker, and keep him after he is warned by a magistrate to depart, he shall pay 20 shillings a-week for entertaining him.*" But since that a law has been made, that, "*If any entertain a quaker, though but for a quarter of an hour, he shall pay 5l.*" And another. If any see a quaker, he is bound, though he lives six miles or more from a constable, to give immediate notice to him, or else be subject to the censure of the court. Another, That if the constable know, or hear of any quaker in his precincts, he is presently to apprehend him, and if he will not presently depart the town, to whip, and send him away."

In the year 1661, an order from Charles II. put a stop to the execution of the laws against the quakers, but it did not quench the spirit which operated upon all ranks of people. The most eminent dissenting ministers of London sent a friendly remonstrance to the clergy of Boston, but this excellent letter made no impression upon them. The laws were not repealed. A synod being called in 1679, to inquire into the evils which provoked the Lord's judgments, they reckon the indulgence given to quakers, who are false worshippers; increase of ana-baptism, &c.

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE regret that, in consequence of not having received the communication on Mr Webster's letters, signed "Steady Habits," before the 21st of the month, when our pages were all full, we are obliged to postpone its publication to the next Anthology. We shall wait with impatience for our correspondent's second number, and can assure him that his further communications would be very acceptable.

To our friend who transmitted from the country the beautiful translation from Anacreon, we offer our thanks, and solicit for our pages further decorations of his muse. He who writes so well, ought to write much.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ANTHOLOGY.

New Haven, October 24, 1809.

In the remarks you have subjoined to my letters, addressed to judge Dawes, and inserted in your last number, you have attempted to evade the force of my objection to the usual classification of the articles, by observing that in the sentence I have used, *a*, applied to one planet, has reference to more. But what has this to do with the point in controversy? Have I ever denied that *an*, *a* or *one*, denotes an individual, with reference to more? This observation, which is Dr. Johnson's, I have never denied. My observation is, that *an* or *a*, is merely the word *one*, in its Saxon orthography; that it denotes an individual person or thing; but that *indefiniteness* is not its just characteristic, for it is used indiscriminately before nouns, which are determinate or indeterminate, and that, in this regard, it takes its character from the name which it precedes. Thus, when we say, "*a* great city is the nurse of vice," *a* is indefinite, because *city* is so; but in this sentence, "*Paris is a great city*," *a* is determinate, because *city* is rendered definite or certain by its name.

The truth is, *an*, or *a*, like every other adjective derives its character of definiteness entirely from the name to which it is applied. It has reference to more in number, but not always of the same species of thing. We may say with propriety, "*There is a* supreme self-existing God," although we believe or know there is but one. But in this respect, *an* has no property which is not common to every number. *Two, three, four, ten, a hundred*, &c. express a particular number, with reference to other numbers; and we might just as well call every word, expressing number, an *indefinite article*, as the number *one*.

In like manner, you attempt to evade the force of the remarks I have made on the word *if*, by changing the order of the sentence, "*If you ask, you will receive*," into "*you will receive, if you ask*." Really, Gentlemen, this is too trifling! Suppose, I had said, "*When you ask, you shall receive*," would an inverted order of the sentence vary the character of *when*? The truth is, that *if* and *tho*, have an origin and a character totally distinct from those of a conjunction. They introduce a condition, hypothesis, or contingency—an office wholly distinct from that of the conjunction or connective. And as we now know that these words are radically verbs in the imperative mode, and that as such they are significant, and illustrate language by the precision of their meaning, it is deemed proper to assign them their true place in the classification of words.

With these remarks, which I wish you to publish, I shall close my communication on this subject. N. WEBSTER.

INTELLIGENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

From the New-York Spectator.

VARIATIONS OF THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE, IN VIRGINIA.

THE law requires the County Surveyors of this state to mark the magnetick variations on their maps, but owing either to the want of proper instruments, or of skill in the use of such as might have been procured, this judicious injunction has been so irregularly observed, that it has induced more confusion than order.

Of the many methods which may serve to ascertain the absolute variation, perhaps the following is the most simple, and the most easily reduced to practice, by those who can take an altitude of the sun.

In two small holes, drilled exactly through the middle of the upright pieces or sights of the common surveyor's compass, let a thread or very fine wire be fixed so as to pass just above the box, then when the instrument is properly levelled, and directed to that part of the horizon immediately under the sun, the shadow of the thread will coincide exactly with the meridian line in the box. Having taken with the quadrant or sextant equal altitudes of the sun, before and after noon, by reflection from quicksilver, water or molasses—note his azimuth or bearing at each time by means of the shadow of the thread; half the difference of those azimuths will be the variation; which, when they are S. of E. and W. and the eastern azimuth greatest, will be E.; but if the western azimuth be greatest, the variation will be W. When the bearings are N. of E. and W. the contrary rule will be observed. These observations should be made when the sun is between two and four hours distance from noon.

The western azimuth must be corrected on account of the sun's change of declination between the observations; this correction may be made by the following rule, deduced from the differential analogies of spherical triangles (De la Lande's astronomy, article 3886, first edition) viz. To the logarithmick secant of the latitude less radius, add the log. co secant less radius of the half interval of time, between the observations turned into degrees, and the common log. of the total change of declination in minutes; the sum will be the common log. of a number of minutes to be added to the western azimuth, from the summer to the winter solstice, but subtracted during the other half of the year*. Or the time may be adapted to the lat. of the place, that the correction may be always equal to twice the sun's change of declination in the interval. In lat.

* I am not ignorant that a very different rule has been given for this correction, in a mathematical work of singular merit; if I am wrong, I shall not hesitate to own my error.

36, 30, this time is 2h 33' from noon, and 3' later for every deg. N. of that line in Va.—Or for those who prefer a very near approximation, it may suffice at any place in Virginia; and within one month of an equinox to use 10' as the correction; between one and two months, 7'; and thence, until within a few days of a solstice, a correction of 4', the sun's slow change of declination then rendering any farther correction unnecessary.

To satisfy myself how far this way of substituting the common compass for the azimuth compass, which is used for finding the variation by equal altitudes, &c. at sea, might be eligible, *I made the experiment at Norfolk, Williamsburg, and Richmond*; and found the line of no variation to run through, or near to the first of those places, lat. 36. deg. 51 min. long. 76, 26. In Williamsburg, lat. 37, 15, long. 76, 57, I found 23 m. variation E.: and in Richmond, lat. 36 1-2 d. long. about 77, 51, var. 57 m. E. Hence I infer that the variation is E. and increasing as we advance west from Norfolk; possibly about 2 minutes for 3 degrees of longitude. My compass was of the common kind, without a vermer, and divided only into degrees.

If the sides are fixed truly perpendicular to the arms of the compass, the box furnished with a vermer and levels, and divided into half degrees, I am satisfied that the variation might be found in this manner, true to a minute, by taking the mean of a few observations. Even the vulgar expedient of concentric circles, and the shadow of a bead fixed on the string of a pointed plummet, will enable a very careful observer to take the azimuths, so as to make a near approach to the truth; but the circles must be pretty large, and the plane on which they are described levelled with great care, otherwise the azimuths will be incorrect.

Amplitudes can be used only at sea. To take and to work azimuths by logarithms, requires some knowledge of mathematicks, and where the variation is only a few minutes, a small error in the observation, or in the work, will render the result dubious. The Pointers of the Bear can be resorted to conveniently, only at particular seasons, and the method is, in other respects, objectionable. A transit telescope, well adjusted, is necessary to determine the instant when the sun's centre passes the meridian, as his motion is then, for some time, apparently parallel to the horizon. From all these considerations, I am induced to prefer the very simple contrivance which I have suggested above, and which has also this advantage, that it neither requires expensive apparatus nor complex calculation.

The correct determination of the variation and the construction of a variation chart for this state, and indeed for the United States, is of more importance than appears at first view;

since it is highly probable, that for two or three centuries to come, the circumferentor is the only instrument which can be used by surveyors in this country. If the variation were once truly taken, and marked on a stone at certain noted places, suppose at every courthouse, as has been done near the Federal City, the relative variation might be easily known at any future period: Nor is it quite improbable that due attention to this matter might tend to throw some light upon a subject which has eluded the sagacity of the most acute philosophers. An industrious individual could, during one summer, find the variation at every important place in the state, and take the latitudes, at the same time, without any additional trouble or delay, for a less sum than has been expended on a law suit originating in the mistake of a surveyor.

Questions have arisen respecting the manner of allowing the relative variation so as to retrace an old line.

Rule—If the variation has gone Eastward, add the change of variation to the old course, if SE or NW, but subtract it, if SW or NE. When the needle has moved Westward, invert the rule.

These trifles are not intended to claim the attention of mathematicians, to all of whom the application of equal altitudes is familiar, but they may be of use to surveyors, whose opportunities for scientific attainments are too few; and to their employers, if they serve to prevent or to correct errors, and consequent disputes; or if they should induce the suggestion of any method more accurate, and as easy in practice.

I shall be particularly obliged to such gentlemen as may choose to observe the variation in the way I have pointed out, if they will let me know the result specifying the date, the hour and the azimuth.

I have not taken any notice of the diurnal variation, having no data respecting it, in this place, nor any instrument fit to observe it.

GEORGE BLACKBURN,

*Examiner of Surveyors, &c. William and Mary College.
November 7, 1809.*

From the National Intelligence. ... Printed in Washington.

MR. Denon, the well known writer of *Travels through Egypt*, has lately been entrusted by Bonaparte with a considerable sum of money; to be equally divided among the authors of twelve paintings of large dimensions, on the following given subjects:

1st. Bonaparte addressing the Bavarians before the battle of Abensberg.

2d. The attack of the bridge at Ratisbon.

3d. The capture of Ratisbon.

4th. The attack of the bridge at Landshut,

- 5th. The bombardment of Vienna.
 - 6th. The attack of the bridges at Ebersburg.
 - 7th. Battle of Wagram.
 - 8th. The French emperor's bivouac on the field of Wagram, during the night of the fifth and sixth July.
 - 9th. A view of the island Napoleon (Inder Lobau), at the time when his imperial majesty re-entered it after the battle of Essling.
 - 10th. A second view of the same island when Napoleon embraces marshal Lasnes mortally wounded in that battle.
 - 11th. A view of Ebersdorf, and the bridges over the Danube.
 - 12th. A view of the gardens of the palace of Schoenbrunn.
- A small number of marble busts, and among others, one of marshal Lasnes, will also be executed by skilful French sculptors.

The celebrated Canova, who is to receive 100,000 crowns for a colossal statue of Napoleon in bronze, has engaged the assistance of the German artists at Vienna, who cast the statue of Joseph II. under the direction of the celebrated professor Zauner.

The triumphal arch erected in the Carousal at Paris, by order of Bonaparte, to immortalize the glory of the French armies, is now entirely finished. It faces the Thuilleries on one side, in the direction of the Vestibule, and the Louvre on the other. It is 45 feet in height, 60 in length, and 20 1-2 in thickness.

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES:

FOR NOVEMBER, 1809.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura. Mart.

NEW WORKS.

The Jewish Polity completely overturned, and the Sceptre reserved for Jesus Christ. A Discourse, delivered at Newburyport, Lord's Day Evening, January 29, 1809. By John N. Church, Pastor of the Church in Pelham, N. H. Newburyport; Thomas and Whipple.

The peaceful end of the perfect man. A Discourse delivered in Lebanon, at the funeral of His Excellency Jonathan Trumbull, governor of the state of Connecticut, who died August 7th, 1809, aged 69. By Zebulon Ely, A. M. Pastor of the Church in the South Society. Hartford; Hudson and Goodwin.

Considerations on the Nature and Efficacy of the Lord's Supper, to which are added, Prayers, composed and used by Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. Baltimore.

The Mystery of Godliness. A Sermon, delivered at Thomaston, June 15, 1809, at the Installation of the Rev. John Lord, to the Pastoral Office in that place. By Josiah Webster, Pastor of the Church in Hampton, N. H. Newburyport; Thomas and Whipple.

The Brandiad, a poem, in two books, together with several miscellaneous Poems and Translations, illustrated with copious Notes. By Peter Carist, Esq. Boston; at the Bookstores.

Correspondence of the late President Adams. No. 4. Boston; Everett and Munroe.

Remarks on some of the circumstances and arguments produced by the Murder of Mr. Paul Chadwick, at Malta, on the east side of the Kennebeck, on the 7th of September. 1809.

An Answer to Pericles' grand appeal to the Nation, on this most important question, "Are happiness and freedom consistent with foreign commerce, at all events? and on the Necessity of a War." By an American republican. Philadelphia; Thomas T. Stiles.

A Discourse occasioned by the death of his excellency Jonathan Trumbull, Esq. governour of the state of Connecticut; and delivered, at the request of the General Assembly, in the brick church in New Haven. By Timothy Dwight, D. D. President of Yale College. Published by the request of the General Assembly. New Haven; Oliver Steele and Co.

"A Compendious Lexicon of the Hebrew Language." In 2 volumes. Volume I, containing an explanation of every word which occurs in the Psalms, with Notes. Volume II. being a Lexicon and Grammar of the whole language. By Clement C. More. New York; Collins and Perkins. Price 5 dollars.

Magdalen Church Yard, translated from the French. By Samuel Mackay, A. M. Professor of the French language. Boston; William Andrews. Two volumes, 12mo. price 2 dollars and 25 cents, in boards.

NEW EDITIONS.

The works of Mrs. Chapone: now first collected. Containing, I. Letters on the improvement of the mind. II. Miscellanies. III. Correspondence with Mr. Richardson. IV. Letters to Mrs. Carter. V. Fugitive pieces. To which is prefixed, An account of her Life and Character, drawn up by her own Family. In 4 vols. Boston; T. B. Wait and Co.

Lectures on Systematick Theology and Pulpit Eloquence. By the late George Campbell, D. D. F.R.S. Ed. Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen. Boston; T. B. Wait and Co.

A Practical Treatise on Pleading, and on the parties to actions, and the forms of actions. By Joseph Chitty, Esq. of the Middle Temple. New York; Robert M'Durmot.

A Farewell Sermon, preached May 28, 1809, at Newark, New Jersey. By Edward D. Griffin, D.D. Second edition. Newburyport; Thomas and Whipple.

Observations on the epidemical Diseases of Minorca. By H. Cleghorn, M. D. Professor of Anatomy in the University of Dublin. With Notes, intended to accommodate them to the present state of Medicine, and to the Climates and Diseases of the United States. By B. Rush, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. New York; F. Nichols.

An Essay on Crimes and Punishments, translated from the Italian, with a Commentary. Attributed to M. de Voltaire, translated from the French. A new edition. Boston; Farrand, Mallory and Co.

Constitutions of the United States: according to the latest amendments. To which are prefixed, the Declaration of Independence, and the Federal Constitution. Boston; O. C. Greenleaf. Price one dollar.

The Scholar's Arithmetick; or, Federal Accountant. Fifth edition. Keene, (N. H.) J. Prentiss. Price one dollar.

Reports of Cases adjudged in the court of King's Bench, from Hilary term the 14th of Geo. III. 1774, to Trinity term the 18th of Geo. III. 1778, both inclusive. By Henry Cowper, Esq. Barrister at Law of the Middle Temple; with Notes of reference to similar cases in subsequent Reporters. First American, from the second London edition, two vols.

Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus. From the twelfth London Edition. Boston; John Eliot, jun. 114 pages octavo, price 75 cents.

Memoirs of Mrs. Eleanor Emerson; containing a brief sketch of her Life with some of her Writings. To which is added, the Rev. Mr. Worcester's Sermon occasioned by her death. Second edition. Boston; Lincoln and Edmands. Price 25 cents.

First volume Shakespeare Illustrated, or the Novels and Histories on which the plays of Shakespeare are founded. Collected and translated from the Originals. By Mrs. Lenox. In two volumes. Boston; William McIlhenny.

The Parent's Assistant. By Miss Maria Edgeworth. In three volumes. Georgetown, Columbia; Joseph Milligan. 1809.

WORKS PROPOSED AND IN PRESS.

T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, propose to publish, The Philosophy of Rhetorick. By George Campbell, D.D. F.R.S. Edin. Principal of the Marischal College, Aberdeen. 'Certo sciant homines, artes inveniendi solidas et veras adolescere et incrementa sumere cum ipsis inventis.' *Bac. De Augm. Scient.*

T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, will put to press immediately, The American New Dispensatory. Containing, I. General Principles of Pharmaceutical Chemistry. Chemical Analysis of the articles of *Materia Medica*. II. *Materia Medica*, including several new and valuable articles, the production of the United States. III. Preparations and Compositions. The whole compiled from the most approved modern authors, both European and American. To which is added, an Appendix, containing, A definition of the nature and properties of the Gases; by a fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Medical Electricity and Galvanism. On Medical Prescriptions. An abridgement of Dr. Currie's Reports on the use of Water. Method of cultivating American Opium. By James Thacher, A.A. & M.M.S.S.

T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, have in press, Rules and Regulations for the Field Exercise and Manœuvres of the French Infantry, issued August 1, 1791. Abridged. And all the manœuvres added, which have been since adopted by the emperor Napoleon. In two volumes. The second volume to contain forty-two plates.

W. Wells, and T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, have in the press, An Attempt towards an Improved Version, or Metrical Arrangement, and an Explanation of the Twelve Minor Prophets. By William Newcome, D.D. Primate of Ireland, now enlarged and improved, with Notes, and a Comparison of the chief various renderings of Dr. Horsley on Hosea, and Dr. Blaney on Zachariah.

Kimber and Conrad, Philadelphia, and T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, propose publishing by subscription a general collection of Voyages and Travels: forming a complete History of the Origin and Progress of Discovery, by Sea and Land, from the earliest ages to the present time. Preceded by an Historical Introduction and Critical Catalogue of Books of Voyages and Travels, and illustrated and adorned with numerous engravings. By John Pinkerton, author of Modern Geography, &c. In quarto. Fine paper.

Ezra Sargent, bookseller, New York, will shortly put to press, in two volumes, octavo, an original work, "The Journal of an American, during a twelve month's tour in England, Holland and Scotland, in the years 1805 and 1806."

Ephraim C. Beals proposes to publish, by subscription, Jerusalem Delivered; an Heroick Poem, translated from the Italian of Torquato Tasso. By John Hoole. In two volumes, octavo, not pressed.

Joseph Milligan, Georgetown, has in the press, Tales of Fashionable Life. By Miss Edgeworth. In two volumes.

Cooper's Equity Pleader. This new and valuable work, will be put to press and published with all possible haste, by S. Gould, Law Book-seller, New York.

Thomas and Whipple, Newburyport, have in press, and will publish in December, 1809, A new system of Modern Geography; or, a General Description of all the considerable Countries in the world. Compiled from the latest European and American Geographies, Voyages and Travels. Designed for schools and Academies. By Elijah Parish, D.D. Minister of Byefield, author of A Compendious System of Universal Geography, &c. &c. Ornamented with Maps. Though geography is an earthly subject, it is a heavenly study. *Burke.*

William M'Ilhenny, of Boston, has in the press, A Series of Discourses on the principles of Religious Belief, as connected with human happiness and improvement. By the Rev. R. Morehead, A. M. of Baliol College, Oxford, &c. &c.

James W. Burditt, and Co. of Boston, will shortly publish, A Synthesis of the Rules and Principles of the Law of Nisi Prius, deduced from the authority of adjudged cases, from the earliest authentick period to the present time, but particularly showing the doctrine of Bailments, Bills of Exchange, and Promissory Notes, Marine and other Insurance, Merchant Ships and Seamen, and also the Law of Evidence; thereby adapting this work as well to the use of every Professor of the Law, as to that of every Merchant and Underwriter: To which is added, a Table of the principal titles, divisions and subdivisions; and a Repertorium of Cases, doubly and systematically designed. By Richard William Bridgman, Esq. Part First, Volume First. Taken from the original, printed in London.

Bradford and Inskip have in press, and will publish in a short time, Letters and Reflections of the Austrian Field Marshal Prince de Ligne. Edited by the Baroness de Stael Holstein; containing Anecdotes hitherto unpublished, of Joseph II. Catherine II. Frederick the Great, Rousseau, Voltaire, and others; with interesting remarks on the Turks, translated from the French. By D. Boileau.

Samuel Etheridge, jr. and John R. Weld, of Charlestown, propose to publish by Subscription, The Lives of the most eminent English Poets. In two volumes, octavo. By Samuel Johnson, L.L. D. Price two dollars and 25 cents a volume, in boards.

Hopkins and Earle, have in the press, at Philadelphia, Lectures on Natural Philosophy. By the Rev. John Ewing, D.D. late Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and senior Pastor of the First Presbyterian Congregation in Philadelphia. Revised and Corrected by Robert Patterson, Director of the Mint, and Professor of Mathematicks in the University of Pennsylvania. In one large octavo volume.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

DECEMBER, 1809.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM CADIZ TO SEVILLE.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

(Continued from page 310.)

WE reached La Brija about four in the afternoon. It is a miserable, squalid looking place, though it contains several thousand inhabitants. The day before our arrival there had been upwards of eighty French prisoners massacred by the inhabitants. This did not contribute in our minds to give it a more lively aspect. These unfortunate wretches belonged to the army of Dupont, a detachment of which was stationed under custody here. The intemperate behaviour of one of the French officers gave rise to this melancholy event. A party of them were dining together in commemoration of some anniversary, when, being heated with wine, and enraged at the insolence of a centinel placed at the door, this officer drew his sword and plunged it into his body. This rash act immediately occasioned a tumult, and every Frenchman that could be discovered fell a sacrifice to the fury of the populace. The life of the general and his aids was saved by the exertions of a priest, not without great difficulty. The remainder of the prisoners were withdrawn secretly at night by the magistrates, while we were there, and sent to Cadiz.

There is an ancient Moorish castle at La Brija, and a handsome church containing some paintings of Murillo. These are the only objects in the place worth a moment's attention. The posada, at which we alighted, did not present the most flattering aspect, nor did we anticipate from its appearance very sumptuous accommodations. We found it to be most truly in the Spanish style, and a pretty correct specimen of the inns of Spain. On entering the court yard the first object that saluted our eyes, or rather our noses, was a most filthy hovel, which proved to be the kitchen, filled with every thing unclean, and from which every thing unsavoury issued. The adjacent apartment was appropriated to the pigs. These agreeable in-

mates are generally looked upon as members of the family, and as such they enjoy equal rights and privileges with the rest of the household. They have at all hours free ingress and egress, which liberty they do not fail to make use of to the fullest extent. They seemed however to be more particularly attached to the kitchen than to any other apartment. The room contiguous, and immediately communicating with the kitchen, we perceived to be occupied by another description of cattle. This, of course, we concluded to be the stable, though by no means devoted exclusively to the four-footed gentry. The utmost equality prevails among the inhabitants. The mules share the apartment with their masters, both by day and night. They eat at the same table, and lie on the same couch. Stretched along the straw, with his eyes half shut, by the side of his long-eared companion, it seems a matter of doubt whether the muleteer or his beast is the most rational animal. The room allotted to us was a long hall above stairs, immediately over the last mentioned apartment. This, we understood, was destined to serve us for more purposes than one. After having been made use of as a dining room, it was to be converted into a bed chamber. There is no better sauce for travellers than hunger, and as not many among our party were afflicted with a want of appetite, we set to with a keenness that would have astonished an indifferent beholder. By dint of the provender we had brought from Xerez, which was not in a very sparing quantity, and with the aid of some few additional articles procured at the inn, we contrived to make what might any where be called a tolerable repast: at least none of us complained of hunger when the meal was finished.

We resolved to set out very early on the following morning, and as it was Sunday, we were under the necessity of making arrangements for hearing mass betimes. To hear mass on a holiday in Spain is much more indispensable than eating breakfast. Without submitting to this ceremony, no entreaties would have induced our muleteers to stir. Accordingly, as we were not desirous that they should risque the safety of their souls, we despatched mine host in the evening to look for the curate. This reverend personage was not long in making his appearance. If you recollect the description of Parson Trulliber, I need not draw his picture. Like that gentleman, his figure was nearly *equilateral*, that is to say, he was as tall when he lay on his back, as when he stood on his legs. His face, which was the emblem of good eating and drinking, was as round and as red as the full moon: or it seemed, to make use of a more sublime and appropriate simile,

"As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams."

Do not imagine that I wish to infer a resemblance between him and his Satanick majesty in other respects. There was no necessity of much persuasion to induce the good curate to seat himself at table. He did this without being asked. He passed very high commendations on the quality of our wine, and to convince us that he spoke his real sentiments, he drank near two bottles of it. He proved to be a great politician, a violent patriot, and an eternal talker. These qualifications made me think him no small *bore*. We bargained with him for an early mass, and that he might not fail of attending as soon as we wished, we promised to give double the usual price. We here struck on the right string.

Our hostess, finding we were disposed to retire to rest, brought in mattresses of straw, the only species of beds that the house afforded, which she placed in a range along the stone floor. Some of them were furnished with two sheets, some with one and a half, but the majority with none at all. These couches were not the most luxurious, but it is said that there is no better soporifick than fatigue, and in this country travellers must not be fastidious. The preparations that were making did not in the least discompose our guest, the parson. He still stuck to the bottle, and his tongue ran as if it would never stop. Our wine and company were so much to his taste that he turned a deaf ear to all our hints. He heard them with the most perfect indifference, and determined, broad as they were, not to understand them. Finding him in this disposition, we suffered him to take his own way. Accordingly he continued sitting until one half the company were in bed, and the other half undressed, before he thought it advisable to take himself off.

One of our companions, who was a great politician, and who had sat at table *arguſying* with the curate, long after he was forsaken by every one else, from patriotick feelings, and good fellowship, drank a bottle extra. This was unfortunately more than he could digest, and he became very obstreperous. It had been well for the company, had he manifested no other symptoms. But scarcely were we five minutes in bed before so violent a revolution took place in his stomach, attended with such potent effects that none of us could stand the shock. This agreeable serenade, with appropriate groans and exclamations, continued for near three hours with little intermission, during which time all attempts to sleep were, as you may suppose, abortive.

On going to bed I felt very tired, and hoping to enjoy a more comfortable nap, I had the imprudence to take off my clothes. Of this I in a short time most bitterly repented, as I was assailed from every quarter by an army of fleas. Having made many ineffectual efforts to close my eyes, after our noisy fellow traveller had become quiet, I was compelled to get up and put on my clothes. This, however, was being wise too late. I

found myself "stung like a tench;" ne'er a "king in christendom could have been better bit." The night was now very far advanced, and it seemed as if the fates had entered into a league with Bacchus and the fleas, to exclude Morpheus from the room, and to keep sole possession themselves. Our long-winded priest, drunkenness, and fleas, were alas! not our only sufferings. The room below, as I before mentioned, was occupied by the four-footed lodgers. The mules have their heads adorned with rows of bells, which ornaments their masters do not always think proper to take off at night. These bells kept ginging the whole night, and to make the musick more gratifying to our ears, the braying of about twenty asses was added to the concert. This was alone sufficient to "murder sleep."

The parson did not deceive us: punctual to his word, he called in the morning at half past three. After hearing mass at a neighbouring convent, we returned to the inn, and recommenced our journey. Until the day broke, which was nearly two hours, we went along in silence and darkness, meeting no object on the road, and hearing nothing but the rattling of our crazy vehicles, except now and then the matin bell of a distant convent. The road was so bad, that we were several times obliged to alight. Some of my valiant fellow travellers were again on the look out for robbers; still however no gentlemen of that profession thought proper to attack us. From Xerez we travelled in a different manner from our first setting out. Instead of three calesas, we had a coach and four, and only one of those machines. Two Spanish officers, who left La Brija with us, increased the cavalcade.

Half way between La Brija and Seville we stopped at a miserable and desolate hut, to breakfast on the remnant of our provisions, and about one o'clock we came in sight of the spires and turrets of that city. We saw little or nothing on the road interesting or remarkable. The prospect was enlivened by no trees, hedges, or enclosures. No cottages, country seats, villages or spires could be discerned at intervals to relieve the eye. There was every where a dreary sameness. A few scattered olive trees were the only objects of vegetation which now and then appeared, that could in any way divert the attention. The footsteps of despotism and oppression might be seen at every mile. There is no spot on the globe where the soil is richer than it is here, or where so little aid is required from cultivation. In many places it produces spontaneously the most delicious fruits of France and Italy. So great is its fertility, that perhaps no other region of the habitable earth could maintain such a number of inhabitants with so little labour. From the extensive tracts of uncultivated ground the country has a most melancholy and dreary aspect. Such has been the oppression of the government and the influence of superstition

for ages past, that the advantages derived from the bounty of nature lie unimproved and neglected; and those regions that in other hands would exhibit every feature of profusion and plenty, seem now no other than a barren and sterile desert. We saw repeatedly immense flocks of sheep under the care of their shepherd, browsing on the extensive plains through which we passed. The number of shepherds in Spain is estimated at 40,000. As we approached towards Seville, we discovered but little alteration in the appearance of the country. No pleasant farms, no orchards, villas, or cultivated fields indicated our proximity to a great metropolis. The land about the city is, notwithstanding, exceedingly fertile, and it was formerly called the garden of Spain. On the other side it has a much more pleasing aspect.

Seville is situated on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the midst of a vast plain. As we entered into the town, our carriages drove through a long range of elms, which form a very handsome avenue, and make a favourable impression. On the right hand of the avenue we beheld the extensive gardens of the royal palace, filled with orange, lemon and fig trees, the branches of which seemed unable to support their luxuriant load. On the opposite bank of the river we had a fine view of the town of Triana.

We drove through several streets so narrow that it was with the utmost difficulty our carriages could pass. Just before we reached the inn we were under the necessity of alighting and proceeding forward on foot, in consequence of the wheel of our coach having got lodged on a post at the corner of a street. We accordingly left the coachman, who stood blaspheming and cursing his mules, to extricate it in the best manner he could.

We went to an inn, said to be the best in the city, called the *Posada de Bevieria*. My first care was to secure an apartment to myself, and next to see what the larder could furnish. Fortunately there was no scarcity, and after giving orders for the best dinner which the house afforded to be got ready without loss of time, I proceeded to give myself those ablutions so grateful, and so necessary after a long journey. When I had equipped myself, finding that dinner could not be prepared with so much expedition as our appetites demanded, I resolved, notwithstanding I was somewhat fatigued, to take a stroll with one of my fellow travellers in order to beguile the time. I seldom feel inclined on my first arrival at a strange place to remain long in the house.

There is, perhaps, no town in Europe where a stranger so soon gets bewildered as in Seville. The streets form a complete labyrinth, and without a guide it is next to impossible for him to find his way. We did not of course venture far from the inn, but determined to defer our rambles until we could

furnish ourselves with a guide and indulge our curiosity without the risk of getting lost. Very few of the streets are wide enough for carriages, and most of the walls are indented with deep furrows occasioned by the wheels which often graze the opposite houses at the same time. In the street where we lodged, like many others, a person might easily from the window of one house shake hands with another in the opposite, or in the middle of the street he could reach the houses on each side with his arms extended.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

WEBSTER'S GRAMMAR.

My attention has been attracted by two communications of Mr. Webster in the *Monthly Anthology* of September last. On the perusal of these, as of many former productions of his pen, one is struck with the extraordinary industry with which that gentleman presses his "discoveries" into the publick service.

Without meaning to detract one whit from his merits, for, as a labourer in the fields of literature, he certainly does possess them, I cannot but regret that, in the heat of his zeal, he is apt to employ means to promote his plans, which are not creditable to a man, who, unbiassed by any consideration of self-interest, searches after truth *alone*.

An instance of this occurs in one of his arguments to induce the inhabitants of Boston to foster his productions, and especially to purchase his *last* grammar. Mr. Webster says "My Philosophical and Practical Grammar is held in great repute in New York and New Jersey. It is used in some reputable colleges. How happens it that in the metropolis of New England it meets with a different fate?" He then quotes the letter from President Smith of Princeton College, which the publick has so often seen displayed in his advertisements in the Newspapers.

In the above quotation one fact is distinctly asserted, viz. that the grammar is held in high estimation in New York and New Jersey; and another is intended to be *inferred*, viz. that the collèges of these states have adopted it; but, unfortunately, both are destitute of foundation. A rigid scrutiny into this matter will prove New York and New Jersey to be offenders as incorrigible as the "metropolis of New England." Mr. Webster has many personal friends in these two states who favoured his political writings, when an editor of a newspaper, and who at that period contracted an intimacy with him. These are chiefly commercial and political characters, who, I dare say, are more

ready to compliment him on his literary performances, than they are to read a page of them.

The writer of these remarks has some facilities for knowing, what books are used, especially in New Jersey, and it is news to him if Mr Webster's Grammar, which the author says is "highly approved in New York and New Jersey," is adopted as the standard in a single seminary in either of these states. I had indeed supposed, from knowing that the author had often expressed great satisfaction at the success of his new grammar, that the scene of its success was laid in the "metropolis of New England;" and yet, had I been curious enough to have investigated the fact, I might, without much trouble, have satisfied myself that it could not have been highly approved any where; because it could not any where have had a very extensive sale. It is now nearly three years since this book was first put into my hands; and I neither see nor hear a syllable about a *second* edition! A school-book designed for general use, as was the case with this "Philosophical and *Practical* Grammar," could not have been highly approved by even a small section of the union, without there being before this period a demand for a second edition.

With regard to the letter of President Smith, which is triumphantly brought forward to silence those who, he says, "are bent on decrying every thing American," I can truly say that I honour the *motive* which generally leads that gentleman to applaud every performance that is offered to him for his patronage. His *object* is to encourage American genius; but whether such indiscriminate approbation does really tend to promote the interests of correct literature, is a matter upon which some may entertain an opinion different from that of Dr. Smith. At all events, his letter loses no small portion of its influence, when it is known that the worthy President informs Mr. Webster that he has "reared a more complete system of grammar than any writer who has preceded him," and yet, by his *acts*, he evinces that he does not think it "*practical*" enough to be adopted; for, strange to tell! even Nassau Hall affords as little shelter for this darling child of Mr. Webster as the "metropolis of New England!" This "more complete system of grammar than any other writer" has produced, it seems, must even *there* give place to the grammar of Murray!

One cannot but feel an inclination to smile at the complaints of Mr. Webster against the injustice and severity of American Reviewers. That a man who has condemned, without mercy, the greatest scholars the world has produced, who has represented their labours as mounds of ignorance, charging them with "introducing more errors than they have corrected,"*

* *ECCZ SIGNUM!* That the publick may have a specimen of Mr. Webster's ideas of decorum, I shall exhibit him in the employment of describ-

not scrupling, at the same time, to hold up his own light as alone capable of conducting the traveller through the mazes

ing to his readers the merit of some of the brightest luminaries in literature. As a refiner of our language, and a writer on *Belles Lettres*, we must suppose him capable of no departure from those rules of courtesy which become a scholar and a gentleman. The following are from his writings. *Passim*.

HARRIS: "In opposition to *Lowth's* opinion, I consider *Harris* as a most inelegant writer." *Grammar, page 55.*

LOWTH: "Many of *Lowth's* criticisms are extremely erroneous, and they have had an ill effect in perverting the true idiom of our language. Not half of the doubtful points have been correctly settled by *Lowth*. Neither *Lowth* nor *Johnson* understood the Saxon or Primitive English, without which no man can compile a real English Grammar."

Letter to Ramsay.

SHERIDAN "has corrupted the pronunciation of millions of people."

Preface to Dictionary.

"WALKER fell into such palpable mistakes in his own scheme as utterly to defeat its object. The five hundred and forty-five rules of *Walker* are more difficult to learn than the language itself." *Ibid.*

BLAIR and CAMPBELL are graciously permitted to have the credit of "some good remarks;" but, alas! "interspersed with many errors."

JOHNSON: "I am prepared, by a minute examination of this subject, to affirm, that not a single page of *Johnson's Dictionary* is correct." Of this "wretchedly imperfect" work our grammarian says a great deal, and thus enumerates its "general faults:" "The insertion of a multitude of words which do not belong to the language;" "An injudicious selection of authorities;" It contains "thousands of passages" composed of "words which, as *Horne Tooke* says, are no more English than the language of the *Hottentots*;" "Johnson has transgressed the rules of lexicography in the use of vulgar and cant words;" [Wonderful! what has the *New Haven Lexicographer* done!] "Want of discrimination in the different senses of words;" "Inaccuracy of etymologies," &c. &c.

MASON is then quoted as respectable authority to prove that "Johnson abounds with inaccuracies as much as any book whatever written by a scholar;" "That this muddiness of intellect sadly bemears and defaces almost every page." "Mason," says Mr. Webster, "has lately ventured to attempt, and with some success, to supply the defects and correct the errors." The authority of *Horne Tooke*, who, Mr. Webster says, "has pointed out the Temple of Knowledge, and unlocked the gate" through which he afterwards passed "and penetrated into the building," is next adduced to prove *Johnson's Grammar and Dictionary* "most truly contemptible performances, a reproach to the learning and industry of a nation which could receive them with the slightest approbation;" "The most idle performances ever offered to the public," &c. &c.

Had I not been of rather a saturnine temperament, when I first perused these passages, I should have burst into an indecorous fit of laughter at the ludicrous specimen Mr. Webster has given, in his own person, of the truth of one of his remarks: viz. That "it is the fate of man to vibrate from one extreme to the other." The above extracts are from Webster's letter to Ramsay; those which follow are from his preface to his Dictionary, written a short time before.

"It is my intention to treat Dr. Johnson with the utmost respect, [frail resolution!] nor can I omit this opportunity of expressing my disapprobation of the disrespectful manner in which Mr. Mason has mentioned him. A real scholar cannot speak of Johnson with contempt." [What a deadly thrust this is at the scholar who pointed out to him the Temple of

they have created, should fall into a passion at the tardiness of critics in adopting his innovations, and complain of their strictures on his work, may appear inconsistent and extraordinary ; but such instances are not uncommon.

The celebrated Peter Pindar, who, during a period of thirty years, had lampooned without discrimination all the virtue of the age, appears, at length, to have imagined himself possessed of the *exclusive* privilege of wielding the shafts of satire. Accordingly, when Gifford ventured to enter the list against him, and to criticise his writings, the nerves of the old poet became too much irritated to endure it; and he, therefore, flew to a court of law to obtain redress for a lashing, which he had himself inflicted on thousands. As might, however, have been expected, the prosecutor was hooted out of court with a load of

Knowledge.] "How can Mason," he proceeds, "be excused for the asperity with which he treats Dr. Johnson, whose "palpable errors" he professes to rectify, and whose "material omissions" he professed to supply, when his own work contains scarcely a new term in all the various branches of natural history in which most of the improvements in our language have been made !! Even the common words, expenditure, &c. are in vain sought for in his Supplement !"

This specimen of Mr. Webster's *stability* will assist us in judging of his qualifications for *fixing* a standard of language. It also exhibits the progress of refinement in his own mind, which appears to keep pace with his advance into Saxon regions.

To-day we are assured that "a real scholar cannot speak of Johnson with contempt." To-morrow our *scholar* himself ranks him with the Hot-tentots. But I must proceed to another.

"MURRAY not having mounted to the original source of information, and professing *only* to select and arrange the rules and criticisms of preceding writers, has furnished little or nothing new." I wonder that the insignificance here attached to Murray did not prove his protection against Mr. Webster's subsequent elaborate attacks ; for if Murray has produced nothing new, in what consists those great offences which appear to have given Mr. Webster more disturbance than those of any other writer ?

PINKERTON is said "to have a very superficial knowledge of grammar."

PALEY's works, and Dr. MILLER's *Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century*, excellent in other respects, "abound in errors of grammar."

Having thus prostrated each grammarian separately, our author next throws them into one confused heap, thus : "From a careful survey of the history of our language, I have ascertained, beyond any reasonable doubt, that the English Grammars, which have been published within the last forty years, have introduced more errors than they have corrected. I can affirm that nearly one half of what is called etymology in Vossius, Junius, Skinner, Johnson, and Ainsworth, consists of groundless conjectures, or in statements that throw not a ray of light on the subject."

Such is the *manner* of the writer, who complains of the injustice of his countrymen towards him, compares their conduct with that of the persecutors of Galileo, declaring that "if it differs in *degree* it accords in *principle*;" when *in fact*, he derives his whole support from the sale of his books among a people who, through good nature, allow themselves to be brow-beaten into his measures, even to the contribution of money to encourage him in his vagaries.

obloquy on his shoulders. Defeated by the *law*, he next had recourse to the *cudgel*; but, unfortunately, here also he met with a default; for Gifford, not admitting his *exclusive* right even to the use of that weapon, fell to retorting in a similar way, and soon laid the vanquished poet sprawling in the mud; an instructive spectacle to those who assume to themselves the *exclusive* right of criticising the productions of others.

Mr. Webster complains that he has had to encounter more prejudice than Murray, that American Reviewers have applauded the latter, where they would have censured him. Without leaving to others to judge of the cause of this difference, he more than intimates that it proceeds from a disposition to "decry every thing *American*," and to favour the production of English presses, thereby insinuating that nothing *American* is encouraged when they applaud the works of *Murray*.

"American Reviewers," he says, "are as passive as lambs under this outrage [by *Murray*] on classic purity. We hear from them no censure, no clamour about innovation." I sincerely hope that Mr. Webster did not intend by these expressions to conceal the fact that *Murray* also is an American; and that therefore there is not as much of patriotism in supporting the works of one as the other.

Admitting, for the gratification of Mr. Webster, that *Murray* did suffer an error to run through some of the early editions of his Grammar; and that, on that occasion, he was treated with more courtesy than the other has experienced. A reason for this difference can easily be found in the relative claims of each grammarian to civil treatment. When Mr. Webster sees his true interest so far as to adopt the modest and unassuming manner of the accomplished *Murray*, he will doubtless receive more lenity from critics, and more credit from every body. If by my pointing out to him his chief failing, I shall be instrumental to his reformation, I shall have rendered him a more essential service than all the recommendatory letters which he has ever published.

But it will not require great penetration to foresee that Mr. Webster will believe me as ignorant and as inimical as he believes all others who have not applauded his book. Ignorant I may be, but inimical I am not. No person would more readily contribute his mite to assist that gentleman in any project, which would advance the real interests of literature; but while he voluntarily seats himself in the great chair of criticism, he should make his decisions conformably to its laws. The principle, that the king can do no wrong, does not extend here; and when therefore his lingual majesty maltreats his subjects for not submitting to the new code which he has extracted from Norman, Teutonick, Celtick, Saxon and Gothick barbarians, he must expect that they will resolutely maintain their right to

remonstrate; and, if his administration deserve it, to resist him as an usurper.

Thus far my observations have been confined to strictures on Mr. Webster's *manner* of enforcing his "Discoveries." I shall next proceed to consider the *matter* of these discoveries themselves. But as I have already occupied as much space as could be reasonably claimed at this time, I must defer the remainder to your next number.

October 30th, 1809.

STEADY HABITS.

SILVA, No. 58.

.....Trusco non frondibus efficit umbram.

Lucan l. 140.

JAMES MERRICK, A. M.

FELLOW of Trinity College, Oxford, published, in 1763, a translation and paraphrase of the Psalms of David. The Critical Review for the month of February, in that year, remarks upon that publication as follows. "Such paraphrases of the scripture seldom succeed. It must be no ordinary genius that enters into the spirit and sublimity of the sacred writings. The poems before us fall in our opinion within the sphere of mediocrity; not bad enough to incur severe censure, nor good enough to deserve uncommon applause!" Notwithstanding this damnatory sentence of the Critical Reviewers, repeated editions of Merrick's Psalms have been given to the world, and favourably received. Indeed there are lovers of sacred poetry, who think Mr. Merrick a versifier of a fine imagination and truly classical taste. Let the following passage from his translation of the 18th Psalm serve as a specimen of his manner:

"Incumbent on the bending sky,
The Lord descended from on high,
And bade the darkness of the pole
Beneath his feet tremendous roll.
The Cherub to his car he join'd,
And on the wings of mightiest wind,
As down to earth his journey lay,
Resistless urg'd his rapid way.
Thick-woven clouds, around him clos'd,
His secret residence compos'd,
And waters high-suspended spread
Their dark pavilion o'er his head.
In vain reluctant to the blaze
That previous pour'd its streaming rays,
As on he moves, the clouds retire,
Dissolv'd in hail and rushing fire:
His voice the Almighty Monarch rear'd,
Through heaven's high vault in thunders heard,

And down in fiercer conflict came
The hailstones dire and mingled flame.
With aim direct his shafts were sped,
In vain his foes before them fled ;
Now here, now there, his light'nings stray,
And sure destruction marks their way :
Earth's basis open to the eye,
And Ocean's springs were seen to lie,
As, chiding loud, his fury past,
And o'er them breath'd the dreadful blast."

JUDGMENT....MEMORY.

"THERE is no royal road to Geometry," said an ancient philosopher to a monarch who wished to be flattered by being instructed in that science in a compendious manner. If the observation is just in its application to the exact sciences, which demand less of profound thought than of patient observation, how much more appropriate is it to the departments of moral investigation and polite literature. The uselessness of a memory overstocked by words without meaning is admirably exemplified in an examination of a smart young man, which I have translated from the life of Ruhnken, the learned Professor of History and the Greek language at the University of Leyden.

Before Ruhnken entered on the duties of his office, he lived in the family of one of the principal men in the city. There was one evening at supper with them a man very rich and respectable, of good disposition rather than great talents or learning, who happened to mention that he had a son at home who was soon to enter the University, and he asked Ruhnken what lectures he ought to attend. He answered, history and the other sciences. "But," said the father, "my son has no need of history, he knows it well enough already ; for, as I have two daughters, and have given them an instructor at home, a governess, as they call her, I have put my son also under her tuition ; and she knows more of history than any professor." At that time Ruhnken used to employ irony, like Socrates, to expose the errors of others, especially of such kind of men ; in his later years, recovering his native candour, he simply refuted them. He said therefore, "you are happy indeed, to have such a treasure at home ; do not, I beg you, keep it to yourself, but bring it forward for the general advantage, and place your learned preceptress in the collégiate chair of history." "You may joke, but what I say is true." "Well then," said Ruhnken, "what has your boy learned, what part of history, from what author, in what course and method?" "Indeed," said he, "I cannot answer all your questions. When young, I studied history, but I now begin to forget such things. However, I will send my son to you, who will satisfy you on

every question." Some days after came this *peeping chicken* of the governess, pluming his feathers, and congratulating himself, that he was to exhibit his learning before so learned a man. Ruhnken received the youth kindly, and had a conversation with him worth repeating, which we shall give in the form of a dialogue, rather than narration, that it may be easier understood.

RUHNKEN. I hear that you have made great progress in history, and have a mistress at your house profoundly skilled in it. PUPIL. Yes, our governess knows all history; and I venture to say that I have profited greatly from her instruction. R. And what have you learned? Tell me. P. All history. R. What is all history? Has your mistress taught you all history, and has she not taught what all history is? P. She has, for she is very learned. R. I do not doubt, that your high esteem of her is well founded; but reflect what this means, all history. P. All history? That is, what is related in books. R. Here are books for you; many of history, Herodotus, Livy, Tacitus, and others. Do you know those authors? P. I do not, but I know the things themselves. R. No doubt. We must, however, from your knowledge of all history, except in the first place a knowledge of the historians. But perhaps your mistress has told you who Homer was, and Hesiod, and Plato, and the other philosophers and poets. P. I think not, for if she had, I should have remembered. R. Then from all history which you know, we must except also the history of poets and philosophers. P. I just now said that I did not learn *those*, but the things themselves. R. But *those*, as you call them, are men. You have then acquired a knowledge of things, but not of men too; as you have learned that the city of Rome was built, but not by what men. P. Ah! now you bring it to my mind. Rome was built by the two brothers, Romulus and Remus, sons of Rhea Sylvia and Mars, whom king Amulius exposed soon after their birth, but a wolf nursed them with her milk, and a shepherd afterwards took and educated them. R. You have said enough, my fine fellow, to shew that the history of things and of men is connected. But tell me now, of what other things and men you have learned. For instance, Sylla, tell me who he was. P. A tyrant at Rome. R. Was tyrant the name of any office or magistrate? P. I don't know. Sylla is certainly called so in history. R. Have you not learned that he was Dictator, and what was the power of that title and office? P. Not as I remember. R. Perhaps your mistress has told you what was the power and duty of other magistrates among the Romans, of the Quaestor, the Aedile, the Praetor, the Consul, the Censor, the Tribune, and others? P. She did not tell me; for these are more difficult, and less pleasant to learn, than events, and the explanation would have taken up too much of our time. R. Of that you will perhaps better

judge hereafter. Now from all your history of things we must also substract a knowledge of the Roman magistrates. P. But we were more delighted with learning about wars and actions. R. Have you heard of Carthage, and the wars with her. P. Yes, I have heard. There were three wars. R. Tell me; in the second, who were successful? P. The Romans. R. Were they successful too from the beginning of it? P. No, indeed, they were beaten by Hannibal in four battles successively, at Ticinum, Trebia, Thrasymene and Catinae. R. Did your mistress relate the causes of the Roman defeats? P. She did not tell the causes, but the facts. R. Perhaps you understand the causes, by which the Roman fortunes were restored. P. To be sure, I understand. Their bravery was the cause. R. Were they not brave in the beginning of the war? P. Yes, they were brave. R. You think then their bravery was the cause of their conquering and being conquered. P. I don't know; but I know, that nobody ever asked me such hard questions before. R. Well, I will ask easier ones. Is it probable, that the Romans would have come off conquerors in that war, if the most powerful kings of that age had united their forces with the Carthaginians? P. What kings were they? R. Do you not know, that there were at that time very powerful kings, the successors of Alexander the Great, in Macedonia, Asia, Syria and Egypt? P. O, yes, I know it, and we have studied the history of them in another chapter; but I did not think that they lived at the time of the second Punick war. R. Do you consider that their mutual rivalry was the reason, why they did not join their forces with the Carthaginians in that war, or afterwards with each other to hinder the increase of the Roman power; whence it happened, that all those kings, singly and in succession, were subdued by the Romans. P. I perceive it now, when you mention it; and the reflection pleases me. R. The observation of causes is indeed not only pleasant, but useful. But now you will not deny, that, from all the history which you know, we must substract also the knowledge of causes. P. I cannot deny it; but this I will maintain, that every thing, beside those you have excepted, we have studied. R. Tell me then what else you have learned. Or, if from so many things you know not how to begin, tell me where history itself begins? P. With the creation of the world. R. I ask of men and things. P. The first men were Adam and Eve, whom God created on the sixth day in his own image, and placed in Paradise, whence they were afterwards expelled, and.... R. You need not add any more. I perceive that you have learned some little book by heart. Of what men and things did it afterwards inform you? P. Of the posterity of Adam, of the patriarchs before and after the deluge, and all about the Jews until their overthrow. R. Why do you believe, that these things you have learned really happened? P. Because they are related in the sacred books, by

divine inspiration. R. Are the Roman and other histories, that you have studied, related in the sacred books? P. No, indeed. R. And yet you believe them too. P. Why not? They are contained in other books worthy of credit. R. True, but what books? P. Our mistress has two books in French; one small, which we learn and recite; the other large, in several volumes, out of which she reads to us now and then. R. Were the authors of those two books themselves engaged in the affairs which they relate? P. Not at all; for they are later, and lived within our fathers' memory, or our own. R. Whence then did they receive their knowledge of those events? P. From other credible books. R. Do you know those books? P. No. R. How can you then affirm, that those, which you do not know, are credible? P. I believe my mistress. R. How old are you? P. Fifteen years. R. What! A young gentleman! and your mistress still treats you like a child. P. How so? R. Because she relates history or fable to you, as a child. Do you think that the history, she teaches you is true? or is it of no consequence that fables are told you for truth? P. Yes, it is of much consequence. But I know that every thing we learn from her is true. R. To know this, it is necessary to know the means of distinguishing truth from falsehood. P. I do not know the means, but I believe my mistress, for she is learned, and speaks the truth. R. Do you observe your inconsistency? One minute you know; the next you do not know; then you believe. P. I cannot answer you so easily as my mistress; for she, I don't know how, asks these questions easier. R. Well, my good fellow, I will put easier questions. Is what history relates true or false? P. True, to be sure. R. Can any body, who is unable to distinguish truth from falsehood, write or read, teach or learn history to advantage? P. I don't know. R. Not know? Do you not know whether there is any advantage in learning history? P. Indeed, I think there is great advantage in it. R. What is the advantage? P. I don't know. R. Has not your mistress told you, that the foundations of many truths are built upon historical facts; that history teaches us other truths with greater ease and certainty; that her examples are of great use in the government of life and the management of the state? P. She has not; but I believe with you, that it is so, for what you say seems very probable. R. Answer me further. Is not that, by the aid of which we obtain any thing, an instrument? P. It is. R. Is not history then the instrument of obtaining those advantages? P. It is so. R. Now tell me, is not money an instrument in the intercourse of life? P. Yes, a great one. R. If a man should collect money without observing whether it was good or bad, and should take many counterfeits, what would be the result? Would he not be in want when the season of expending it arrived? P. It is as you say. R. Again, are not the instruments of navigation, the pilot, the sailors, the

ship and its parts, the keel, deck, helm, anchor, sails, masts, rigging, &c. and should not the master or merchant, before he trusts himself to the wind and the sea, prepare and inspect these instruments, and not take them by chance from others, but examine and prove whether they are strong and fit for use, lest he should pay the forfeit of his carelessness, by shipwreck or death? P. You say very true. R. I have said that history is the foundation of truth; do you now think it of importance to the edifice, whether the foundations be sound and solid, or weak and rotten. P. It is all important. R. Now you perceive what sort of an instrument or foundation your history would be; with what danger you would have used it, when, in the conduct of life, as in a voyage, it could have afforded you no directions, or only false ones, and in the course of your studies would have enslaved you by vain authorities and precepts. You thought that you understood all history; you now see how much is wanting. You have heard nothing of the historians, nothing of the poets and philosophers, nothing of the power and duty of magistrates, and, I suspect, nothing of many other things, civil and military, of places and dates, nothing of the observation of causes, nothing in short of the means of distinguishing falsehood and truth. After all these deductions, how much history have you left? P. I perceive it now, and regret my attention to history. R. You may take courage. For the first time you now advance in knowledge, when you begin to know of how much you are ignorant. You observe how inadequate for you who are soon to commence the studies of the University, and to undertake, as it were, a voyage of publick and private life, is that weak foundation and furniture of history, and that you require a more firm, efficient and manly one, which may assist you to a better understanding of every thing, an observation of causes, a discrimination between truth and falsehood, and, as I may say, to the history of history, that is to know who are the authors, on what subjects and with what knowledge and fidelity they have written. P. Your advice is very just; and I beg you to give me some little book from which I may soon learn all these things. R. Do you expect to be able to learn every thing from certain little books, as you learned the little book of history to recite to your mistress? I do not say that you ought to regret your labour and her instruction, which has been serviceable in impressing on your memory this childish knowledge of history; but it is now time to exercise the judgment, to pursue a manly course of study. This is not acquired suddenly, or by swallowing a single book. The writers on it you will at last understand and read with profit, after you have gradually accustomed yourself to it by a diligent attendance on the lectures of Professors who treat of history in that manner.

THE following translation of the Lord's Prayer is said, in the Monthly Magazine, for August, 1809, but upon what authority I know not, to have been presented by Pope Adrian IV. whose father was Robert Breakspeare, of Abbot's Langton, in Hertfordshire, to Henry II. king of England.

Ure fader in hevene riche
 Thi name be haliid everliche,
 Thou bring us to thi michilblisce,
 Thi will to wirche ther us wisse,
 Als hit is in hevene ido
 Ever in erth ben hit also,
 That heli brede yat lastyth ay,
 Thou sende hiousse yis ilke day
 Forgiv ous al yat we havith don,
 Als we forgiv och oder mon,
 Ne let ous falle in no foundinge
 Ak schilde ous fro ye foul thinge....Amene.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ANTHOLOGY.

Gentlemen,

The following translation of a letter from a French emigrant, in which names and dates are suppressed, is offered for your miscellany, by a *Correspondent.

Boston,,

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will have heard from the inhabitants of D....., that I have been for some months past in the new world. An excellent opportunity offers for writing by a person who is going to Bordeaux, and who has promised me to present my packet himself, at the chateau of D....., on his way to Paris. Having finished my despatches for Mde. de B..... and Alphonse, I am going to indulge myself in communicating, in idea, with the friend of my youth. God knows if I shall ever do it again personally. I almost despair of it, at times.

Fatigued with the perpetual jarrings and discord I experienced with in London, I resolved to embark for the United States, and from the activity that prevails in the commerce between the two countries, the facility of a passage is quite inviting. I hoped too by changing the scene to get rid of the intolerable ennui, that had for a long time entirely mastered me. Alas! my friend, is it to be wondered at, after so many years

* We give this letter as we received it, and without comment. Ed.

of absence, after having experienced such a variety of suffering, after so many renewed expectations have been blasted ! Yet our feelings must be stifled ; the world is soon fatigued with the appearance of sadness, but fortunately suffers itself to be easily deceived. He who would not be elbowed out of society, must not frighten it by his looks, but must wear confidence and hope in his face, when his heart is sinking within him,

..... curisque ingentibus aeger,
Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.

How doubly wretched is the situation of that exile, who, if his return were permitted, returns only to witness the destruction of his property, the desolation of his friends and the dispersion of his family ! Excuse me, my dear St. E..... I did not intend to entertain you in this way.

My long residence in England, where I had attained a passable knowledge of the language, has been of great advantage to me ; as coming here, though to a different country, did not seem like entering a foreign one. I arrived first at Philadelphia, and I have now seen most of the large towns in the United States. I felt more curiosity to see this city than any of the rest, because, you know, formerly it was the name most familiar to our ears. We even invented a game at cards, to which we gave the name of Boston; and as it is one of our most amusing games, I have been surprised to find it unknown here, though it so nearly resembles whist, that one would have supposed it would have become popular. The Anglo Americans, during their revolution, were commonly known in France by the name of *Bostonians*, which, I am told, is kept up to this day by the French peasantry in Canada. My poor cousin, the Count de V..... used to talk so much of it, after his return from America, that my curiosity was excited in happier times, when I no more expected to see this country, than I anticipated the disastrous events that have forced me to wander.

This town is only the third or fourth in size, but is incomparably the most interesting in its appearance. Indeed, the natural beauties of its environs seem not to have been sufficiently celebrated. The other towns of America can boast of more elegance in their public buildings, but they are laid out on level ground, are almost without domes and spires, and their streets intersecting each other at right angles, which though it adds to their convenience, makes them too uniform and insipid ; neither do those towns announce themselves to the traveller with any éclat. Boston is built on a peninsula, containing several hills, and its streets seem to have been left to direct themselves by accident, most of them narrow and crooked. It has as many steeples as a town in Europe, which have always a pleasing effect at a distance. On whatever side

you view it, new features appear, and the traveller is led to imagine it to be much larger than it really is; indeed if you will pardon the expression, I should say that it is the most coquettish town in displaying itself, that I have ever seen. Its harbour is full of islands, its environs are composed of gentle hills and pleasant vallies, and here and there a beautiful little lake; indeed there is no end to their charms. For variety of views and pleasing effect of its landscape, it can hardly be surpassed. One great defect attending the scenery in this country, is the want of imposing or interesting artificial objects, that recal some illustrious character or event, and by furnishing associations of ideas in the mind, give an interest which mere nature can never produce. This is in some degree remedied here, as most of the eminences in the vicinity of the town are crowned with the entrenchments thrown up during their revolution, and one of them is distinguished by having been the scene of the most memorable conflict of their war.

Boston however may have rivals in the beauty of her scenery, but certainly she has none in the character of her government. Whether it be that a different language and different manners, by preventing too great familiarity, produce that kind of impression, which is felt in considering the establishments of antiquity, or that I am only following the vagaries of my fancy, I know not, but I have been struck with astonishment, and in despite of my prejudices, even with admiration at some of their civil institutions. You will stare when I tell you, I refer in part to their democracy.....This savage monster, which has soaked up the blood of Frenchmen with the ashes of their dwellings, is here either unconscious of his strength, or so tamed that he will not exert it.

Since the days of Athens, the world has not produced its parallel. The six democrattick cantons of Switzerland, as they existed till they were devoured by our infernal revolution, can hardly form an exception; as they were composed of villages of mountaineers, without wealth or commerce, and almost without intercourse with the rest of the world. But here is a large city, with great inequality of wealth, a numerous class of artisans and labourers, and carrying on with prodigious activity, a vast trade with every part of the world; and this city is the most perfect democracy; all their officers are annually chosen by the people, and every question, even their accounts and expenses, are determined upon in the general meetings of the citizens, by the majority of hands; and he who earns a dollar has the same right as he whose income is fifty thousand per annum.

In their annual elections, which are accompanied by every kind of inflammatory address in the newspapers, in handbills, and by active partisans, still in the most perfect quiet and

tranquillity, four or five thousand votes are deposited in the same box between the hours of breakfast and dinner.

In their assemblies which are held in a spacious hall, different questions are discussed, and every man, whatever may be his station, delivers his opinion, if he chooses it, and they are finally decided by the majority with the most perfect order. One individual, without any particular costume, presides, and is called a *moderator*, and even he is selected accidentally at the time. Here are no soldiers or guards of any kind; nor any appearance of authority, discoverable by any variety of civil or military dress. Indeed it is a remark which will apply to the United States generally, and which every foreigner cannot fail to make; I mean 'the mysterious invisibility of the government. In Europe the strong appearance of power stares you in the face at every corner; here you hunt for it in vain; you see it no where. This total absence of what we have been so accustomed to behold gives every European a vague feeling of insecurity, which is perhaps groundless, and which to an American would seem absurd.

You will naturally presume that such a field would produce an ample crop of eloquent speakers; and if eloquence be shewn by an influence over the opinions and feelings of men, they possess some who have the highest claims. But to an European, there is a dryness and coldness of manner, which is chilling and repulsive. The vivacity of the modern Greeks, and which was probably the character of the ancient ones, is one extreme; and the artificial coldness of the Americans is the other. The debates in the parliament of England, even in the house of peers, are vastly more popular, more warm, and violent in their manner; and I have seen our geometticians and philosophers, your savans of the institute who are contemplating the movements of the stars, in discussing the trifling routine of the business of their meetings, in a degree of passion and confusion that would seem vastly comick and unskilful to these people. It is indeed amusing, to hear the Americans talk about the "*phlegmatick Dutch*;" which they have borrowed from the English; yet both in publick speaking and in private conversation, they are, in warmth of manner, and in the use of gesture, beyond comparison more reserved and measured than the Dutch. This remark however applies more particularly to the superiour classes in the two countries, for the spirit and activity of the lower classes here form a complete contrast to the immoveable apathy of a Dutch postillion, boatman, or boor.

I have said the *artificial* coldness of the Americans, particularly the New England people, because it is not natural to them. We begin to teach a child, before it is out of the nurse's arms, graceful movements; *they* begin to teach it the control, the annihilation of its passions. An instance of their stoicism

perhaps you will not credit ; it still seems incredible to me, though I have often seen it, I mean the practice of their funerals. When an individual dies, all the relations and friends, male and female, young and old, accompany the body to the grave. Sisters follow their brothers, parents their children, a husband his wife. They see the corpse deposited in the grave, while the service is said over it ; they hear the sound of the earth falling on the coffin !.....words cannot describe this sound.....it does not enter the ear, it strikes the heart at once ! for they begin to cover it immediately from their sight. Parents thus behold a beloved child, perhaps an only one ! children see their parents buried before their eyes ! And yet these inconceivable trials they are taught to bear ; trials unknown, and which would be intolerable by any other civilized nation. This custom is derived from their ancestors, who practised it in different circumstances, and with a different frame of mind ; but it ought to be relinquished by their posterity ; it may serve to fortify their minds and teach them christian self-denial, but it is too cruel, and too barbarous an expedient.

To return to my subject, you will ask, whether they are satisfied with this dangerous kind of government. The peculiar habits and long customs of this people make it less alarming than it would seem at the first glance. Of those with whom I have conversed, some are more attached to it than they are perhaps willing to allow ; others strongly apprehend its natural consequences ; others are indifferent to it. Some have remarked to me that no harm would result from it, while the country continued prosperous, and all ranks were eagerly and successfully occupied in the pursuit of gain. Had I been born one of its citizens, I should perhaps have defended it ; now, I confess, their security seems to me somewhat analogous to that of the inhabitants on the sides of Etna and Vesuvius.

The whole population of New England, with few exceptions, consists of the unmixed descendants of the Puritans, the most austere and obstinate of all the heretical sects. These were composed of English gentlemen and yeomen, whom the persecution of the Stuarts, or their own intemperate spirit drove to these distant regions. They fled from tyranny and persecution, but, as soon as they landed, founded a singular plan of civil and spiritual government, in both of which they exhibited what they considered, and perhaps justly, a wholesome system of moral despotism and intolerance. Its harsh features have been softened by time and the progress of society ; but this, like polishing a block of marble, while it smooths the exterior, only makes the colours and shades appear more lively.

One very remarkable part of their institutions concerned education, the elements of which they have diffused universal-

ly ; but in the higher branches they are greatly inferiour to the scale of Europe. I was witness to a fete, incidental to their school establishment in this city, which struck me with delight.....not such a fete, as the ridiculous apes of republicans, in the execrable French revolution, invented to amuse the populace ; in which theatrical display, and incongruous ceremonies poorly concealed the absence of real and natural interest. You would hardly suppose that there could be any thing picturesque in their simple institutions, and yet the celebration, to which I allude, seemed, though divested of all attempts at parade, or consciousness of its effects, to have been more like one of the lively, animated ceremonies of ancient Greece, than any festival I ever witnessed. Still the inhabitants are so unaware of the effect of these institutions, to which they have been habitually familiar, that many of my acquaintance laughed at me, when I expressed my admiration.

A particular day in the year is assigned for the *visitation of the schools* ; which is conducted by a number of the citizens, chosen for that purpose, and the civil officers of the town. The clergy, the principal officers of the state, and strangers of distinction are invited to accompany them. To go through the whole round, which however is not exacted of the guests, is rather tedious, were it not for the consideration of the interest of the object. After the examination is over, the whole company go to their town hall, where they dine together. A number of the children who have distinguished themselves, decorated with medals, and accompanied by their masters, join the party and have a table laid for them. After dinner a few toasts are given, songs sung, and smoking commenced ; (these people are indefatigable smokers) the children leave their table when they please, and forming themselves in accidental groupes about the hall, into which they are for the first time introduced, either contemplate the company, or talk over their own important projects. This union of infancy and age, of the instructors of youth and the teachers of religion, the municipal officers of the city and the highest officers of the state, blended together without art, or any attempt at stage effect, was to me a most pleasing and affecting subject of contemplation.

As I am not writing a volume, I will only add a word on their manners. I think, in this respect, this town is more interesting to a foreigner than the other cities. Philadelphia, New York, and Baltimore, possess such a mixed population of English, Irish, French and Germans, that to a stranger the state of society appears, with slight modifications, to be the same as that of the middling and lower classes of Europe. Here there are more original traits, and a peculiar cast of character. But it is time to spare you. If you will only talk politicks, execrate the French revolution (you may judge)

neither lose your presence of mind, nor discover any signs of trepidation at well-filled decanters of Madeira, play whist with the old men, and take tea with the ladies, you will be well received in society. There is in general no enmity to strangers, as such, but the most open, unguarded hospitality.

I have beguiled some tedious moments in writing to you this long epistle. Write to me in return about the persons and places, that are ever in my mind; the smiling banks of the Loire, smiling they once were! the chateau of my ancestors, the remnant of my friends! Thee, dear St. E..... *Quando te aspiciam.* Adieu!

PORTUGUEZE LITERATURE.

From the London Quarterly Review.

THEY who conceive Portuguese to be a corrupt dialect of the Castillian are mistaken. Like the Attick and Ionick branches of the Greek, they are two boughs of equal extent and beauty, proceeding from one trunk. It was said by a man of genius that Spanish is just such a language as he should have expected to hear spoken by a Roman slave, sulky from the bastinado. The natives of Portugal, in a more complimentary similitude, love to speak of their language as the eldest daughter of the Latin: this daughter of Rome has been the servant of the Goths and of the Moors; still however the mother tongue predominates more in Portugal than in any other part of the world. The Portuguese has about the same proportion of Arabick as the Castillian, but it has escaped all guttural sounds: how these have been introduced into the Castillian, would form a curious inquiry, for they certainly did not exist in the first age of Spanish literature. The longer and more intimate connexion between the Castillians and Moors, is a cause more obvious than satisfactory; for though the Portuguese cleared their country of the Moors at an early period, yet their after intercourse with them in Africa and in the East was very extensive, and they enriched their vocabulary without injuring the euphony of their speech. There is nothing in their language which is in the slightest degree unpleasant to an English ear, except a nasal sound less strongly marked, and far less disagreeable, than that which so frequently recurs in French.

Antonio das Neves Pereira divides the history of Portuguese literature into three ages; the first comprises four centuries, from the foundation of the monarchy to the reign of Affonso V.; the second comes down to the fall of Sebastian, and the third continues from thence to the present day. The first of these divisions is objectionable; it is as if we were to say the

first period of English literature consists of the time anterior to Chaucer, and the second began with him and ended with the Elizabethan age; an arrangement which makes the latter too full, and leaves little or nothing for the former. It is true, that the first period would include *Amadis of Gaul*; but the original of that matchless romance was never printed, and the only manuscript then known to exist was in the Duke de Aveiro's library, which was destroyed by fire after the great earthquake at Lisbon. This having perished, there remains nothing anterior to the fifteenth century, except a few documents for history and a few verses. The poems of King Diniz are said to be still preserved; but though the Portuguese archives were well kept of late years, they had been long neglected. At Lisbon it was believed that these poems were at Thomar, and at Thomar we were referred for them back again to Lisbon.

The earliest accessible poems in the language are those which are contained in the *Cancioneiro of Resende*; a large collection written chiefly by persons about the courts of Affonso V. and his son, but comprising a few of earlier date, and some which were written by King Pedro, famous for his unfortunate amours with Ines de Castro. There is a singular anecdote concerning this volume; the first treaty between the King of Pegu and any European power was sworn upon the *Cancioneiro* instead of the Bible, or Breviary: the Breviary which was on board the ambassador's ship was old and greasy; he happened to have a copy of the *Cancioneiro*, then newly published, and this, because it was well bound and of respectable size and appearance, he made the chaplain produce with all due formalities, that the heathen might not judge meanly of the respect they paid to religion. The chief kaulin, or kahan, having read aloud a portion of one of the books of his law, Joam Correa, the ambassadour, did the same; he opened upon a paraphrase of Solomon's text, *Vanity of vanities, all is vanity*; this accident brought with it a religious feeling, and he protested, on his return home, that he had sworn as devoutly, and considered his oath to be as binding, as if it had been taken upon the Gospels. This book is one of the rarest in the language. Many passages have been carefully obliterated by the Inquisition, but their ink is luckily less durable than that of the printer, and heretical eyes may often succeed in making out the parts to which they are thus invited. Some of these merely exhibit the grossness of the times; others exemplify a sort of profaneness which is more characteristick and more curious, and which certainly did not originate in any want of devotion. There is a remarkable instance in a poem addressed to Queen Isabel of Castille; it is written upon the conceit that had she been living in the days of the Virgin Mary, Christ would have chosen her in preference to be his mother. The volume contains nothing narrative, it consists of satirical verses,

complimentary odes, love poems, lamentations, &c. So much is to be gleaned from it respecting what may be called the domestic and intellectual history of its age, that its re-publication would be one of the greatest benefits which could be conferred upon the literature of Portugal. There is a copy in the king's library : it is the rarest of a very rare and valuable collection presented to him some years ago by the Portuguese ambassador.

The poetry of every country is elder than its prose, and having therefore begun with it, it will be convenient to continue the subject in one unbroken sketch. The popular ballads of the Portuguese have perished. Brito had seen a large collection of them, belonging to the Marquis de Marialva, about the middle of the sixteenth century ; but it fell into bad hands, and a single fragment which he recollected, and which has lately been published in the notes to the Chronicle of the Cid, is probably all that has been preserved of this important manuscript. Whether a Scott or a Finlay, if Portugal were to produce such antiquaries, could yet recover any considerable remains of this kind, is very doubtful. The Spaniards abound with these poems ; by far the greater number relate to their wars with the Moors. These are almost wholly of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, and at that time, which is the age of ballad poetry in Spain, the Portuguese had so long been rid of the Moors, that the peasantry thought no more of them as connected with their own country, than we do of the Picts or Danes. To this subject therefore they had no inducement ; the heroes whom they would naturally celebrate would be those who had distinguished themselves in their wars against the Castilians.... wars which were yet fresh in remembrance.....but this was a theme not to be touched upon by the poets of a country which was then subject to Castille. These historical circumstances explain why no ballads were produced in Portugal at a time when they were the favourite species of composition in Spain ; and what pieces of greater antiquity existed, have probably been weeded out of remembrance by the persevering warfare which bigotry has carried on against popular songs. There is another circumstance which must have contributed to their destruction. The Portuguese like the Italian is overrun with rhymes, and languages which abound with rhymes always abound with rhymers ; hence the improvisatore has supplanted the ballad singer,.... a miserable exchange by which much has been lost, and nothing gained in its stead.

The Spaniards acknowledge that they received the earliest fashion of their poetry from Galicia and Portugal ; the present fashion of both countries is of Italian origin. Navagero the Venetian occasioned this revolution in their literature : During his embassy in Spain he persuaded Boscan to use the Italian

modes of poetry in preference to the vernacular forms, and from that time the octave stanza became their heroic, the trinal rhyme their moral or satirical measure, and sonnets swarmed as they have done in Italy. Boscan's example was followed in Portugal by Francisco de Sa de Miranda. Of this author, who was born in 1495, on the day of king Emanuel's accession, there are some interesting anecdotes recorded. A passage in one of his eclogues had given offence to a lady of high rank and influence; he would not explain away its meaning, and it was in vain to hope for preferment at court while her displeasure continued; he therefore contentedly retired to his paternal estate, and began a treaty of marriage with D. Briolanja de Azevedo, whom it appears he had never seen, and who had neither youth nor beauty to recommend her. Her brothers, with whom the negotiation was carried on, were so sensible of this, that they would not let the settlement be concluded till he had seen her, and when the interview took place, Sa de Miranda addressed her in an odd manner for such an occasion, saying, *castigayme Senhera con esse bordam porque oim tam tarde*,.....punish me lady with this staff for having come so late. But he had chosen well; she was an excellent wife, mother, and mistress: her virtues were remembered with reverence in the neighbourhood for more than half a century after her decease, and Sa de Miranda never recovered her loss. He survived her three years in a state of melancholy little short of derangement; for from the hour in which she expired he never trimmed his beard nor pared his nails, never answered a letter, never went out of his house except to church, and never composed any thing except a sonnet upon her death.

In some respects Sa de Miranda may be considered as the Surry of Portuguese poetry, but he had no predecessor greater than himself, he took more liberties with the language, and produced a more lasting effect upon it. He contributed to latinize it by introducing the regular superlative, and it is a curious proof of the unsettled state of the language at that time, and of the power of the poets, that such an innovation should have succeeded. His merit as an improver of his native tongue, none but the Portuguese can rightly appreciate, and they estimate it very highly. It is said of him by Francisco Dias, (a man whose melancholy history will hereafter be mentioned) that he found it confused, lawless, and meagre, that he reclaimed it from its savage state, tamed it to the infinite combinations of harmony, and fixed its pronunciation. Such is the sententious morality of his poems, that they were quoted from the pulpit. He never kindles the reader, never dazzles, never agitates him; but he enlightens, he enlivens, he pleases. He is never an ambitious writer, yet Francisco Dias does not characterize him truly when he states that it was always his en-

deavour to express his conceptions in the readiest language,.... that the spirit of his thoughts embodied itself in the first shape which was presented,....that it was indifferent to him whether he poured his wine into a golden goblet or an earthen cruse, the value was in the contents not in the vessel, though the vessel was always well proportioned and pure. There is certainly no affectation of ornament in his writings, but they were laboriously written, and painfully corrected. He says himself in one of his sonnets, addressed to a contemporary poet, that like a she bear with her ill shaped cubs, he had never done licking his verses,....

‘ Os meus se nunca acabo de os lambar,
Como ussa aos filhos mal proporcionadas.’

The manuscript of his poems was every where interlined, and many of the alterations were marked with a query, so that it could not be known which reading he meant to prefer. When his grand daughter married D. Fernando Cores Sotomayor, a Galician hidalgo, this manuscript, which was in the author's hand writing, was valued at a high price, and accepted by Sotomayor as a part of his wife's portion ;....an honourable proof of his love of literature, and of the estimation in which the poet was held.

Sa de Miranda was followed by Antonio Ferreira ; he imitated him in the sonnet, the elegy, and the Horatian epistle, and introduced the epigram, ode, and epithalamium. He aimed also at higher things. The Sofonisba of Trissino was the first regular tragedy of modern times, the Inês de Castro of Ferreira the second ; Ferreira is said also to have been the first person who imitated the *verso sciolto* of Trissino ; some of his chorusses are in Sapphics. He improved upon his master : his language is more polished, and more flowing, and enriched with more of the graces of composition. Horace was his favourite poet ; from this the bent and character of his mind may be understood,....but it was Horace in his sententious mood. He aimed at being useful by giving direct precepts, and of all the poets of his country he has the fewest conceits.

If these writers, who are considered as the fathers of Portuguese poetry, are utterly unworthy to be compared with Dante and Chaucer, let it be remembered that Dante still remains unrivalled and unapproached among the Italians, and that except Shakespeare and Milton, (who are above all other men, as well the ancients as the moderns,) England has produced no poet of greater powers than Chaucer. It was no trifling merit in Sa de Miranda and Ferreira to write in their mother tongue, for Latin was then the epistolary and colloquial language of the learned, and in the vernacular dialects there were no conventional phrases of poetry, no beaten track which the imitator

might tread. Pedro de Andrade Caminha was the friend of these poets, but his own pieces have the rust of ruder times, with a few spots of polish where he has rubbed against his companions. They were first printed by the Portuguese academy in 1791. Francisco Dias passes upon them a heavy censure; in his opinion Pedro de Andrade struck the lyre with frost-bitten fingers,.....every thing is cold, unimpassioned and unimpressive,.....his epigrams are his only good productions; he was a workman in steel who could do nothing but point needles. To say how far this censure is overcharged would require a minuter knowledge of the language than any person who has not been bred up in the country can possibly possess. To an Englishman it is not perceivable that Pedro de Andrade is a worse poet than his friends, nor that one of them is better than another. They rendered essential service to the language of their country, and upon this their claims to remembrance must rest.

Diogo Bernardes, who co-operated with these writers, has merits of a higher order. D. Francisco Manoel says of him that he is a poet of the Land of Promise, all butter and honey. Francisco Manoel was writing satire when he said this; had he been writing seriously he would have said that the style of Bernardes is sweet and mellifluous. Many of his poems might be read with pleasure in an English version. One of his countryman has censured him for producing the most monstrous extravagancies by the side of the greatest beauties, like the English *Schakepeere* !.....Bernardes accompanied Sebastian in the fatal expedition to Africa. Before they set out he wrote a sonnet prophesying victory, and affirming that when such a king went forth with Christ crucified upon his banners, Africa must inevitably be subdued;.....on the very next page to this unfortunate prophecy, the elegies begin which the author wrote, 'being a slave in Barbary,' and in these Bernardes laments over the folly of Sebastian as well as his misfortunes, and thinks of the account which that king has to render for such a waste of innocent blood!

(To be continued.)

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

A HINT,

RESPECTFULLY OFFERED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND OF THE PUBLICK.

It has long been the wish of many who are interested in the researches of the Historical Society, that some plan should soon be adopted to increase their funds, and to bring into more

publick notice their design and their objects of inquiry. We can think of no method, by which this would, more probably, be effected, than by an annual discourse in Boston, on the anniversary of the landing of our forefathers; an anniversary which has been long celebrated in this honourable manner at Plymouth, but in Boston only by the less respectable, though more expensive tribute of a publick dinner.

If the experiment of an anniversary discourse were made, we are confident of its success, and, if unsuccessful, it would be easy to drop it. Different subjects of inquiry, relating to our early history, might be assigned to the different men of learning, of which that society is composed, to be treated in the manner, of which Dr. Belknap has already given a valuable specimen in his introductory discourse. If the subjects of discussion were previously announced or assigned, and sufficient time given for the writer to prepare to treat them with accuracy and learning, we are confident, that every man of learning, invited to this office, would labour to produce something, which the American publick would not easily suffer to perish. In this way too, the curiosity of a large audience would be excited, and considerable contributions raised for the funds of the society, which almost every one knows, have long remained most disgracefully low.

We do not presume to suggest to the society, any topics proper for this kind of discussion; but we throw out these hints to excite the attention of the gentlemen who compose the society, and from a sincere desire to promote its valuable objects. Surely, when every society for religious or charitable purposes is obliged to hear an annual discourse, which is hardly remembered beyond the day when it is delivered, the society most deserving of encouragement among us, for its exertions and its literary eminence, ought to have something, which might, at the same time, awaken the publick attention, and add to the literary treasures of New England; for however short or popular the discourse itself might be, the author would have an opportunity of enriching it with inquiries, discussions, and notes, in the form of an appendix; and if the whole were too learned to meet with an immediate sale, might make a portion of the historical collection.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

 FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATIONS.

ANACREON'S ODES.

ON HIS LYRE.

Fain would I touch the tuneful string,
 Of Atreus' sons, or Cadmus sing ;
 But still, howe'er the cords I move,
 My lyre emits no sound but love.

New strings of late with care supplied,
 The toils of Hercules I tried ;
 Chang'd my whole lyre ; in vain I strove :
 My lyre emits no sound but love.

Heroes ; farewell, for deeds renown'd !
 Your deathless fame no more I sound ;
 My passions still to Cupid rove ;
 My lyre emits no sound but love.

ON HIMSELF.

I'm oft accosted by the fair,
 "Anacreon, how old you are !
 Do in your looking glass survey,
 How time has pluck'd your hair away !"
 But whether free my head from hair
 Or not, I neither know nor care.
 One thing I know, one care I feel,
 As pilfering years upon me steal :
 With wine and mirth, and song elate,
 I'll fearless meet the bolts of fate.

ON AN OLD MAN.

I love a cheerful old man,
 I love a dancing youth ;
 But when an old man dances,
 I feel this joyful truth,
 Though age upon his hair has flung
 Its snows, his heart and soul are young.

To those who have admired the singular poems of Lewis, Walter Scott, and others, under the whimsical titles, of "The Cloud-King," "The Fire-King," &c. the following burlesque ballad may afford some amusement.

THE PAINT-KING.

FAIR Ellen was once the delight of the young ;
No damsel could with her compare ;
Her charms were the theme of the heart and the tongue,
And bards without number in extacies sung
The beauty of Ellen, the Fair.

But Ellen, though lovers in regiments threw
The darts of their eyes at her heart,
From sorrow no pitying sympathy knew ;
For, cold as an icicle-shower, they drew
Not a drop from that petrified part.

Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore
A something that could not be found ;
Like a sailor it seem'd on a desolate shore,
With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound, but the roar
Of breakers high-dashing around.

From object to object, still, still would she stray,
Yet nothing, alas ! could she find ;
Through Novelty's mazes she rambled all day,
And even at midnight, so restless, they say,
In sleep would run after the wind.

Nay, rather than sit like a statue so still,
When the rain made her mansion a pound,
Up and down would she go, like the sails of a mill,
And pat every stair, like a wood-pecker's bill,
From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement reclin'd,
Pass'd a youth, with a frame in his hand.
The casement she clos'd ; not the eye of her mind ;
For do all she could, no, she could not be blind ;
Still before her she saw the youth stand.

"And what can he do," said the maid with a sigh,
"Ah ! what with that frame can he do ?
I wish I could know it : " When suddenly by
The youth pass'd again ; and again did her eye
The frame, and a sweet picture view.

"Oh ! sweet, lovely picture !" the fair Ellen sigh'd,
"I must see thee again or I die ;"
Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,
And after the youth, and the picture she hied,
Till the youth, looking back, met her eye.

"Fair damsel," said he, (and he chuckled the while),
 "This picture, I see, you admire ;
 Then take it, I beg you, perhaps 'twill beguile
 Some moments of sorrow : (pray pardon my smile)
 Or, at least, keep you home by the fire."

Then Ellen the gift, with delight and surprise,
 From the cunning young stripling receiv'd.
 But she knew not the poison that enter'd her eyes,
 When beaming with rapture, they gaz'd on her prize :
 Yet thus was fair Ellen deceiv'd !

'Twas a youth, o'er the form of a statue inclin'd ;
 And the sculptor he seem'd of the stone ;
 Yet he languish'd, as though for its beauty he pin'd,
 And gaz'd, as the eyes of the statue so blind
 Reflected the beams of his own.

'Twas the tale of the sculptor, Pygmalion of old ;
 Fair Ellen remember'd and sigh'd,
 "Ah ! could'st thou but lift from that marble so cold,
 Thine eyes so enchanting, thy arms should enfold,
 And press me this day as thy bride."

She said : when, behold, from the canvass arose
 The youth....and he stepp'd from the frame ;
 With a furious joy, his arms did enclose
 The love-plighted Ellen ; and, clasping, he froze
 The blood of the maid with his flame !

She turn'd, and beheld on each shoulder a wing.
 "Oh ! heaven !" cried she, "who art thou ?"
 From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer ring.
 When frowning, he thunder'd, "I am the Paint-King !
 And mine, lovely maid, thou art now !"

Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
 The loud-screaming maid, like a blast ;
 And he sped through the air, like a meteor swift,
 While the clouds, wand'ring by him, did fearfully drift
 To the right and the left as he pass'd.

Now, suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
 With an eddying whirl he descends ;
 The air all below him becomes black as night,
 And the ground where he treads, as if mov'd with affright,
 Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

"I am here !" said the fiend, and he thundering knock'd
 At the gates of a mountainous cave :
 The gates open'd wide, as by magick unlock'd,
 While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro, rock'd,
 Like an island of ice on the wave.

"Oh! mercy!" cried Ellen, and swoon'd in his arms.
 But the Paint-King, he scoff'd at her pain.
 "Prithee, love," said the monster, "what mean these alarms?"
 She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms
 That wake her to horror again.

She opens her lids; but no longer her eyes
 Behold the fair youth she would woo:
 Now appears the Paint-King in his natural guise;
 His face, like a palette of villainous dies,
 Black and white, red and yellow, and blue.

On a bright polish'd throne, of *prismatical spar,
 Sat the mosaick fiend like a clod;
 While he rear'd in his mouth a gigantick cigarr
 Twice as big as the light-house, though seen from afar,
 On the coast of the stormy Cape-Cod.

And anon, as he puff'd the vast volumes, were seen,
 In horrid festoons on the wall,
 Legs and arms, heads and bodies, emerging between;
 Like the drawing-room grim of the Scotch Sawney Beane,
 By the Devil dress'd out for a ball.

"Ah me!" cried the damsel, and fell at his feet,
 "Must I hang on these walls to be dried?"
 "Oh, no!" said the fiend, while he sprung from his seat,
 "A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet;
 Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!"

Then, seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,
 An oil-jug he plung'd her within.
 Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of despair
 Did Ellen in torment convulse the dun air,
 All cover'd with oil to the chin.

On the morn of the eighth on a huge sable stone
 Then Ellen, all reeking, he laid;
 With a rock for his muller, he crush'd every bone;
 But though ground to jelly, still, still did she groan.
 For life had forsook not the maid.

Now reaching his palette, with masterly care,
 Each tint on its surface he spread;
 The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,
 The pearl and the white of her forehead so fair,
 And her lips' and her cheeks' rosy red.

* This being a free country, I have taken the liberty, for the sake of the metre, to alter the word *prismatick*, as above!

Then stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,
 "Now I brave, cruel Fairy, thy scorn!"
 When lo! from a chasm unfathom'd there came
 A small tiny chariot of rose-colour'd flame,
 By a team of ten glowworms upborne.

Enthron'd in the midst on an emerald bright,
 Fair Geraldine sat without peer;
 Her robe was the gleam of the first blush of light,
 And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,
 And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In a voice that stole on the still charmed air,
 Like the first gentle accent of Eve,
 Thus spake from her chariot the Fairy so fair:
 "I come at thy call.....but, oh Paint-King! beware,
 Beware if again you deceive."

"'Tis true," said the monster, "thou queen of my heart!
 Thy portrait I oft have essay'd;
 Yet ne'er to the canvass could I with my art
 The least of thy wonderful beauties impart:
 And my failure with scorn you repaid.

"Now I swear, by the light of the Comet-King's tail!"
 And he tower'd with pride as he spoke,
 "If again with these magical colours I fail,
 The crater of Etna shall hence be my jail,
 And my food shall be sulphur and smoke."

"But if I succeed, then, oh! fair Geraldine!
 Thy promise with rapture, I claim,
 And thou, queen of Fairies, shalt ever be mine,
 The bride of my bed; and thy portrait divine
 Shall fill all the earth with my fame."

He spake; when, behold! the fair Geraldine's form
 On the canvass enchantingly glow'd;
 His touches, they flew like the leaves in a storm;
 And the pure, pearly white, and the carnation warm,
 Contending in harmony, flow'd.

And now did the portrait a twin-sister seem
 To the figure of Geraldine fair:
 With the same sweet expression did faithfully teem
 Each muscle, each feature; in short, not a gleam
 Was lost of her beautiful hair.

'Twas the Fairy herself! but, alas! her blue eyes
 Still a pupil did ruefully lack;
 And who shall describe the terriffick surprise
 That seiz'd the Paint-King, when, behold, he descries
 Not a speck on his palette of black!

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he shook like a leaf;
 When, casting his eyes to the ground,
 He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief
 In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief
 Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he fell like a stone:
 Then rising the Fairy in ire,
 With a touch of her finger she loosen'd her zone,
 (While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan!)
 And she swell'd to a column of fire.

Her spear now a thunder-bolt flash'd in the air,
 And sulphur the vault fill'd around:
 She smote the grim monster; and now by the hair
 High lifting, she hurl'd him in speechless despair
 Down the depths of the chasm profound.

Then waving, with smiles, o'er the picture her spear,
 "Come forth!" said the good Geraldine;
 When, behold, from the canvass fair Ellen appear!
 In feature, in person more lovely than e'er,
 With grace more than ever divine!

.....An me hui'it anabhlis
 Insania?

Her.

TO

STAY, stay, sweet vision, do not leave me,
 Soft sleep, still o'er my senses reign;
 Stay, loveliest phantom, still deceive me,
 Ah! let me dream that dream again.
 Thy head was on my shoulder leaning,
 Thy hand in mine was gently press'd;
 Thine eyes so soft, so full of meaning,
 Were bent on me, and I was bless'd.
 No word was spoken, all was feeling,
 The silent transport of the heart:
 The tear, that o'er my cheek was stealing,
 Told, what words could ne'er impart.
 And could this be but mere delusion?
 Could fancy all so real seem?
 Sure fancy's scenes are wild confusion;
 And can it be I did but dream?
 I'm sure I felt thy forehead pressing,
 Thy very breath stole o'er my cheek;
 I'm sure I saw those eyes confessing
 What the tongue could never speak.
 Ah! no! 'tis gone, 'tis gone, and never
 Mine such waking bliss can be:
 Oh! I would sleep, would sleep for ever,
 Could I thus but dream of thee.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

DECEMBER, 1809.

Librum tuum legi et quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quae commenda-
tanda, quae eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum, assuevi
Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari me-
rentur. PLIN.

ART. 17.

The Old Covenant, commonly called the Old Testament ; translated from the Septuagint. By Charles Thomson, late Secretary to the Congress of the United States. 3 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia, Printed by Jane Aitken, No. 71, North Third Street. 1808. 4th vol. contains the N. T.

THE name of Charles Thomson is familiar to every American reader, as the Secretary of Congress during the Revolution. It now presents itself in the title page of a translation of the scriptures ; where, though it does not carry the same kind of authority as at the foot of an official document, yet it excites no little interest among those, who know that the present work is the fruit of more than twenty years labour of this venerable old man. As we have no notices of the author's life, and as the work is ushered into the world without even an advertisement or a note, we are compelled to examine it without those preliminary aids, which are almost indispensable to the forming of a correct estimate of its peculiar character and value.

The first question in the mind of an unlearned reader, upon hearing of this translation, would be, what is the Septuagint, which is now presented to us in an English dress ? We shall first attempt to answer this question, that we may prepare ourselves and our readers for the examination of the work.

The Septuagint is the most ancient Greek version of the Hebrew scriptures. It received and has absurdly retained this name, from the Jewish fable which has been too currently believed respecting its origin. We are told by Aristeas, Josephus, and Philo, that Ptolemy Philadelphus wishing to enrich the library at Alexandria with an edition of the laws of Moses, which he could not read in the original, procured seventy or

seventy two Jewish elders to come and reside in Egypt, and execute the translation. While they were performing their task, they were shut up in separate cells in the island of Pharos; and when they had finished it, they were found to have miraculously produced each the same version *verbatim & literalim*. The christians, who have always been the dupes of Rabbinical fables, believed this Jewish fiction, and for many ages considered the version thus made as inspired, and not less authentick than the Hebrew original. Jerom gave great offence by first calling it in question. If it needs confutation in the minds of any of our readers, they will find it sufficiently exposed in Hody, Prideaux, and many modern authors.....All that can be regarded as certainly known, or rather as very highly probable respecting the Greek version, is, that it is the work of different translators, and at different times. This is incontestably evident from the great diversity of style, different degrees of accuracy, and various modes of translating the same words, which are discoverable in the different books. It is also generally agreed, that of these, the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses, was translated with great care in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about two hundred and eighty years before Christ; probably for the use of the Hellenist Jews; and by Alexandrians, assisted, perhaps, by some Jews from Palestine. The other books were all translated between that period and the birth of Christ; but where, by whom, or at what particular æra we can form in general only vague conjectures. The most probable supposition is, that they were translated in consequence of a prohibition of Antiochus Epiphanes to read the *Law* in the synagogues.

However this may be, the Greek version was certainly of very great authority with the Hellenist Jews; and it was even read in their synagogues instead of the Hebrew, which they did not understand, till the early christians in their controversies, employed it advantageously against the Jews themselves; proving from it by the most irrefragable arguments, that their expected Messiah must have already come in the person of Jesus Christ. From this time the Jews began to depreciate it; to appeal to the original; and even to make alterations in this version; a charge which is strongly maintained by Dr. Owen in his "Brief Enquiry," and "Modes of Quotation." From whatever cause their aversion originated, the fact is certain, that before the end of the first century, the Septuagint version was cried down by every Jewish writer, and expelled from every synagogue. To supply its place, they procured other versions to be made by the Jews, Aquila and Theodotion. The former of these, of which only a few fragments have been preserved, was extremely literal. The latter, which was less literal, was so well received, that in the whole book of Daniel it has been preferred to the Septuagint, and is still found

in our Greek bibles.....At the beginning of the *third* century appeared the more elegant version of Symmachus. If we may believe Eusebius, from a Samaritan he had become a Jew, and from a Jew an Ebionite : this was a sect sometimes reckoned among Jews and sometimes among Christians. In their communion and for their use he composed his version. It has been deservedly praised by christian writers ; and no good reason can be assigned for its not having been more generally adopted, but that the author belonged to a sect, which was equally hateful both to Jews and Christians.

Besides these Greek versions of the Old Testament, three others are mentioned by the ancient fathers, called the *fifth*, *sixth*, and *seventh*, of which, however, little is known. All the versions we have mentioned, were collected by Origen, and placed, together with the Hebrew text, in his famous Hexapla. The Septuagint, however, as it was called, preserved a standard authority among the christians ; while we have remaining a few fragments only of the other versions. The Septuagint version, which, as we before hinted, had been considerably corrupted, Origen undertook to restore in his great work. The authority of this great man soon made every one, who was possessed of a Greek bible, revise his own copy in manuscript, by the Hexaplar standard. From this, incredible confusion ensued in the copies of the Septuagint ; and as, most unfortunately, a copy of the Hexapla has not come down to us, it is impossible to discover, at the present day, what was the text as edited by Origen. There were afterwards other editions of this text, bearing the names of Lucian, Hesychius, &c. ; but from what edition the particular manuscripts now extant are derived, and what manuscript differs *least* from the old version, it will also be impossible to determine, till the existing MSS. be collated and compared. This great *desideratum* in sacred philology was in a fair way of being obtained, till the death of the late Dr. Holmes interrupted the progress of the collations, and of the publication of the splendid edition, which he had undertaken. We have reason to hope, however, that this grand design will not ultimately fail. Surely it cannot in a nation, which has already derived so much honour from the labours of Kennicott. In the mean time we must make the best use we can of the common printed editions.

Of the Greek version then, there are four different edited exemplars ; the Complutensian, the Venetian, the Roman, and the Oxford. The two former are hardly to be found in this country ; and are not, perhaps, to be entirely depended on as faithful copies of any known manuscripts. (See the preface to Breitinger's edit.) The *Roman* edition of 1587, is principally taken from the famous Vatican Manuscript at Rome ; and is in the opinion of many, the most genuine copy of the old Greek version, that has yet been published. Dr. Holmes adopted it

for the text with reference to which all his collations were to be made. The editions of the Septuagint, in most common use in this country, such as the London (Daniel's) 1653, the Cambridge, &c. profess to be taken from the Roman exemplar, but according to Walton, are spurious and grossly interpolated. (Vid. Walton Proleg. and Bos. Pref.) Grabe's, or the Oxford edition, the last we enumerated, is printed very correctly from the Alexandrine manuscript, in the British Museum. Whether it be more valuable than the Roman, is not settled; all that can now be said is, that it is taken from a MS. which has been supposed to be of equal authority with the Vatican.

From this view of the present state of the Septuagint text, our readers will find no difficulty in answering a question which, we doubt not, has at some time occurred to the mind of the reader; why has there not been before this, some translation of the Septuagint into English? Let any one attempt to read a chapter of the prophets in the Greek, and he will be at no loss for an answer; or let him set down to compare the various texts of the different editions we have mentioned, and the various renderings of the other translators, and he will see how unsettled is the text of the Septuagint. The truth is, that such is the state of this version in many places, that no one but a consummate critick would be able to form a just text, and make many passages of it intelligible in English, without better aids than those we have at present. Whether the American translator has these qualifications, we do not undertake to decide; we can only say, that it would be very unreasonable to expect them; though we should have been extremely glad to have had some specimen of our author's preliminary studies.

The want of all preface, advertisement, prolegomena and notes, has made our task of examination much more difficult in the present case, than it would have been, if the venerable author had not chosen to send his work abroad in a state of such absolute nudity. We first undertook to ascertain what text Mr. Thomson had adopted; for he has not given us even a hint, that he was aware of the differences of editions. We soon found, that he had made use of the Vatican, or Roman text; without deriving any aid, at least so far as we have discovered, from the various readings of the Alexandrine, or of any other edition accessible in this country. In the present state of the Septuagint text, we do not absolutely censure this; though we think the reader might have been informed of his choice of the edition from which he had translated.

We next attempted to ascertain, if possible, what *copy* of the Vatican text, Mr. Thomson had generally used; and we found, to our mortification, or thought we found, that he had before him the London edition of 1653, commonly called, Daniel's Septuagint; an edition, which is well known to be a very incorrect copy of the Roman exemplar, and, notwithstanding its pro-

fession, in the title page, is grossly spurious and interpolated. In consequence of this unfortunate choice, our translator has followed the London edition where it has, by mistake, omitted clauses, and words of some importance; vide Gen. 47 24. Exod. 39. 1. Levit. 25. 1. &c. and he has even made some curious difficulties, in consequence of not being aware of the typographical errors of his book. Thus Deut. xxvii. 15. there is a printer's error of *θηση* for *θησι*, which has led Mr. Thomson into the trouble of rendering and pointing the verse, without any authority, thus: "Cursed be the man, who shall make a graven or a molten image, an abomination to the Lord, the work of the hands of artists; *though he set it up* in a secret place;" whereas the verse as it stands in our bibles, is perfectly conformable to the Hebrew, and also to the Greek, when the erratum is corrected. In Daniel's Septuagint, Job. xxxi. 12. there are two typographical errors; of *ε' δ' αν* for *ε' δ' αν*, and of *απειλη* for *επειλη*, which, to be sure, make nonsense of the whole clause. But Mr. Thomson has endeavoured to make something of it, by translating *απειρομαι* to *go out*, as applied to fire, and thus has produced the following clause; "which will not go out till it hath utterly consumed;" whereas, when the errors are corrected, the meaning is, "whatever it attacks it destroys to the root."—Ezech. xvii. 16. In this verse there is in the London edition, 1653, a misprint of *αυτοις* for *αυτης*, in the clause *τι επιφανισθαι αυτην τα κληματα αυτης* [*αυτοις*, Dan.] *επ' αυτο*. The Greek is, at best, barbarous; but in consequence of this error, Mr. Thomson has given the following rendering, which is, to be sure, sufficiently absurd. "And it sprang up, and became a vine weak and small, *so that its branches could be seen only by them near it.*" *αυτοις επ' αυτο*!

These circumstances, however, do not essentially affect the merit of the version; it may still be a good rendering of the London edition as it stands. In the next number, we shall give a specimen of the work.

ART. 19.

Works of Fisher Ames, compiled by a number of his friends, to which are prefixed notices of his life and character. Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit. Boston, T. B. Wait and Co. 1809. 8vo. 319 pages.

(Continued from page 337.)

ALTHOUGH the obligations, resulting from the freedom of our constitutions of civil government, and the independence, zeal and activity in support of them, incumbent upon the citizen, in proportion to that freedom, were the choice themes of the thought of Mr. Ames, and the cherished topics of his pen, yet the elucidation of general truth was rather the result,

than the object of his labours. In all his writings he obviously aspires, chiefly, at present utility. Vanity, ostentation, display of skill, or attainment of honours, which allure so many combatants into the political amphitheatre, were not the motives, nor could have been the reward of his exertions. His perception of the critical circumstances, in which both the internal and external relations of our country were involved, and his deep anxiety for its future fates, filled the patriot's bosom, and roused into activity all the energies of his mind. The opinions concerning these relations which he entertained, and the course of conduct he recommended in respect to them are prominent parts of this volume, and cannot be passed unnoticed in that general survey of his principles and objects which we have undertaken.

So long as the administration of the federal government remained in the hands of the men, whose influence had first established it, and who conducted it in conformity to the impulse originally given to it by Washington and his associates, all the reasoning of Mr. Ames was directed to explain and enforce the supremacy of the constitution and the wisdom of the laws, framed under its sanction. The ardour of his mind exhausted itself in defence of the administration of that first of men and of patriots. All its energies were exerted to unite public opinion with the government, as its essential auxiliary. He had early discerned the causes of that general distress, which preceded the adoption of the federal constitution, and expressed his opinion concerning the principles by which government ought to be conducted, and the ends at which it should aim. In an essay, (p. 18, 19.) originally published in 1786, to be admired both for the purity and the elevation of its sentiments, he sketches the following noble outline.

"Experience has demonstrated that new maxims of administration are indispensable. It is not, however, by sixpenny retrenchments of salaries; nor by levying war against any profession of men; nor by giving substance and existence to the frothy essences and fantastick forms of speculation; nor is it by paper money, or an abolition of debts; nor by implicit submission to the insolence of beggarly conventions; nor by the temporary expedients of little minds, that authority can be rendered stable, and the people prosperous. A well digested, liberal, permanent system of policy is required; and, when adopted, must be supported, in spite of faction, against every thing but amendment."

"There is in nature, and there must be in the administration of government, a fixed rule and standard of political conduct, and that is, the greatest permanent happiness of the greatest number of the people. If we substitute for these maxims the wild projects, which fascinate the multitude in daily succession, we may amuse ourselves with extolling the nice proportions and splendid architecture of our republican fabrick. But it will be no better than a magnificent temple of ice, which the first south wind of sedition will demolish.

"Anarchy and government are both before us, and in our choice. If we fall, we fall by our folly, not our fate. And we shall evince to the astonished world, of how small influence to produce national happiness are

the fairest gifts of heaven, a healthful climate, a fruitful soil, and inestimable laws, when they are conferred upon a frivolous, perverse, and ungrateful generation."

In strict conformity with this generous plan of policy, the fruit of his early meditations, his labours were devoted to support in the two first administrations that "stable system of policy," which "aloof to temporary expedients," sought only "the greatest permanent happiness of the greatest number of people." The basis of this system was laid on the principles of the constitution. To maintain, strengthen and illustrate these was the object of his researches. For this purpose he set himself to watch the passions and the influences, which are naturally hostile to that firmness, integrity and ability, by which it was his study, and that of those administrations to conduct the federal government. The consequent tendency of his writings, during that period, is to counteract the natural jealousy of power; to shew the necessity of particular exercises of it; to enforce the obligations of justice; to protect our property from the avarice and envy of rapacious individuals, and our union from the ambition and injustice of its aspiring members; to prevent criminal compliances for the sake of what is called popularity; and to instil a patriotick preference for our laws and national character. He was deeply sensible of the dangers of liberty, but he did not despair of maintaining it. He knew the sacrifices it required, yet he rejoiced in its continuance, and cherished its principles as the choicest hope of his country.

"It is, indeed, exceedingly obvious, that many, if not most persons have chosen the state of the highest liberty, without having counted how much it must cost to preserve it. The calumnies vented against president Adams's book, are signal proofs of the crude and indocile state of popular opinion amongst us. He has ingeniously described evils, and faithfully and wisely pointed out their remedies; yet he is accused of being no friend to republics, because he well understands their nature, and seriously dreads their dangers. The very factions who create and aggravate those dangers, and who neither understand nor desire those remedies, honour their own ignorance with the name of principle, and claim for their licentiousness the exclusive title of republicanism. If it fails, it is they who will make it fail. The impediments to its success, which arise from the structure of the human heart, create *surprise*, though they were obviously inevitable, and something like *despair*, though we know that they may be surmounted.

Faction will freedom, like its shade, pursue;
Yet, like the shadow, proves the substance true.

His hope was founded on maintaining publick opinion in that state of energy and correctness, for which at that time it was distinguished. With this view, he was indefatigable in his endeavours to guide and enlighten it.

"Republican liberty* is held by the tenure of continuing worthy to hold it: we have to choose between the burden of its duties and its destiny." "What † are the resources for our safety? They all exist in the energy and correctness of the public opinion. A thousand proofs exist, but the fact is so notorious, it is needless to vouch them, to show, that our government has been, and is supported only by the appeal to the virtue, zeal, and patriotism of the body of the citizens."

The life of the federal government ‡ he considered as existing in the breath of the people's nostrils: whenever they should happen to be so infatuated, or inflamed, as to abandon its care, its end must be speedy, and might be tragical. To perpetuate in the councils of our country the influence of the men, under whom that government began its auspicious career, and by whom it "was administered § with such integrity, without mystery, and in so prosperous a course, that it seemed to be wholly employed in acts of beneficence," was his unremitting endeavour, to which he devoted all the resources of his genius. He witnessed with anxiety the agitations of party, which commenced with the federal government, and which finally overwhelmed it, and was indignant at the spirit of falsehood and malevolence, with which it was assailed; yet he faltered not in his attachment to the free principles of the constitution, but clung to them and to the virtues, which then led the administration of it, because with the preservation of the one and the other was, in his mind, identified the existence of American liberty.

"Where there is no liberty, ¶ they may be exempt from party. Yet that heart is a base one, and fit only for a slave's bosom, that would not bleed freely, rather than submit to such a condition; for liberty with all its parties and agitations is more desirable than slavery. Who would not prefer the republics of ancient Greece, where liberty once subsisted in its excess, its delirium, terrible in its charms, and glistening to the last with the blaze of the very fire that consumed it?"

When the events of succeeding elections had transferred the powers of the national government into the hands of men, by whom as well the federal constitution, as the principles of the two first administrations, had been uniformly opposed, the patriot was called to the performance of duties, differing indeed in their nature, but not inconsistent with those, by which the preceding period of his life had been actuated. A series of public measures, which had been eminently successful in promoting national prosperity, was threatened with total abolition. New men had gotten possession of the supreme power, and new measures were to reward the interested anxiety of the partisan, or to flatter the vain expectation of the people. It was promised that the fruit of change should shoot quick and ruddy from the parent stock, all smooth to the sight, all sound to the touch; but the experienced eye saw beneath this thin and

* Page 114. † P. 112. ‡ P. 124. § P. 122. ¶ P. 123.

fair outside, the ashes of repentance and the bitterness of disappointed hope.

What would be the extent, and what the effects of the contemplated change, became the natural object of research.

* "If they should administer the government, according to the principles they have avowed in the gazettes of the party, and the examples in France, which they have so much admired, and if they should abolish and new model all that they have so much professed to detest in the laws of congress, there is indeed no curse of a thorough-going revolution, with which we are not threatened." † "The men who said the constitution ought not to have had being, are entrusted with its life and authority."

The duty of patriotism to suspect and to watch such guardians of its hopes was obvious and imperious. Mr. Ames undertook and executed the task with a distinguished consistency both of principle and argument. He continued to look, with undeviating confidence, to the greatness and universality of the interests at stake, and to the correctness of public sentiment for the limitation of all and the final defeat of many of the schemes of destructive innovation openly avowed, or secretly contemplated. He recalled to the recollection of the people the principles of the constitution, reminded them incessantly of the blessings which resulted from adherence to those principles under the two first administrations; and by the portion of public sentiment, which he thus strove to maintain in its original correctness, he was enabled to check the desolating progress of the new possessors of power. It cannot be doubted, that to the vigour and boldness of this writer, and of others co-operating with him, this people are indebted for the preservation of many important principles of the former administration, which the new had meditated, but in the face of so gallant a phalanx durst not attempt to overturn.

It cannot be denied that some things, whose destruction this writer foretold, have not been assailed. Yet this circumstance casts no just reproach on his penetration or his prudence. It is the natural tendency of predictions concerning the designs of public men to defeat their own fulfilment. To render the judgment of rival politicians suspected, to do as little as possible as they foretell, or in the manner which they anticipate, is an instinctive art, which men practise without rule and often without consciousness. Those who for the sake of obtaining power rail at measures necessary and wise, seldom feel what they pretend, or mean to fulfil what they promise. Power, also, brings in its enjoyment other passions than those which accompanied its acquisition. Much that was denounced is suffered to remain, because those who succeed, not less than their predecessors, love the trappings of office and feel the necessity of the influence of appointments. Some things are of a

nature not to be touched, because they are associated too deeply with the interests, the prejudices, or the sentiment of the community to receive the sponge with impunity. Many are not obliterated, because their continuance will disappoint the expectation of rivals, or perpetuate prepossessions against political enemies; others because circumstances make it wiser to conciliate than offend. Yet, notwithstanding pride, or passion, or interest, or accident has hitherto preserved much which the author of this work believed destined for destruction, enough of his predictions have been fulfilled to shew the extent of his foresight. In the rapidity of events, we do not realize progression. Embarrassments, the natural result of new measures and new projects, seem accidental, or extraneous in their cause. We deny them to be consequences of plans of recent policy. We refuse to admit the connection which nature and history establishes. Yet these events were foreseen. They were foretold. We at first heard the lessons of former times with indifference, and at last neglect being wise, even from our own experience.

Before the new administration commenced its career, Mr. Ames thus forewarned his fellow-citizens concerning their measures, and the consequences of their policy.

* "Commerce will be represented, as in the days of opposition, when the first frigates were voted against the Algerines, as too expensive to be protected by a naval force. Down then with the navy." † "Navies will be reduced, reduced as soon as it can be made tolerably safe and popular, to nothing."

‡ "There is evidence enough, that the party expected to rule is not friendly to the commerce of any of the states, and especially to the fisheries and navigation of the Eastern states. We do not want, they argue, an expensive navy for the sake of these; nor these for the sake of a navy. Navies breed wars, and wars augment navies, and both augment expenses, and this brings forth funding systems, banks, and corrupt influence.

"These few words contain the system of our new politicians, which it is probable they will be, in future, as in time past, complaisant enough to one another to call philosophy. Such illuminism, such visions of bedlam have visited some famous heads that do not repose within its cells, and condensed their thin essences into schemes of political reform, projects of cheap governments, that are to be rich without revenue, strong without force, venerable with popular prejudice directed by faction against them. Learned fools are of all the greatest, as well as the most indocile. Accordingly, in despite of the experience of all the world and of our own, in despite of common sense and the dictates of obvious duty, such men, high in reputation, and expected to be high in office, have insisted that we do not want a single soldier, nor a single armed ship: that credit is an abuse, an evil to be cured only by having none, a cancer that eats, and will kill unless cut or burnt out with causticks: that if we have any superfluity, foreigners will come for it, if they need it, and if they do not, it would be a folly and a loss for us to carry it to them. They tell us with emphasis, and seem to expect our vanity will gain them credit for saying, that America ought to renounce the sea and to draw herself closely into her shell: let the mad world trade, negotiate, and fight

* Page 137.

† P. 149.

‡ P. 140.

while we Americans live happily, like the Chinese, enjoying abundance, independence, and liberty.

"This is said by persons clad in English broadcloth and Irish linen, who import their conveniences from England, and their politicks from France. It is solemnly pronounced as the only wise policy for a country, where the children multiply faster than the sheep, and it is, inconsistently enough too, pronounced by those who would have all farmers, no manufacturers."

* "Expect amendments, that will make the constitution a confederation. Then expect commercial regulations, which will profess to cramp British commerce, and will cramp our own. First revenue, wealth and credit will take flight: then peace."

These were the predictions which, as early as 1802, he made to his fellow-citizens, concerning the policy and the result of the measures of the new administration. "*Dei jussu non unquam credita.*" They were heard with apathy, and received by most men with incredulity. Commercial profits were near, and fulfilment of these gloomy prognostications was distant. Men do not willingly permit anxiety for the future to disturb their enjoyment of the present. But when estimating this writer's talents and truth, let us not forget that when written, this was prophecy, nor omit to reflect, how much of it is already history.

Amid all the melancholy prospects, which his insight into futurity perpetually opened upon his fancy, he never wavered in his attachment to liberty, nor forbore to look to publick opinion and the principles of our constitution as the means of national preservation.

† "None but free governments are stable; and none that are purely demeratick are free. We hope, that publick opinion will so effectually counteract the seduction and the threatened preponderance of a violent jacobin administration, that our own government, so wisely and happily combined, and so well adapted to our circumstances and sentiments, will be found, after some trials and agitations, to be both stable and free."

‡ "If our excellent government, in this the day of its humiliation and imminent peril, is to be saved, it must be by the correctness of the publick opinion and the energy of the publick spirit that is to impress it."

To warm, enlighten and invigorate the mass of his fellow citizens was the purport of all his writings. Sometimes, indeed, he indulges in splenetick exclamations against their perverseness, and utters caustick asperities upon their indolence, blindness, and apathy; yet he never fails to look, at last, to their intelligence and virtue, as the sure and only guardians of their future safety.

§ "Bad as our prospects are, they are not hopeless. There is a sure resource for hope in ourselves: the steady good sense of New England will be a shield of defence. *Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.* The publick spirit and opinion of this division of the union constitute a force, which the enemies of our constitutions and fundamental interests will labour to corrupt, but will not dare to withstand."

* Page 151.

† P. 213.

‡ P. 152.

§ P. 139.

The anxiety with which he saw France making rapid strides towards the establishment of universal empire, and his indignation at the spirit of proselytism, with which her sentiments and influence were propagated in the United States, form, also, striking features of these writings. Few men examined the consequences of political conduct with a more curious and piercing eye than Mr. Ames, or knew better how to adapt history to the illustration of objects existing in remote futurity. In all his studies concerning the experience of other men and other ages, he had in view the improvement of his own. His illustrations of passing events by those of former times, cannot be read too frequently; and never without new instruction and delight; so clear and so novel are the points of resemblance, he establishes; so judicious are his reflections; so striking and just are his inferences; so full of beauty his parallels.

He early perceived, that the success of France was not that of liberty, much less of republicanism;* that little reliance could be placed on coalitions, the members of which, jealous and envious of each other, were easily detached, by the hope of some particular interest, or made inert by the fear of becoming weaker than their allies, by disproportionate exertions in a common cause; that military glory† had become the ruling passion of Frenchmen, to which all the institutions of that country were calculated to give predominance; and that, like ancient Rome, whom France affected to imitate, and of whom she was the servile copy, her system could not be pacifick; that if Europe were conquered, an iron age would commence, in which all soldiers would be ruffians, and all not soldiers would be slaves.

‡“France will assuredly set her foot on the world’s neck, if the force and the spirit do not exist somewhere to face her in arms, with a steadiness equal to her own ambition.”

His mind, agitated by such apprehensions, continually excited him to communicate them to his fellow citizens, for the purpose of quickening their foresight and stimulating their activity. The cloud, although distant, he saw was gradually propelling its terrors towards this country. In prosperity and tranquillity was the time to prepare a shelter from its violence. For this reason he could not see without disgust and indignation our ships of war under the hammer, the spirit and hopes of our little navy quenched, our army, in some instances, so officered as to make men of character enter it with reluctance. §“Nothing but military strength is any security for national independence.” The policy, therefore, of disarming the United States at a time of unprecedented danger, seemed to him madness, or something worse.

* Page 156.

† P. 283.

‡ P. 303.

§ P. 259.

* "It is in peace only that armies can be trained ; it is in peace only that navies can be prepared, and a very long preparation is requisite. We have abolished revenue enough, *that no poor man felt, the collection of which sent no son of laborious poverty supperless to bed,* to build a fleet sufficient for our protection. Coaches, loaf sugar, and whiskey, are to go *free*, and our commerce to wear *shackles* ! Nothing is easier than for the United States to provide thirty ships of the line and sixty frigates. Such a force would protect our rights ; and for want of it, France alone has plundered us of more than such a fleet would have cost to build, and equip, and maintain during the late war."

As the French comet advanced nearer its perihelion, gathering strength and destructive force in its progress, his eye watched with new anxiety its bloody phases, and his mind weighed, with increased seriousness, the awful forebodings with which it perplexed the nations. The old balance of power, which had for centuries maintained in certain general proportions the sovereignties of Europe, was annihilated. Neither Russia, Prussia, nor Austria, was singly sufficient to counterpoise the preponderancy of French arms. From coalitions, formed of discordant materials, he had no hope. He saw no nation, † "powerful enough to save Europe from subjugation but Great Britain," and concluded, "that every independent power had a manifest interest in the sufficiency of the British force, to balance that of France." ‡ "She cannot defend herself without making other nations secure ; nor is it possible, that her fall should happen, without infinite peril, perhaps utter ruin to the independence of all other powers."

History, observation, and reflection, satisfied him of the truth of these opinions. It became, therefore, one of the most earnest wishes of his heart, to ascertain whether Great Britain had the physical force to stand alone against the gigantick power which bestrode the continent. Although at one time § he thought her success certain, in such a contest, at others she seemed to him too much incumbered with the spirit of gain.

¶ "Late and loath, he was brought to believe that the military resistance of the continental nations of Europe would be ineffectual," and that "nothing is wanting to the solid establishment of a new universal empire by France, that should spread as far, last as long, and press as heavily on the necks of the abject nations, as that of Rome, but the possession of the British navy. France, whenever she can get access to her enemy, is already irresistible.

Such an event to him, in 1807, seemed probable. And his ever active mind, in which the spirit of patriotism never slumbered, at once set itself to investigate the consequences, which would result from it to the peace and independence of his own country ; the interest of which was ever the pole star of his thoughts. He accordingly threw himself into the vast

* Page 260. † P. 257. ‡ P. 260. § P. 312. ¶ P. 330.

profound of our future fates, "*pennis non homini datis.*" He went as far, and perhaps discovered as much as is given to man. But wisely are the events, with which time is pregnant, hidden from the scrutiny of the learned, and the industry of the laborious.

*"In political conjectures, no guide is in the least a safe one, but experience; and each event is so much determined by its own peculiar circumstances, that analogy often fails, where it would seem on first inspection, similitude does not."

It is not therefore surprising that many, even among those who coincided generally in opinion with Mr. Ames, could not see an easy or a sudden termination to the British maritime force; nor were some of them willing to admit that were its whole navy "in the flat sea sunk," that a spirit and a power did not exist in this country, which, though latent at present, the imminency of the danger would call into activity, with a strength, sufficient to preserve, ultimately, its independence. This diversity of opinion however was merely speculative. Among men whose views of duty were similar, it could produce no practical difference. Whichever opinion should be ultimately proved correct, it was his duty, who believed, that the struggle would terminate in the subjection of Great Britain; and that with her the hope of our independence perished, to spread that conviction, with his reasons, fairly before the publick. Perhaps the contemplation of such an event as possible, much more as probable, might excite a spirit which would dispel the danger. It is not less the duty of a nation than of an individual to bring frequently into its consideration the evils which are most likely to interrupt its happiness or interfere with its safety; to the end that no practicable precautions may be omitted, but that every wise means may be put in train to evade or postpone its fate, and that if its doom be inevitable, that at least it may have time to gather up its robes and fall with dignity.

Whether we believe, or whether we doubt the ultimate ability of the United States to overcome in such a struggle, the work of publick duty is precisely similar. To maintain an honest and punctual neutrality; not to subtract force from one belligerent or add it to the other, under pretence of right of flag or of commerce; to refuse to enlist, or employ, the seamen of either of the militant powers, and so to modify our commerce, as to give just cause of offence to neither; these seem obvious obligations. To avoid, at least for the present, the exercise of dubious right, and to do nothing which should expedite the destruction of a nation, which evidently stood between us, and, if not subjugation, at least a bloody struggle for independence, seems an unquestionable policy.

It was the study of Mr. Ames to recommend such a wise and temperate course of conduct. If ever the British navy should fall under the control of the French Emperour, it seems scarce possible that more than one opinion should exist concerning the consequences of such an event to the United States. If we retain afterwards our independence, we must fight for it. "The dragon will then have wings." Not only the natural impulse of military ambition, and the "desire of ships and colonies" would make such an attempt inevitable, but the very nature of the government of the United States must be necessarily odious, and essentially hostile, to an usurper, like Napoleon, whose security is intimately connected with propagating the belief, that he wields an iron sceptre, which no nation can break, and none ever despise with impunity. Would a nation, standing in the relation which we do to such a bold and unprincipled conqueror, be endured by him? a nation, denying his authority; associated by ties of language and affinity of blood with what, after the subjugation of Great Britain, would be a part of his dominions; offering an asylum to the discontent of the old world, and setting at defiance his power; a nation, assuming such an attitude as this, and it is the only one, which is consistent with the pretension of independence, would it be permitted to exist in quiet, or hold its tranquillity by any other tenure than unconditional submission to his commands? The conclusion then seems inevitable, that, if Britain falls, the United States will have to choose between slavery and a bloody resistance; and not to do any thing, which will have the tendency still further to incline the scale against her, seems the dictate of sound policy, if not of self-preservation. By a course of thought of this kind, the success of Great Britain in maintaining her national existence became associated, in the mind of Mr. Ames, with that pure patriotism, which was its predominant passion. He saw, therefore, not without distress and indignation, pretences advanced, which he thought she could not yield; and practices authorized, to which she could not submit consistently with that self-preservation, which had now, in her unquestionable relations to France, become her primary duty.

(To be continued.)

ART. 18.

Essay on Sheep; their varieties; account of the Merinoes of Spain, France, &c. Reflections on the best method of treating them, and raising a flock in the United States, together with miscellaneous remarks on sheep, and woollen manufactures. By Robert R. Livingston, LL. D. &c. &c. &c. Printed by order of the legislature of the State of New-York. Printed by T. & S. Swords, pp. 186. 8vo.

THE propagation of the Merino breed of sheep has, within a few years, excited the attention and patronage of almost every

government in Europe. The most enlightened agriculturists in England, France, and Germany, have used great exertions to multiply the flocks of this precious breed, and to remove the doubts and prejudices of common farmers respecting them. Being much less sightly animals, than those they are destined to displace, the flockholders in France and England, as well as in this country, have strongly opposed their introduction, and slowly yielded an acquiescence in their superiority.

The history of Merino sheep affords a very remarkable instance of the obstinacy with which mankind adhere to any established opinion; and that a single fact, or even many facts, will not produce a change, but that the steady perseverance of intelligent men, and indeed almost every man's individual experience are necessary. The Spaniards asserted, and the rest of Europe believed that the fineness of the wool was owing to the migration of the sheep through different provinces, the greater part of fine woolled sheep of Spain being driven to the mountains in summer, and returning to the plains in winter. Yet Spain herself furnished an exception to this practice, as nearly a million, about one sixth part of her Merino sheep were stationary. Besides, they had been introduced into Sweden, where they had been multiplied very considerably for nearly a century; and though that country with the exception of Holland is probably the most unfavourable for the experiment of any in Europe, they were improved from the original stock. Some countries in Germany also furnish the same result. Still Spain possessed almost a monopoly of this wool, but if we consider the manner in which her flocks were managed, and the enormous abuses of the code of the Mesta, by which the flockholders were governed, or rather by which they oppressed the rest of the nation, it will probably be found that she gained nothing by this apparent advantage.

In France they were introduced by the government; in England by the king as an individual. In both countries the opposition to them was strong, but their superiority was so evident, that public opinion was changed perhaps in a ratio corresponding to their increase. So many exertions have been made, and so much has been written about them, that the attention of every man in Europe who takes an interest in the subject is fully awakened, and in the present situation of Spain, such numbers have been drawn from that country, by both the French and English, that the amelioration of all the short-wooled sheep in Europe will be effected at no distant period.

Leaving Europe, we have great satisfaction in knowing that this breed has been introduced into our own country, and that it is rapidly and widely spreading. We indulge the belief that, in a few years, our fields will be every where depastured by these precious flocks, and when that period arrives, the suggestion of Mr. Livingston, that the eastern and middle states

may bring into the market, either for exportation or home consumption, a quantity of wool which will equal in value the cotton of the southern states, will not be found extravagant.

It can hardly be necessary to remark, that the experiment has been fully tried, and that these sheep have not only not degenerated, but, as in almost every other instance, have been improved. This may seem to prove too much, but will be readily conceived, even by those who are not acquainted with the subject, when it is considered that in Spain the principal object of attention is to keep the number of the flocks entire, one of which amounts to 70,000, that no attention is paid to the carcass, only a few of them being eaten by the shepherds, the rest being all carrion. The attention that can and will always be given to a small number of a favourite breed, has caused an increase in the quantity without diminution of the fineness of the wool; and the English breeders have shewn by repeated trials, that their carcass is as valuable, and that they carry fat as well as any other breeds, excepting the Dishley, or Bakewell's, in which however flavour and nourishment, as well as wool, have been sacrificed to weight and fat.

Mr. Livingston seems to be of the opinion of those who ascribe the origin of these sheep to Columella. We rather think with Dr. Parry, that they were derived from the Roman province of Apulia; but this is a point of mere curiosity. We think he is certainly right, though there is a diversity of practice, in washing the wool after it is shorn; the fleece of the Merino is too thick and waving to be effectually washed on the animal. His opinion that it will be better for small farmers to keep part blooded, than full-blooded sheep, may be disputed. Those who cannot afford at first to get full-blooded, will certainly do right to ameliorate their flocks in the greatest degree they can, but only on the principle, we think, that *half a loaf is better than no bread*. We shall make an extract from the appendix on the diseases of sheep, and only remark that the author has rendered a very important service, if the remedy he has discovered for the *tick* be effectual. The other disorder he mentions is a very serious one, and must be remedied before our flocks can be multiplied to any great extent.

"Tick.—This insect is extremely hurtful to sheep; it often reduces their flesh by the pain it induces, and spoils their wool by their tangling and rubbing it against trees and fences. Lean sheep are frequently so covered by them as to occasion their death. The remedies applied in England are solutions of arsenick or corrosive sublimate, and decoctions of tobacco. The first are dangerous to the operator, and may occasion fatal accidents; the last are hurtful to the sheep, if not carefully applied; but all are ineffectual on thick-woolled sheep, because it is impossible to diffuse them equally. I have happily discovered a mode of entirely destroying the tick, which is easy in the application, and attended with no danger. Take a bellows, to the nozel of which a pipe must be affixed capable of containing a handful of tobacco; (the refuse from the tobaccoists will answer); set fire to the tobacco, and while one man holds the sheep be-

tween his knees, let another open the wool, while a third blows the smoke into the fleecce; close the wool on the smoke, and open another place a few inches from it, and so go over the whole sheep, blowing also under the belly and between the legs: in twenty-four hours every tick will be killed. The whole operation may be performed upon a sheep in about two minutes."

"*Dogs*....This is one of the severest maladies under which our sheep labour; it generally attacks a whole flock suddenly, in which they run from each other in every direction; their wool and flesh appear to be torn to peices; many, when the disorder is seated on the throat and neck, die suddenly; others appear to be wounded in different parts of their bodies, and die in great torment. Sometimes the greater part of a flock are carried off by it in one night, and the expense and trouble incurred for years in raising a fine flock are instantaneously destroyed; for such is the nature of this complaint, that no attention on the part of the owner can prevent it. The remedy is good wholesome laws, steadily persisted in....firmness in the magistracy in carrying them into effect....sufficient good sense in the people to aid in enforcing them, a readiness to respect the property of their neighbours, and to sacrifice boyish attachments to the general interest of the community."

The preface breathes a tone of aristocratick self-complacency, that will not be interrupted by the smile it must occasion; but we regret that Mr. Livingston should have been so far led away by his ardour to serve his country, as to arrogate to himself a degree of merit that does not belong to him. He was witness to the consequence that was attached to this object by some of the royal and noble farmers in Europe, and doubtless had hoped, by rendering the same service to his country, to make one of the principal figures in the circle; but in the mean time col. Humphreys had introduced a flock of *one hundred*, direct from Spain, selected with great care by a person well qualified for the task, and "*the glory of the Argonauts*" must be relinquished to him. From Mr. Livingston's own account, he has only introduced *two pair*, and the quality of these is subject in his expressions to be misunderstood,—

"but hoped to attain my object (more gradually indeed) by selecting two pair of the finest Merinoes I could find, and sending them over under the care of my own servants." He afterwards says, "after my return from Italy, being no longer in office, I obtained permission to ship others that Mr. Chaptal allowed me to select out of the highest bred flock in France. A variety of circumstances have hitherto prevented their arrival; but I still have the hope of seeing them here, with their increase since I purchased them."

We venture to assure Mr. Livingston, that the French government will never suffer this hope to be realized*.

* Since this was written, we have understood that these sheep were put on board the despatch ship Mentor; we presume through the connivance of the officers in the port. The ship after sailing touched at another port, the sheep were immediately seized and landed; an application was sent to Paris to the government, who refused permission to re-ship them. This meanness was practised by the same government to whom the cotton seed was sent by the late president of the United States.

We recommend this volume to the perusal of every person interested in rural affairs. It is written with a considerable degree of elegance, and contains all that is essential. Those who wish to see the subject minutely discussed, will be satisfied in reading the quarto work of Dr. Parry, but much of his work relates only to England. In French there is a work by Daubenton, another by M. Giraud (at present the French consul in Boston) and lastly the work of Lasteyril, *Traite sur les betes a laine*, &c. which is one of the latest.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

ART. 5.

(Continued from page 352.)

The History of New-England, containing an impartial account of the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the country, to the year of our Lord, 1700. To which is added, the present state of New England. With a new and accurate map of the country, and an Appendix, containing their present charter, their ecclesiastical discipline, and their municipal laws. In two volumes. The second edition, with many additions, by the author. By Daniel Neal, A. M. London; printed 1747.

THE second volume of Mr. Neal's history commences with Philip's war. Of this he gives a particular account, though not so minute as we learn from Hubbard's narrative, or from the journal of colonel Church*, who was one of the most active and successful military characters New England could boast off. Antiquaries will recur to these narratives, but they are too dry for the generality of readers.

The fathers of New England had been frequently threatened by distinct tribes of Indians, and it had been their policy to make the most of the assistance of the friendly nations; some of whom were always at war with those who opposed the white inhabitants. Philip knew how affairs had been managed. He laid a scheme, therefore, to engage all the Indians in a fixed determination to rise, kill, and destroy, before he made the first bold attempt to cut off the people that were bordering upon his own lands. The settlers of New Plymouth and Massachusetts had enjoyed tranquillity for more than 40 years, and were now filled with grief and surprise to find, that they were called to arms; but they made every preparation to defend their own dwellings, and to carry the war into the enemy's country. Philip was a bold and daring prince, † the son of

* A second edition of this journal was printed in Boston 1772.

† Mr. Neal, by mistake, calls him grandson of Massasoiet.

Massasoiet, sachem of the Wampanoags. The seat of his government was by the English called Mount Hope, which is in the town of Bristol, Rhode Island. It is said, "that he had a mortal hatred to the English, and despised their religion." Old Massasoiet himself never could be persuaded to think that his ancestors had false notions of the divinity, and continued in their religious belief; but he was fond of the English, and shewed kindness to them, though they came to settle on his domains. Philip viewed them with jealousy, and for this was called a perfidious wretch. Every epithet was applied to him, which the Roman writers apply to Hannibal, or Jugurtha, or any barbarous prince who fought in defence of his own country, or for a while kept his possessions from the mighty grasp of their iron hand. We here compare small things with great; but the sentiment applies to a savage warrior of these western regions who made every effort to prolong the existence of his own nation. It was criminal in this man, as his enemies thought, to have a different religion; or not to fall in with their ideas of property when they wanted his estate. This might have been said, if the Indians had had any friends to assert their claims; but their actions are recorded by those who wished to make them odious.

It is true, that the New Plymouth settlers were very different from most who came over to New England; and from the generations that succeeded in their own plantations. The first planters were governed neither by ambition, nor avarice. Had these passions been predominant, they would never have left Europe. They had been tried in the school of affliction, and all they wanted was to enjoy their religion. As they could not enjoy it, they left the "*natale solum*," the "*dulcia arva*" of old England, for a bare subsistence in Holland, or for these shores of North America, "*saxis abundans, horridis ululatus reboans*."

It is no wonder that such men were indisposed to quarrel with the natives about their lands; it is no wonder that being so heavenly minded, some of the natives should think there was something divine in their religion. When Squanto was dying, he said, "oh let me go to the Englishman's God;" very different language from what a prince of Cuba addressed to a Spanish priest! The generation of Englishmen with whom Philip was most acquainted differed in many respects from their fathers; they were influenced more by worldly passions; they defrauded the Indians and provoked them to anger; and this led on to the influence of more malignant passions. Philip hated his neighbours, because he thought them more vile than Indians, who roamed through the American wilderness, but had never disturbed people in other quarters of the globe.

The machinations of this prince were first discovered by John Sausaman, who had been his secretary, and admitted to

all his counsels. This man became a convert to the christian faith, and was prevailed upon by the missionaries to tell all he knew. Soon after, John Sausaman was missing. Suspicions arose, and search being made, the body was found in a pond under the ice, with his hat and gun near the spot, to make it appear, as though he fell through and was drowned. There was no doubt but that he was killed by some of the Wampanoags, yet the legal evidence was wanting. Recourse was had to methods to find out the murderer, which the most credulous old woman would laugh at in these times. We do not wonder that Cotton Mather fully believed the story he tells, and it is very probable that his father *Increase* prescribed the method; but we are astonished that a writer, of such an enlightened mind as Mr. Neal, should repeat it upon their authority.

"When it was rumoured about, that Sausaman was missing, some of the neighbours went out in search of him, and finding his hat and gun near a pond, they drew out his body and buried it. But the government of Plymouth suspecting that he was murdered, ordered his body to be dug up, and impanelled a jury to set upon it, who, upon examining the body, found the neck broke, and the head very much swelled, and bruised in several parts, whereupon they gave it as their opinion that he was murdered. Dr. Mather says, that when Tobias, one of King Philip's counsellors, who was suspected of the murder, approached the body, it fell a bleeding, and that upon repeating the experiment several times, it always bled afresh. The justice of peace did not think fit to commit him upon this evidence, till one Patuckson, an Indian, came and swore, that he saw him with his son, and another Indian, called Mattashinnamy, kill Sausaman; and after a fair trial by a jury, consisting half of English, and half of Indians, were found guilty; and though they denied the fact upon the ladder, yet the last of them happening to break or slip the rope, confessed before he was turned off the second time, that the other two Indians who had suffered, did really murder Sausaman, but himself was only a spectator of it."

It is not merely the language of poetry :

"One murder makes a villain,
"Millions a hero."

Had Philip conquered the English, had he destroyed the race of strangers, who have since swept all the Indians from the country of his fathers, he would have been celebrated as the great sachem, dreaded by his enemies, and adored by all the aboriginals.

In the course of this war, a great number of towns and villages were depopulated and burnt. Besides the towns laid in ashes, such as Deerfield, Marlborough, &c. terrible cruelties were committed at Andover, Chelmsford, Sudbury, Groton, Rehoboth, and several other places. The Indians often met with a warm reception, and were glad to escape by flight.

When Philip had stirred up all the Indians in New England, he went to the Maquas, and contrived the following stratagem to engage them in his concerns :

"Meeting with some of these Indians, he murdered them with his own hands, and then went in haste to the prince of the Maquas, and told him,

that a party of Plymouth soldiers had invaded his country, and killed several of his subjects in the woods. This raised a mighty ferment among the people, and would effectually have answered the end, if it had not happened, unluckily for him, that one of the men whom he thought he had killed, recovered so far of his wounds, as to crawl home, and inform of the truth of the matter, before he died. Upon this the nation conceived so implacable a hatred against Philip, that they resolved not only to continue their alliance with the English, but to act separately against him, and his confederates, and drive them out of the country with fire and sword."

Hence the Prince of the Warriors became a fugitive, and was hunted like a wild beast in the woods and marshes of Mount Hope, till he was shot by an Indian, August 12, 1676, as he was coming out of a swamp.

"His body was quartered and set upon poles, his head was carried to Plymouth, where his skull is preserved as a curiosity to be seen at this day." Page 18.

One thing ought to be mentioned here which Mr. Neal seems not to have known, but which is related by Hutchinson, who took great pains to pick up what former generations had said or written, and was very conversant with people of the old colony.

He says, a tradition has been handed down that Philip himself was averse to beginning a war with the white people, but was set on by his young men, whose fierce spirits he could not quell; that he was seen to weep over the calamities of his country when they told him of the first Englishman who was slain. All this might be consistent with his mortal aversion to the English. He had a full premonition that his lands would be possessed some time or other by the new inhabitants, and being a man of such foresight, he must have been persuaded that the present war would only hasten the general destruction of his race.

The tenth, or succeeding chapter of Mr. Neal's history gives an account of the "Revolution of the government of New England; The reduction of L'Acadie, or New Scotland; Sir William Phips's unfortunate expedition to Quebec," &c.

Chap. XI. Sir William Phips returns to England, and joins with the New England agents at the court of King William and Queen Mary, in soliciting the restoration of the charter. They obtain a new one, not so agreeable to the people as the old one. Sir William Phips appointed governor. The war renewed with the Indians. The memorable siege of Welles, &c.

The twelfth chapter is a very important one, being an account of the witchcrafts of New England. We shall extract his relation of the trial of the Rev. Mr. Burroughs, which will give a just idea of these trials, the conduct of the court, the shameful testimonies that were allowed, and the melancholy consequences of the delusion which was manifested by all orders of people.

"Mr. B. was brought upon his trial August 5, 1692. The Indictment is as follows:

"That G. Burroughs, late of Falmouth, in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in N. E., Clerk, 9th of May, 4th year of the reign of our Lord and Lady, William and Mary, &c. &c. and divers other times and days as well before as after, certain detestable acts, called witchcrafts, and sorceries, wickedly and feloniously hath used, practised and exercised, at and within the township of Salem, in the county of Essex aforesaid, in, upon and against one Mary Wolcott, of Salem Village, in the county of Essex, single woman, by which said wicked acts the said M. Wolcott, the 9th of May, in the fourth year aforesaid, and divers other days and times, as well before as after, was, and is tortured, afflicted, pined and consumed, wasted and tormented, against the peace of our sovereign Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, and against the form of the statute in that case made and provided.

Witnesses

MARY WOLCOTT,
SARAH VIBBER,
MERCY LEWIS,
ANNE PUTNAM,
ELIZABETH HUBBARD.

*Endorsed by the Grand Jury.
Billa vera.*

"The bewitched persons unanimously charged the spectre of the prisoner to have a share in the torments, several declared that they had been troubled with the apparitions of two women, who said they had been the prisoner's wives, and that he had been the death of them.

"Some declared that the prisoner, though a puny man, could do amazing feats, such as lifting a gun barrel upon his finger, (which the prisoner acknowledged he could do, and that several others could do the same; for it required nothing more than natural strength.) But the court thought that *others* may also be assisted by the *black* man. Robert Calef denies that Burroughs was a puny man, and in opposition to Dr. Mather, says that when he was a boy he was remarkable for his strength. But whatever he said in his defence was thought weak, though he delivered in a paper to the jury, wherein he offered to prove, "That there neither are, nor ever were witches, that having made a compact with the devil, can send a devil to torment other people at a distance." He certainly dropped oracles of wisdom from his lips, though he did not speak to wise men.

"Mr. Ruck, brother-in-law to the prisoner, testified, that Mr. Burroughs and his wife going to gather strawberries, the prisoner stepped aside a little into the bushes, whereupon they halted and halloed for him; but he not making them any answer, they went homeward with a quickened pace, not expecting to see him in a considerable time, but when they were near his house, to their astonishment they found him with a basket of strawberries. The prisoner chid his wife for what she said of him on the road, which when they wondered at, he said *he knew their thoughts*. Ruck replied, "That is more than the Devil himself knew; but, the prisoner replied, "My God makes known your thoughts to me." Dr. Mather says, the court were of opinion, *that he then stepped aside only that by the assistance of the black man, he might put on his invisibility, and in this fascinating mist, gratify his own jealous humour to hear what they said of him.*

"Upon the day of execution, Mr. Burroughs was carried with others, in a cart through the streets of Salem to the gallows. When he was on the ladder, he made a speech for the clearing of his innocence, with such solemn and serious expressions, as were to the admiration of all present. He concluded his prayer with the repetition of the Lord's Prayer; he uttered himself with so much propriety, fervency, and composure, as drew tears from the spectators, insomuch that some were afraid they

would hinder the execution ; but the accusers said, the *black man stood* by and dictated to him.

"He was cut down, and dragged by the halter to the grave, and tumbled in with a number of others. The rest of the criminals went out of the world declaring their innocence, and laying their blood at the door of false witnesses." Page 144.

Upon which Mr. Neal makes this judicious remark.

"By these examples, the reader sees that neither integrity of manners, nor the strongest protestations of innocence with their dying breath, were sufficient to move compassion, nor stop the tide of people's zeal against the unhappy persons at this time." He says likewise, "that he cannot forbear making a remark upon all the trials that Dr. Cotton Mather hath published to the world upon this occasion ; he passes over the defence of the prisoners in such general words as these, *they said nothing worth considering ; their discourse was full of tergiversations and contradictions ; they were confounded, and their countenances fell, &c.* whereby his reader is left in the dark, and rendered incapable of judging of the merits of the cause. If the defence of the prisoner was so weak as the Doctor represents, it had been for the advantage of the court to have exposed it at large to the world ; but if not, it is very hard it should be smothered."

Vol. 2. Page 141.

It is not to be conceived that such a state of things could last long. The accusers proceeded to bring forward their complaints against some of the first characters of the province. Among others, the venerable Willard, minister of a church in Boston was accused. One of the judges was a member of his church, and they were told they were mistaken. This judge was very soon made sensible that the court had gone too far. He afterwards made a confession of his error in certain cases where judgment had been given. He publicly declared this before the Old South Church in Boston, on a fast day. Gov. Phips likewise, who had treated the accused with uncommon severity, set open the prison doors, and released all that were under sentence of condemnation, and all persecutions were stopped.

Mr. Neal carries on the history of the country in another chapter to the time when Lord Bellamont was governor, who arrived in America, in the month of May, 1698. Whether his lordship disliked the people, or climate of Boston, "notwithstanding all the respect which was paid him, he chose New York for the place of his residence, and Mr. Stoughton, as Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, managed affairs in his absence. He lived only two years."

During this administration, the times were more prosperous, trade began to flourish, a calm succeeded the troubled waters, and the people rejoiced in the blessings of peace.

The last chapter contains a description of New England ; or the state of the country in 1720.

"Of the climate, soil and product of it. A description of the town and harbour of Boston ; with an account of the most considerable towns and villages in the several counties of New England. Of the inhabitants, their

number, their religion, their civil government, their customs, and manners, their trade and political interest."

The curiosity of some persons may be gratified with a comparison of the state of things at that time with the present state. A century will make great alterations in the face of any country; but, what remarkable changes have happened in ours.

Our extracts will however be confined to the town of Boston, which is not so much altered as we should expect. According to the first census which was made under the federal government, the population was about the same as in 1720.

"The number of houses in the town will enable us to compute the number of inhabitants; for if we allow but six or seven to a house, the whole will amount to 18, or 20,000; as we may compute by the bills of mortality, which are, in comparison with those of London, one to fifty, or fifty-two; for the *yearly* bill of mortality is much the same with one of the weekly bills in London. The yearly bill for 1718, stood thus:

	Whites,	334.
Buried	{ Negroes and Indians }	46.
Total		380.

"If we compute the inhabitants of London, and the adjacent villages, within the bills of mortality, at a million, those of Boston will amount to between 19 and 20,000. Whence it appears that the town is considerably increased within these last ten or twelve years. For the late ingenious Thomas Brattle esq. whose ingenious observations are now before me, says, that in the year 1708, the number of inhabitants did not amount to above 10 or 12,000 souls. He adds further, that the militia of the town consisted then of eight companies of foot, of about 150, or 160 in a company, and one troop of horse; but the inhabitants being since increased above a third part, their militia must now amount to 2000 men.

"There are ten churches, or places for publick worship in Boston. Six of the establishment, namely, the Old Church, as it is called, who are reckoned most narrow in their principles, &c. The North Church, South Church, New North, and New South, and the Church in Brattle Street, who are reckoned the most liberal in their principles, because they neither require making publick confessions, nor the owning a particular church covenant, in order to admitting persons to their communion, as all the other churches do; as likewise, because they read the scriptures, and recite the Lord's Prayer in their manner of worship.

"There is one Episcopal church, one French, one Anabaptist, and one congregation of Quakers." Pages 226, 7.

According to the calculations of Sir William Petty, the New England provinces contained in 1691, 150,000 inhabitants. He says, 16,000 men being mustered in arms, there must be 24,000 able to bear arms, which being reckoned a sixth part of the inhabitants, makes the whole about 150,000.

Mr. Neal questions the calculations of Sir William.

He again quotes Mr. Thomas Brattle, whom he calls the greatest mathematician this country has ever produced, who says,

"that in 1708 there were not above 100,000, or 150,000 souls; and about 20, or 25,000 fighting men. Of these Boston," says he, "contained 12 or 13,000 people. The inhabitants of this being increased therefore to 19 or 20,000, the whole number would be 160, or 165,000. The military strength 30, or 35,000." Page 239.

A very good appendix is given to Mr. Neal's history, which makes nearly half of the second volume."

No. 1. Order of the General Court concerning Harvard College, in the year 1642.

No. 2. The charter granted by William and Mary.

No. 3. Appendix to the College Charter, 1657.

An act, for the perpetuating and advancement of Harvard College, 1672.

No. 4. An abridgment of the Platform of Church Discipline, agreed upon at Cambridge, 1648.

No. 5. Canons and Constitutions of the Church of New England, revived 1634.

No. 6. Heads of agreement assented to by the United ministers, formerly called Presbyterian and congregational.

No. 7. An abridgment of the laws and ordinances of New England, to the year 1700.

No. 8. A list of the Council and General Assembly of the province of Massachusetts Bay, for the year 1719.

No. 9. A list of the Council and General Assembly of the province of New Hampshire, 1720.

These are curious papers, some of them scarce, all of them worth preserving; and while we take leave of our historian, we would acknowledge that we have received some information, and very great satisfaction and entertainment from perusing his work; nor can we wonder that our fathers so highly valued it; or especially that the liberal people of a former generation should prefer this *history* to the *Magnalia Americana*, since it contains the *Medulla* of that voluminous work in a style far superiour, and with such sentiments and observations as Mather had not language to describe, nor a head and heart to conceive.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

Our Correspondent, Atticus, will find his emendation of Ovid in the Text of Burman. When his communications are of greater value, we shall gladly pay the postage.

The articles in our Retrospective Review will in future be numbered from the commencement of the Series. That in the present number may be counted as Art. 17, there having been published six numbers in our fifth volume, six in the sixth, and five in the present volume. Of course the first article in our eighth volume will be numbered 18.

Erratum. In the last number of the Anthology, page 319, line 3 from the bottom, for *Let* read *Lest*.

INTELLIGENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

From the Paris Argus.

FINE ARTS.

The triumphal arch which has been raised in the *Place de Carrousal*, to the glory of the grand army, looks on one side towards the Thuilleries in the direction of the axis of the vestibule; on the other it faces the Louvre in a line a little diagonal. It is 45 feet high, 60 in length, and 20 1-2 in depth.

The triumphal arches of Septimius Severus and of Constantine appear to have served as models for this monument; like them, it consists of three arches in front, but it has besides one running across, which cuts the three others in the form of a cross, and which is nearly in the line between Marigni gate and the *rue de l'Echelle*. The diameter of the middle arch is 14 feet, that of the others is about 8 1-2. The building is of free stone of a very beautiful grain, and finished off with a great deal of care. The two principal fronts are ornamented with eight pillars of red Languedoc marble, which support a projecting entablature with a frieze in black Italian cherry, and upon which are placed eight statues. These columns are of the Corinthian order, with bronze bases and tops. Above is an attic surmounted with a double socle crowned with a quadriga. This is nearly the order of the plan. We will now proceed to the description of the ornaments.

The arches over the lateral gates are decorated with thunderbolts, branches of laurels, of palm trees, and with the monogram of the emperor. Above the centre of the arch over the middle gate, which is ornamented with caissons, is placed a basso-relievo, seen horizontally, and which represents his majesty in his imperial robes, crowned by victory. This piece of sculpture is by Mr. Lesueur, and the figures of the rivers on the tympana of the archivaults are by Mr. Boichot. All the ornaments are by Messrs. Gorgery and Benier, with the exception, however, of the trophies of arms placed in the tympana of the archivaults of the little exterior gates, which are by Mr. Montpellier. The four Fames of the middle gate were carved by Messrs. Taunay and Dupasquire; those next the Thuilleries by the former, and those next the Louvre by the latter.

Above the little arcades are placed basso-relievos of white marble, the subjects of which are so many different actions of the campaign of 1805. These are explained by inscriptions in French above, in gold letters upon ground of black Italian cherry. The following is the description of these basso-relievos, in the order in which they are placed, beginning by that which is to the right hand of the spectator, who is supposed to be in the court of the Thuilleries and making the tour by the left: *interview of the two emperours*, by Mr. Ramey: *enter into*

Munich, by Mr. Clodion : *enter into Vienna*, by Mr. Desiègne : *victory of Austerlitz*, by Mr. Espercieux : *treaty of Presburg*, by Lesueur. This last basso-relievo is the only one executed allegorically ; in the other attention has principally been paid to portray the place of action, and to catch the resemblance of the principal personages.

Above these basso-relievos is a kind of frieze with little children holding garlands of laurels, and in the attick are cut smaller basso-relievos, in which are represented allegorical figures supporting the arms of the empire and those of the vanquished nations. The artists are Messrs. Gerard, Dumoat, Callamar, and Fortion.

We have already mentioned that the eight pillars were surmounted by statues of white marble ; the following is their description in the same order as the basso-relievos :

The first is a miner, by Mr. Dumont ; a cannonier, by Mr. Bridan ; a carabinier of the line, by Mr. Moutoni ; a grenadier, by Mr. Dardle ; a carabinier of cavalry, by Mr. Chinard ; a horse-rifleman, by Mr. Foucon ; a dragoon, by the late Mr. Corbet ; and a cuirassier, by Mr. Taunay.

The quadriga which crowns this monument is by Mr. Lemot, with the exception of the horses, which are antiques ; these were taken at Venice, and are what are commonly known under the name of the *Corinthian horses*. The two figures of victory and peace, which are holding the horses, the car, and the figure which is one day to be placed there, and which our gratitude represents to us as already placed in it, are of lead and gilded.

Above the middle gate are two tables of white marble, in which are to be placed inscriptions that are to be furnished by the third class of the Institute.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

THE French journals having at length reached this country, we shall present our readers with an abstract of the annual reports of the labours of the different classes of the French National Institute. We begin with Ginguene's report of those of the class of Ancient History and Literature.

Mr. Mongez, deeming nothing in the history of the ancients altogether unimportant, and persuaded, that the precise sense of words, apparently of little consequence, is frequently connected with the history of their arts or customs, has paid particular attention to the term *creta*, which he finds to have been used in three different significations by some of the best writers : it is most commonly equivalent to our *clay*, frequently to *marl*, and sometimes, though seldom, to *chalk*. The *marga* of the Latins meant our *marl*, and their *argilla*, our *clay*.

The same gentleman has analyzed part of the handle of a spoon, found among various articles of a similar metal, supposed to have been used by the Roman soldiers. Finding it to consist of tin, alloyed with between a third and a fourth of lead, he proceeds to examine a passage in Pliny, lib. xxxiv. c. 17, where it is said, that the Romans alloyed their tin, *stannum*, by adding a third of its weight of *aes candidum*, which made *plumbum album*. Mr. Mongez considers this *aes candidum* as the mixture of copper, lead, tin, and zinc, called by the French *potin gris*, or simply *potin*.

A third paper by Mr. Mongez is on an ancient tomb, discovered under ground in a churchyard at Lyons, in 1778, buried again during the troubles of the revolution, and lately uncovered afresh. The epitaph begins, *Memoriae æternæ Exomnii Paterniani quondam centurionis legionarii, &c.* The uncommon epithet *legionarius* Mr. M. supposes to have been added, to shew, that Exomnius Paternianus was an officer in one of the Roman legions, and not of the auxiliaries. There is another particularity in this tomb. The inscription is on a tablet; and at each end of this tablet is an appendage, containing two proper names in Greek characters, with the Greek word of salutation at meeting on one, and that used at parting on the other. A similar particularity occurs on other tomb-stones found at Lyons. Mr. Mongez conjectures, that some of the Asiatick Greeks, who first established Christianity at Lyons, had made use of these tombs for the interment of their dead, and added the Greek inscriptions without defacing the Latin, these containing nothing repugnant to their own religion.

Mr. Petit-Radel, who has formed a theory of his own, from the examination of various remains of ancient walls finds himself at variance with the learned Freret, respecting the foundation of Argos. Freret ascribes this to an Egyptian colony, led by Phoroneus, son of Inachus; and supposes the Greeks to have derived from the Egyptians, the first elements of the arts of social life. Mr. P. R. thinks, on the contrary, that the colony of Danaus, which Freret makes the third, was the first that came from Egypt into Europe; and that the Greeks had arts of their own, before they knew any thing of the Egyptians. Having pointed out many contradictions, into which Freret, and, copying him, the author of Anacharsis, have fallen, and defended the veracity of Dionysius of Hallicarnassus, he concludes, that Inachus, the founder of Argos, was a Greek. The general deduction of Mr. P. R. from all his inquiries, is, that our historical hemisphere may be divided into two zones of antiquities, very different from each other. One of these, which he terms Cyclopean, is formed according to the system of arts in Europe, and consists of vast blocks of stone, cut into regular polygons, and united without cement, merely from the nice fitting of their joints: the other, the Asiatick, is formed of

stones cut in rectangular parallelograms.—Throughout Italy and Greece, wherever the two have been found on one another, the Cyclopean structure always constitutes the base.

Mr. Toulangeon has written a dissertation on the amphitheatres of the Romans, chiefly with a view to their moral effects, and omitting what has been repeatedly said of them. The place called *spoliarium*, where those gladiators, of whose recovery there was little hope, were despatched in cold blood; the ferocity of the Romans; and their degradation, when young men of noble families fought in public for the amusement of the emperors, chiefly engage his attention.—He also made a report of an edition of Cesar's *Commentaries*, which he is publishing previous to his new translation of this work.

Mr. Silvestre de Sacy had been appointed by the class, to examine the archives of Genoa, in which a great number of important Oriental MSS. were said to be preserved; but his expectations were greatly disappointed. He found only a Hebrew bible, with a commentary in the same language; part of one in a roll written for the use of some synagogue; two treaties in Arabick, with the Arabian sovereigns of the Balearick islands about the end of the 12th century; a treaty in the Armenian language; and a Turkish passport. There were several treaties, however, in more or less barbarous Latin, which threw some light on the settlements of the Genoese along the shores of the Black Sea, and on the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean. Mr. de S. likewise examined several other collections, particularly the archives of the bank of St. George.

Mr. Barbie du Bocage read an abstract from an account of an hydrographick atlas in the library of the duke of Benevento, drawn in the 16th century. Mr. B. asserts, that the coasts of New Holland are laid down in it, and that they were discovered by the Portuguese before the English or Dutch had any knowledge of them; though the discovery was lost to the Portuguese by the treachery of Don Michael de Sylva, bishop of Viseu, a favourite of the king, who left Portugal in the year 1542, carrying with him into France some papers of importance, with which he had been entrusted by his master.

Mr. Pougens, having directed his studies chiefly to the antiquities of the North, has met with a goddess but little known, named *Nehalennia*, who was worshipped, particularly in Zealand, in the second century of our era. He considers her as a local goddess, that presided particularly over the publick markets and maritime trade.

Mr. Brial has inquired into an assembly held at Chartres, styled by some a general parliament, and dated by eminent chronologers in 1146. He finds, that it was not held till 1150, and that its object was different from those of Bourges, Veze-lay, and Etampes, held in 1146 and 1147; these being employed solely on preparations for a croisade, while that of Chartres

discussed not merely the question of affording succour to the Christians in the Holy Land, but that of avenging the disasters experienced in their march by the army of croisaders, in consequence of the treacherous policy of the Greek emperors. It was in this assembly, and not in 1146, that St. Bernard was chosen as leader of a new croisade, the expenses of which were to be defrayed by the clergy; both the king and nobles, who were but lately returned from a former expedition, being too much impoverished, both in men and money, to attempt another. This project was abandoned almost as soon as conceived, probably because the clergy in those days were too fond of the good things of this world, to follow the advice they gave the laity.

Mr. Mentelle, having traced the rise and decline of the house of Austria from the time of Adolphus of Hapsburg, to the treaty of Austerlitz, estimates the Austrian dominions, at the latter period, as including 10,738 German square miles, or 29,842 French leagues; their population at 22,004,800, and their annual revenue at 103 or 104 millions of florins, or somewhat more than twelve millions sterling.

Mr. Dupont de Nemours has been employed on a history of the finances of England, of which he read a few chapters to the Institute. His inquiries have led him to give a decided preference to a revenue from the net income of land above all the modes of taxation.

Mr. Dupont has been engaged in another discussion. The class has been required to lay before government, designs for medals, to perpetuate the memory of the great events of the present day. Mr. D. is of opinion, that in this we should imitate the ancients, by adopting the spirit of their practice, not by servilely copying them. Thus he would have modern medals faithful representations of the dress, weapons, implements, and edifices, of the nations they are intended to commemorate, and the inscriptions in their vernacular language. Thus the medal would bear the stamp of the nation to which it belonged, and the time in which it was struck; and, to remote posterity, it would be valuable, as exhibiting a faithful representation of things forgotten from disuse, or the form of which had been totally changed by fashion.

In a second paper, he applies this theory to some of the subjects proposed.

The class not agreeing in opinion on this subject with Mr. Dupont, Mr. Quatremere de Quincy has written a long paper in defence of employing the ancient costume, and the figurative or allegorical style.—Several other papers have been read, which Mr. Ginguene barely mentions, as being parts of investigations not yet completed, or works intended for separate publication.

From the National Intelligencer...Printed at Washington.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

HAVING announced to the publick, some months ago, my intention of entering into astronomical calculations to determine, by one of the most approved methods of computation hitherto devised, the longitude of the Capitol, in the city of Washington from Greenwich observatory, in England, for the purpose of fixing a first meridian for the United States, at the permanent Seat of their government, I have thought it a duty incumbent on me to fulfil the promise then made, so far as the data afforded by a *single* observation would admit. The result has been obtained with great accuracy, on the following principles:

1st. Supposing the form of the Earth to be that of a *perfect sphere*, the length of whose polar is exactly the same as its equatorial diameter, consequently, no reduction has been made, in that case either of the *latitude* of the Capitol, by observation, or of the Moon's equatorial horizontal parallax.

2d. Admitting the figure or shape of the Earth to be an *oblate Spheroid*, the ratio of whose equatorial to the polar axis is assumed to be as 334 to 333; according to which ratio, a reduction of the latitude of the place, and of the Moon's horizontal parallax, has been made.

3d. Allowing the ratio of the *axes* to be as 230 to 229.

Several considerations induced me to undertake this work, among which, are....

The regret with which I have seen for a number of years, a *patient*, or rather a *regardless* appearance of acquiescence in a degrading state of dependence on a foreign nation, by submitting to the custom of reckoning our departure, or estimating our longitude from Greenwich observatory, in England, as if a prominent link in the chain of our former colonial vassalage could not be broken, as well as the others.

By the plan of the city of Washington, in the Territory of Columbia, the Capitol in that City is *intended* to be a first meridian for the United States; but in order to *establish* it as such, the distance between it and some other known meridian in Europe, or else where, measured or estimated on a parallel to the Equator, and referred to the Centre of the Earth under the respective meridians for which the computation may be made, should be ascertained on correct principles, and with due precision: however exact the data or elements connected with a single observation may be, the result ought not to be depended upon as conclusive, without comparing it with those which may, respectively, be found in future, by skilful persons, and with good instruments. Solar eclipses and occultations of known fixed stars by the moon, afford the best means hitherto discovered for determining the longitude of a place with sufficient accuracy; but when *they* cannot be resorted to, other methods

which give a near approximation to the truth, ought not to be disregarded.

The improvements made in the lunar tables since the year 1804, from the discovery of new equations by M. de la Place, make it necessary to test the result founded on the occultation of *u* Pleiadum, (*Alcyone*) by the Moon, on the night of the 20th of October, in that year, with other means of research, especially when a first meridian for any country is proposed to be fixed. I, therefore, consider the abstract of calculations which will be shortly submitted to the American publick, to be only the foundation of a superstructure which may, and probably will be completed at no distant period, with such evidences of stability in the materials and workmanship, as shall defy the storms of prejudice or malice to overturn.

WILLIAM LAMBERT.

City of Washington, December 11th, 1809.

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR DECEMBER, 1809.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura. Mart.

NEW WORKS.

Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Part I. Vol. III. Cambridge, Hilliard and Metcalf, 1809. Quarto, 212 pages.

A Journal; containing an account of the wrongs, sufferings, and neglect, experienced by Americans in France. By Stephen Clubb, late a prisoner in that empire. Boston; 1809.

Remarks on John Quincy Adams's Review of Mr. Ames's Works, with some strictures on the views of the author. Boston; T. B. Wait, and Co; 50 pages octavo.

The Christian Monitor, No xii. Boston; Munroe, Francis and Parker.

Reports of Cases Argued and Determined at Nisi Prius, in the Supreme Court of the State of New York. By John Anthon, Esq. Counsellor at Law. New York; Robert M'Durmot.

A history of New York, containing an account of its discovery and settlement, with its internal policy, manners, customs, wars, &c. while under the Dutch government; furnishing many curious and interesting particulars never before published, and which are gathered from various manuscripts, and authenticated measures, the whole being interspersed with philosophical speculations and moral precepts, 3 vols. 12mo. price 3 dollars. New York; Inskeep and Bradford.

No. 5, and 6, Correspondence of the late President Adams. Boston; Everett and Munroe.

The second part of the Clergyman's People's Remembrancer, containing a brief delineation of the true Christian's Character, as exhibited by him in those various relations in life, in which Divine Providence hath placed him. By William Percy, D. D. Charleston, (S. C.) E. Morford, Willington and Co. Price \$1.

Fun for every day in the Year ! or Food for all Palates, a choice collection of Witticisms. Boston ; Samuel Avery. Price 25 cents.

Thoughts on the Study of Political Economy, as connected with the Population, Industry and Paper Currency of the United States. By L. Baldwin, Esq. Cambridge ; Hilliard and Metcalf. Price 50 cents.

Dr. Emmons's Discourse, entitled "The Giver more blessed than the Receiver." Boston ; Lincoln and Edmands.

Important Documents which accompanied the Message of the President of the United States, at the opening of the second session of the eleventh Congress. November, 1809. New York ; published by Prior and Dunning. 96 pages, octavo.

Hints on the National Bankruptcy of Britain, on her resources to maintain the present contest with France. By John Bristed. New York ; Ezra Sargeant. 8vo. Price 3 dollars and 50 cents, in boards.

Observations on a Letter from Noah Webster, Esq. published in the Panoplist, and republished in a pamphlet in New York. By an Old Fashioned Churchman. New Haven ; Oliver Steele and Co. pp. 24.

NEW EDITIONS.

Hugo Grotius de veritate Religionis Christianae cum notulis Joannis Clerici ; accesserunt ejusdem de eligenda inter Christianos dissentientes sententia, et contra, indifferentiam religionum, libri duo. Boston ; T. B. Wait and Co. 388 pages, 12mo. Price 2 dollars, in boards.

Lectures on Systematick Theology and Pulpit Eloquence. By the late George Campbell, D.D. F.R.S. Ed. Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen. Boston ; T. B. Wait and Co.

The Physician's Vade Mecum, containing the Symptoms, Causes, Diagnosis, Prognosis and treatment of Diseases, accompanied by a select collection of Formula and a Glossary of Terms. By Robert Hooper, M. D. Licentiate in Physick of the University of Oxford and the Royal College of Physicians of London ; Physician to the St. Mary-le-bone Infirmary, and Lecturer on Medicine in London ; with a translation of the Formula, and additions and alterations to the American climate, &c. By a practitioner of the state of New York. Albany ; E. F. Backus. Price 1 dollar and 25 cents.

A new edition of Pike's Arithmetic, abridged from the new octavo edition, and much improved. Boston ; Thomas and Andrews. Price 1 dollar.

The Letters of Junius. New York ; E. Sargeant. Price 1 dollar, in boards.

Sermons to Young Women. By James Fordyce, D. D. Third American, from the twelfth London edition. New York ; Robert M'Durmot. Price 1 dollar.

Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, during the years 1805, 6, 7, and 8. By Robert Ker Porter. Philadelphia ; Hopkins and Earle. Price 2 dollars and 50 cents.

Part I. of a General Collection of Voyages and Travels, forming a complete History of the Origin and Progress of Discovery, by Sea and Land, from the earliest ages to the present time, preceded by an Historical Introduction, and Critical Catalogue of Books of Voyages and Travels ; and adorned with numerous engravings. By John Pinkerton, author of *Modern Geography*, &c. Philadelphia ; Kimber and Conrad. Brown and Merrit, printers.

The History of the Heathen Gods, and Heroes of Antiquity, ornamented with twenty nine handsome cuts : To which is added an original Translation of the Battle of the Gods against Giants. The whole newly arranged, corrected and enlarged, with the addition of several original and valuable articles. By William Sheldon, F. A. S. Boston ; Isaiah Thomas, jr. Price 75 cents.

Nubilia in search of a Husband. Boston; Wm. M'Ilhenny. 245 pages, 12mo. Price 1 dollar and 25 cents.

True Christianity, or the whole economy of God towards Man, and the whole duty of Man towards God: written originally in German, by Rev. John Arnt; translated into English, by Rev. Anthony Boehm. The first American edition, revised and corrected by Rev. Calvin Chaddock. Price 2 dollars 25 cents.

Essays on the most important Subjects of Religion. By Thomas Scott, Rector of Aston, Sandford, Bucks, &c. and author of Commentary on the Bible. Cambridge; Hilliard and Metcalf.

WORKS PROPOSED AND IN PRESS.

Wm. Wells, and T. B. Wait and Co. have in press (the first volume will be published in ten or fifteen days) a **New Literal Translation from the original Greek, of all the Apostolical Epistles.** With a Commentary, and Notes, Philological, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical. To which is added, a History of the Life of the Apostle Paul. By James Macknight, D. D. author of a Harmony of the Gospels, &c. The first American, from the second London edition. In six volumes. To which is prefixed, an account of the Life of the Author!

T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, have in press, **The American New Dispensatory.** Containing, I. General Principles of Pharmaceutick Chemistry. Chemical Analysis of the articles of *Materia Medica*. II. *Materia Medica*, including several new and valuable articles, the production of the United States. III. Preparations and Compositions. The whole compiled from the most approved modern authors, both European and American. To which is added, an Appendix, containing, A definition of the nature and properties of the Gases; by a Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Medical Electricity and Galvanism. On Medical Prescriptions. An abridgement of Dr. Currie's Reports on the use of Water. Method of cultivating American Opium. By James Thacher, A. A. & M. M. S. S.

T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, have in press, **Rules and Regulations for the Field Exercise and Manoeuvres of the French Infantry,** issued August 1, 1791. Abridged. And all the manoeuvres added, which have been since adopted by the emperor Napoleon. In two volumes. The second volume to contain forty-two plates.

W. Wells, and T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, have in the press, **An Attempt towards an Improved Version, or Metrical Arrangement, and an Explanation of the Twelve Minor Prophets.** By William Newcome, D. D. Primate of Ireland, now enlarged and improved, with Notes, and a Comparison of the chief various renderings of Dr. Horsley on Hosea, and Dr. Blaney on Zachariah.

T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, propose to publish, **The Philosophy of Rhetorick.** By George Campbell, D. D. F. R. S. Edin. Principal of the Marischal College, Aberdeen. '*Certo sciunt homines, artes inveniendi solidas et veras adulescere et incrementa sumere cum ipsis inventis.*' *Bac. de Augm. Scient.*

Lincoln and Edmands will shortly put to press a new and handsome edition of the valuable Sermons of the celebrated Samuel Davies, formerly President of New Jersey College.

John Elliot, jr. of Boston, has in the press, and will shortly publish, **Tales of Fashionable Life.** By Mrs. Edgworth, author of Practical Education, Belinda, &c.

Bradford and Inskeep, of New York, have in the press, and will finish with all convenient speed, a complete History of England, comprising the narrative of Hume, and the continuations of Smollet and Bisset, exhibiting a connected series of English History, from the invasion of Britain by Julius Caesar, to the treaty of Amiens, in 1801.

West and Blake, and Manning and Loring, propose to reprint by subscription, a "**Musical Grammar,**" by Dr. Calcott, organist of Covent Garden church.

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